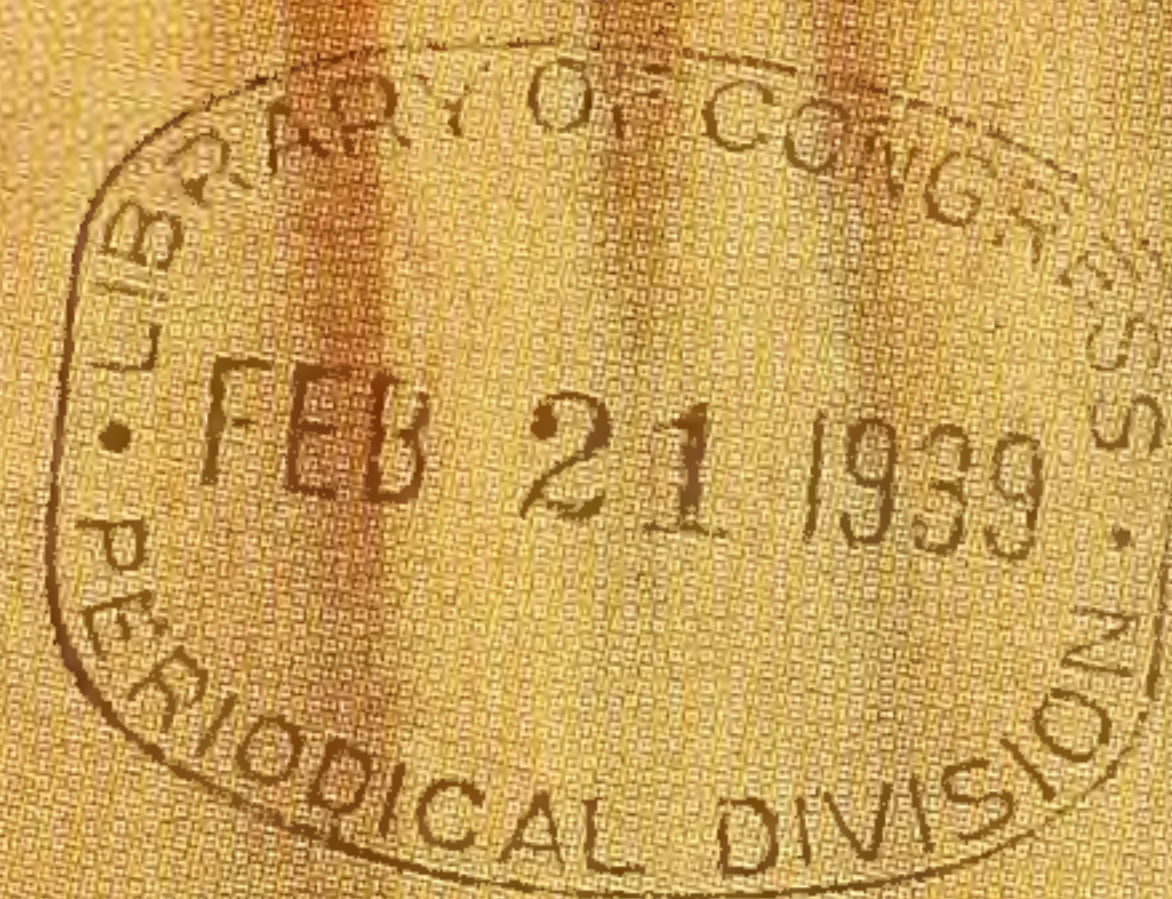


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The Smart Screen Magazine

S SCREENLAND

January



Getting Gay
With Gable

Hollywood's Fantastic First Nights

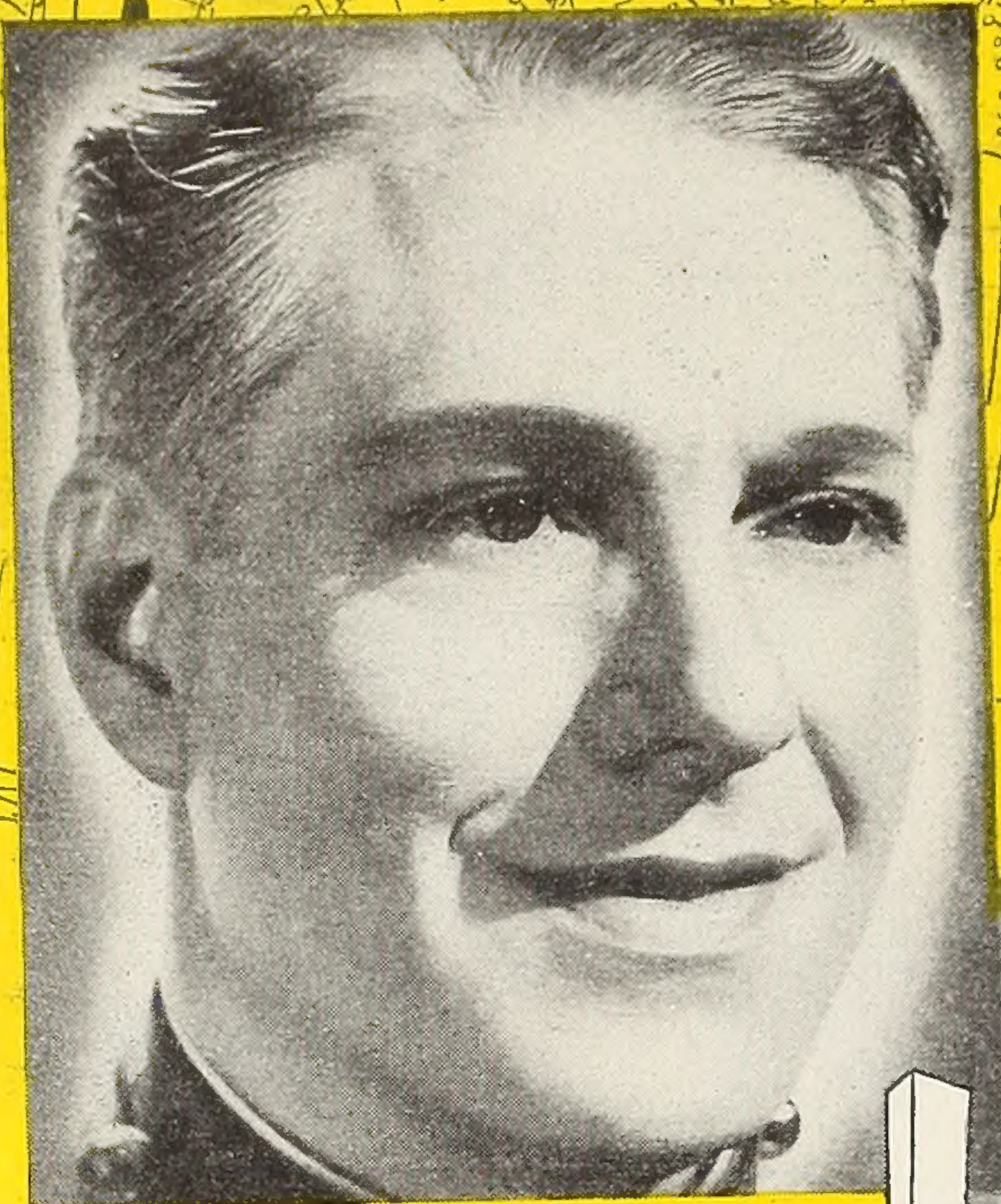
The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage — his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit!... Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance — of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"



Starring
NELSON EDDY

Eleanor **POWELL**

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE



Introducing beautiful Iлона Massey, new star sensation!... And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

We've given you the glamor-slant on Hollywood in many a feature story, in beautiful art portraits, in gossip items. We've presented the color of the cinema capital in fiction form, in our big-name serials. But there is another side of Hollywood—an "inside" slant, if you like to call it that—which is not often revealed to the public who pay to see motion pictures. It is not scandal; it is not sensationalism for its own sake. But it is, very definitely, *the* real low-down on Glamor-land. It concerns the important people who help make pictures—not the stars. It tells the fascinating actual story of how films come to be created. The "idea" people of pictureland are introduced to you.

In SCREENLAND's next issue—February, on sale January 5—we give you "Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary." Yes, it is a sprightly title; and it's a sprightly story, too. But it is also important; we suggest that you should not miss it. We know you'll be entertained; and we suspect you will gain a new understanding of this fantastic Hollywood.

January, 1938

Vol. XXXVI. No. 3

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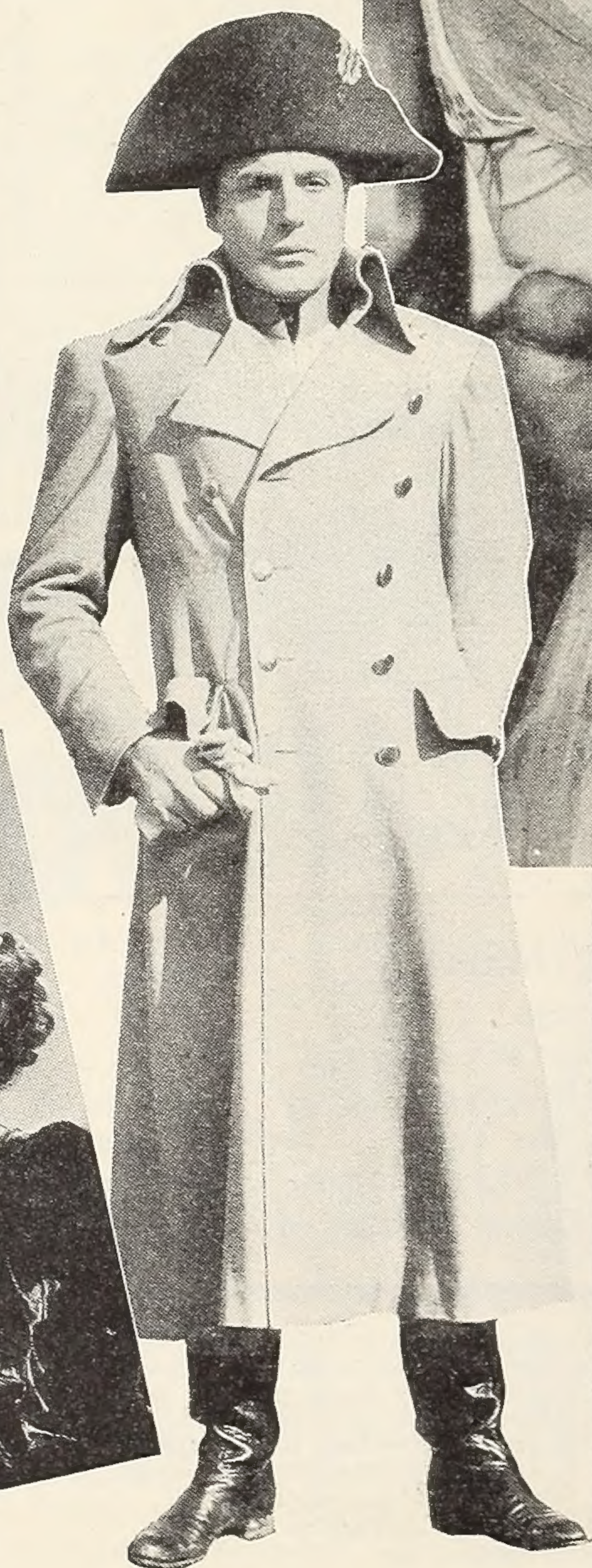
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SCREENLAND Honor Page

Conquest of artistry! Garbo as Marie Walewska, Charles Boyer as Napoleon, make screen history

TRUE magnificence is uncommon in the cinema. Somehow it is most often found in Garbo's pictures! Her new screenplay, "Conquest," is an event because it permits our noblest actress to portray a hauntingly romantic figure of history, *Napoleon's* Polish sweetheart, *Marie Walewska*. Perhaps it is Garbo's best performance in all her career because it is her subtlest. All the histrionic fireworks are reserved for Charles Boyer in his more colorful rôle as the Emperor, and Boyer is superb in every scene. But it is Garbo who assures "Conquest" lasting importance, for her creation of *Marie* marks the first time within our memory of self-sacrificing motion picture heroines when nobility has not been boring, but beautiful. Again we honor Garbo!

Garbo and Boyer in "Conquest," right, set a new standard for screen acting. Below, the characters of Marie Walewska and Napoleon, as brought to the screen. At bottom of page, two close-ups of the co-stars in thrilling moments.



REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN • LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva • James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

GENE AUTRY

LEO CARRILLO

CAB CALLOWAY

KAY THOMPSON

TED LEWIS

JOE DIMAGGIO

HENRY ARMETTA

LUIS ALBERNI

HIT TUNES...

"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

"MANHATTAN

MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DIMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play
by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan
Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

"My skin was awful. I was
ashamed to even look in a mirror"

NO DATE AGAIN
TONIGHT-AND NO
WONDER!

"Then I read how your tablets helped
others. I tried them, and soon began
to see results."

MAYBE THEY
WILL HELP!

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now.
Yeast Foam Tablets are everything
you claim—if not more"

SHE'S A KNOCK-
OUT! WHAT A
CHANGE!

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—
and refuse substitutes

Yeast Foam Tablets

Now in the New
Double Value
30-Day Size



Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send free introductory package of Yeast
Foam Tablets. SC 1-38

Name _____

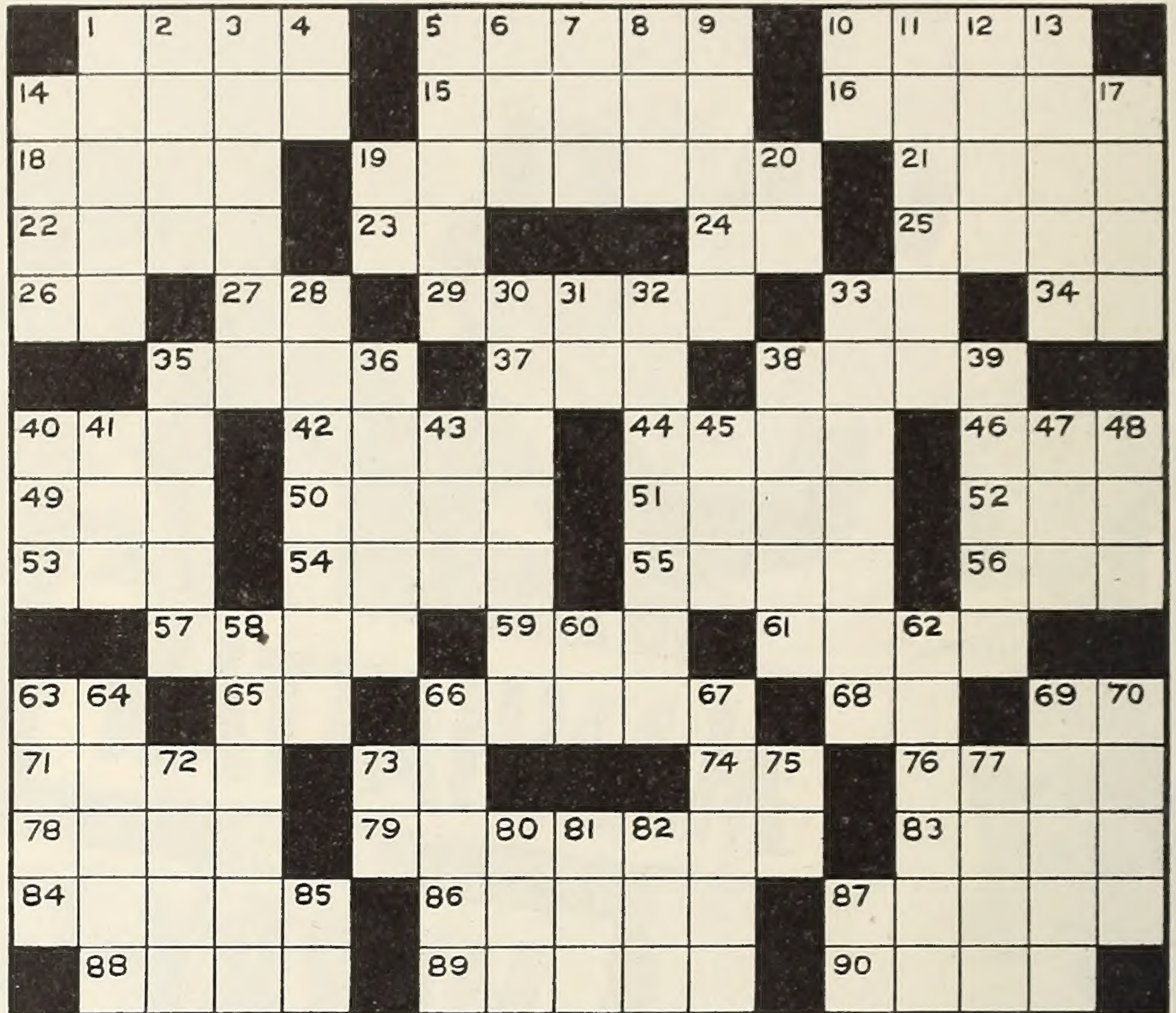
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Dead End"
5. He's featured in "The Man Who Cried Wolf"
10. She used to be Mrs. Bruce Cabor
14. She's featured in "The Thirteenth Chair"
15. A rooster fattened for eating
16. Fritz Tarlenheim in "The Prisoner of Zenda"
18. Again
19. The wife in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"
21. A famous divorce center
22. A hill (term used in Western films)
23. "A Day — The Races," Marx film
24. Railway (abbrev.)
25. Annoys
26. And, in French
27. Note of the scale
29. Co-star of "Big City"
33. Ma's husband
34. Compass point (abbrev.)
35. Not working
37. Exclamation of triumph
38. Eat dinner
40. Owns
42. His new one is "Rosalie"
44. What you do with a book
46. Vigor
49. A wise bird
50. The first man
51. Pealed
52. Fuss
53. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
54. Singing star, "Music For Madame"
55. "You Only Live —," a movie
56. Short sleep
57. Footwear
59. Nothing
61. Indefinite periods of time
63. Scene (abbrev.)
65. Either
66. To spoil (as an egg)
68. The opposite of yes
69. Since
71. Where a chicken's food goes

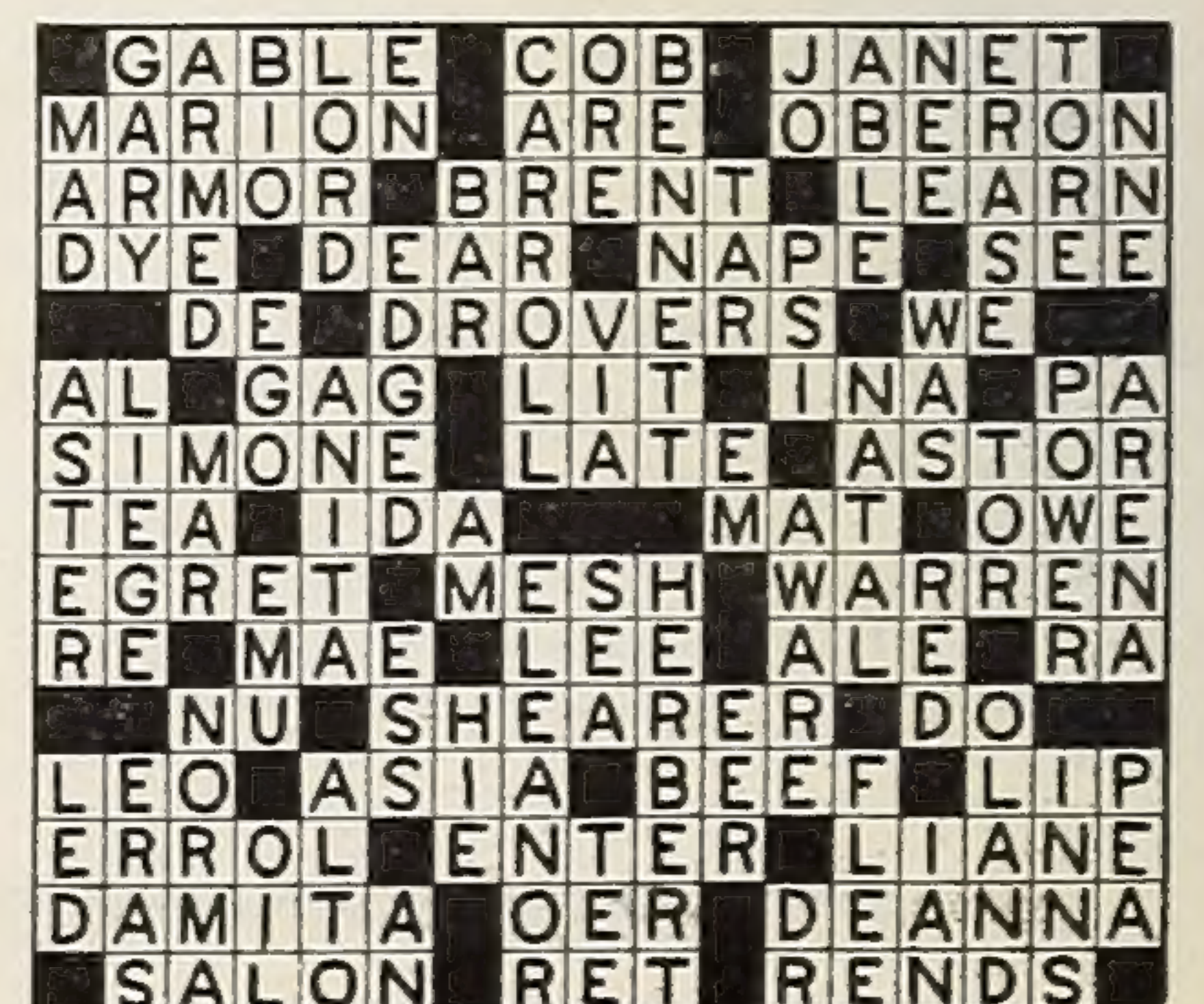
73. " — The Avenue," a movie
74. That old sun god
76. Wide-mouthed comedienne (in "Double or Nothing")
78. Halo
79. She's starred in "Stage Door"
83. Mud
84. He played "The Good Old Soak"
86. Din
87. Wilted, lost color
88. Load
89. Pronged
90. Malt drinks

DOWN

1. Star in "A Star Is Born"
2. Individuals
3. His new one is "The Last Gangster"
4. Chinese measure
5. He's featured in "High, Wide and Handsome"
6. Sailor
7. Open (poetic)
8. Negative
9. Place of entrance
10. Advertisement (abbrev.)
11. She's featured in "Saturday's Heroes"
12. Always
13. Goes down (as a boat)
14. Crippled
17. Prescribed amount of medicine
19. Note of the scale
20. Forever
28. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
30. He married Jeanette MacDonald
31. Exclamation
32. Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda"
33. He's featured in "A Girl With Ideas"
35. Islands
36. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
38. "Shall We —" a Fred Astaire film

39. Ingenue in "The Thirteenth Chair"
40. Bricklayer's equipment
41. Reverential fear
43. Man's nickname
45. Give birth to (of sheep—archaic)
47. Leading lady in "Artists and Models"
48. Cleaning implement
58. He's starred in "Stand-In"
60. Small European fish
62. Typical
63. Crust formed over a sore
64. Brutal
66. Concerning
67. Made a mistake
69. He's featured in "Hold 'Em, Navy"
70. What you plant in a garden
72. Open space
73. Exclamation
75. One
77. Military assistant
80. Hawaiian food
81. Receptacle for coal
82. Employ
85. You (Biblical)
87. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!

... Here comes Fred's big dancing show ... with Hollywood's Girl of Your Dreams for romance ... and George and Gracie Gracie than ever! ... New daring dance creations! ... New bluezy song swingsations! ... New knock-out laugh sensations! ... in a dizzical, dancical, musical show thrilled to the top with buoyant life at its gayest!

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs!...

"Foggy Day"—"Nice Work If You Can Get It"—
"I Can't Be Bothered Now"—
"Things Are Looking Up"



Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by
IRA GERSHWIN
•
A PANDRO S. BERMAN
PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE STEVENS

FRED ASTAIRE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS AND ALLEN

IN
A Damsel in Distress

WITH
JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE

FROM THE STORY BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE

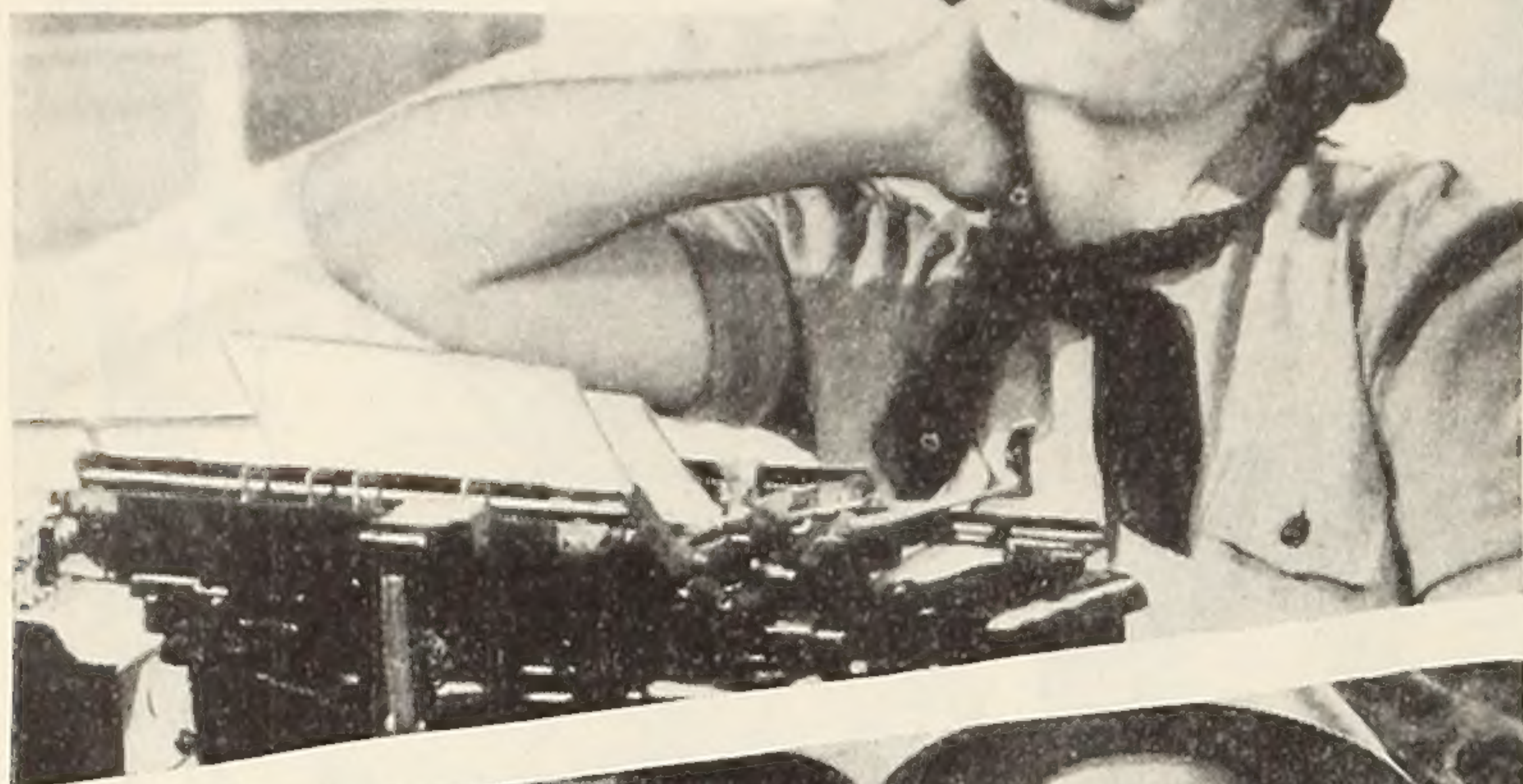


Screen Play by
P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

DRAFTS?

GARGLE LISTERINE

Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.



EXPOSURE?

GARGLE LISTERINE

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

Listerine kills germs associated with colds and sore throat

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or *no colds at all*. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day *had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users*. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the *dreaded danger zone of the chest* less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. They must be held under control.

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

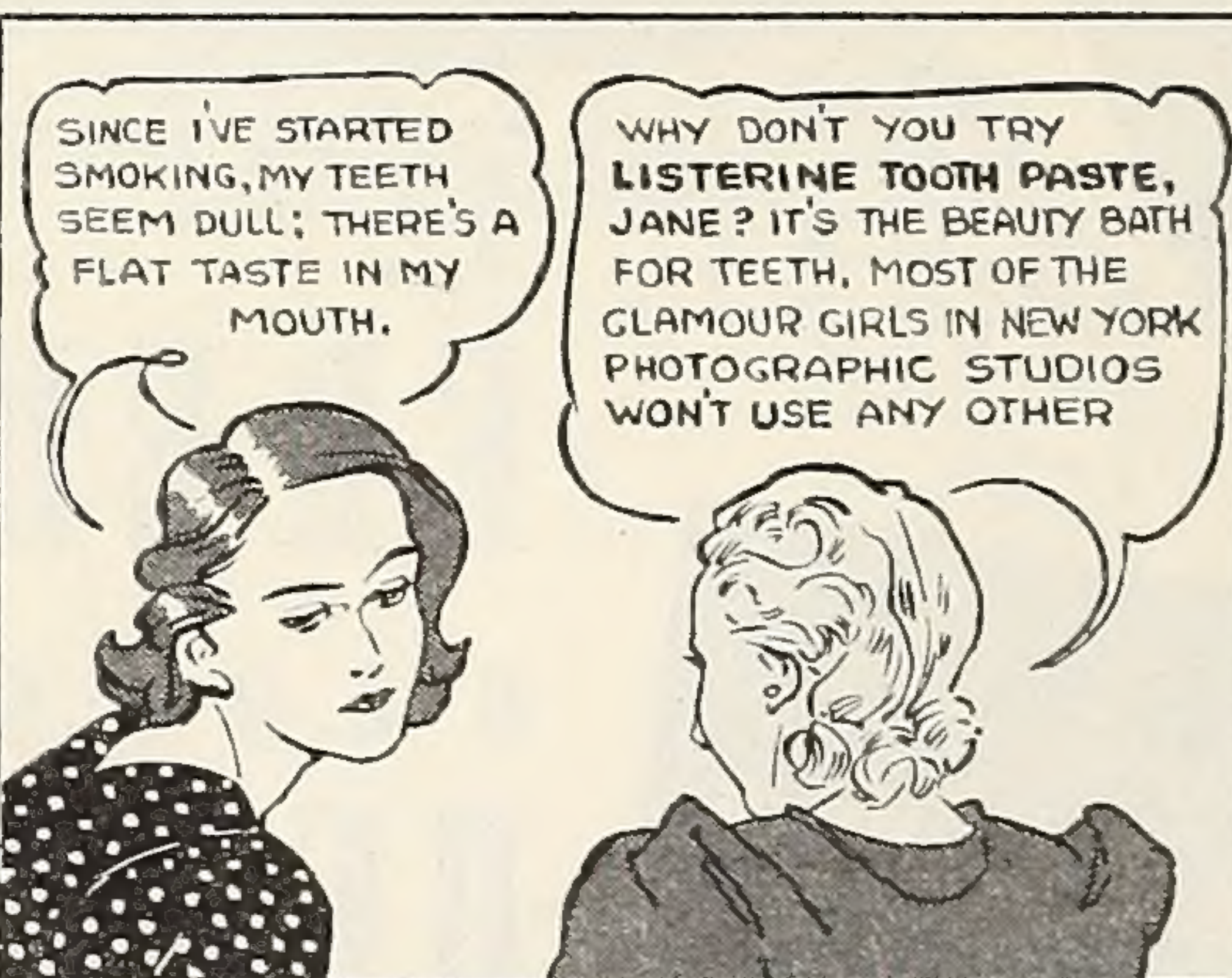
"BEAUTY BATH SWEEPS AWAY TOBACCO-STAINED DEPOSITS"



JANE BUYS A TUBE

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, PLEASE; A FRIEND RECOMMENDED IT.

YOU'RE THE 18TH WOMAN TODAY WHO HAS BOUGHT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. THEY'RE ALL CRAZY ABOUT IT. A LOT OF MEN LIKE IT, TOO, BECAUSE OF ITS ABILITY TO COMBAT CIGARETTE STAIN AND ODOR.



SINCE I'VE STARTED SMOKING, MY TEETH SEEM DULL; THERE'S A FLAT TASTE IN MY MOUTH.

WHY DON'T YOU TRY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, JANE? IT'S THE BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH. MOST OF THE GLAMOUR GIRLS IN NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIOS WON'T USE ANY OTHER



IT POURS ON THE TEETH A WONDERFULLY FRAGRANT, CLEANSING, MILKY WHITE SOLUTION THAT SIMPLY SWEEPS AWAY THOSE TINY DEPOSITS STAINED BY TOBACCO SMOKE. ALL THE GIRLS AT THE BRIDGE CLUB ARE TALKING ABOUT IT.

SHIRLEY KILDUFF SAYS:

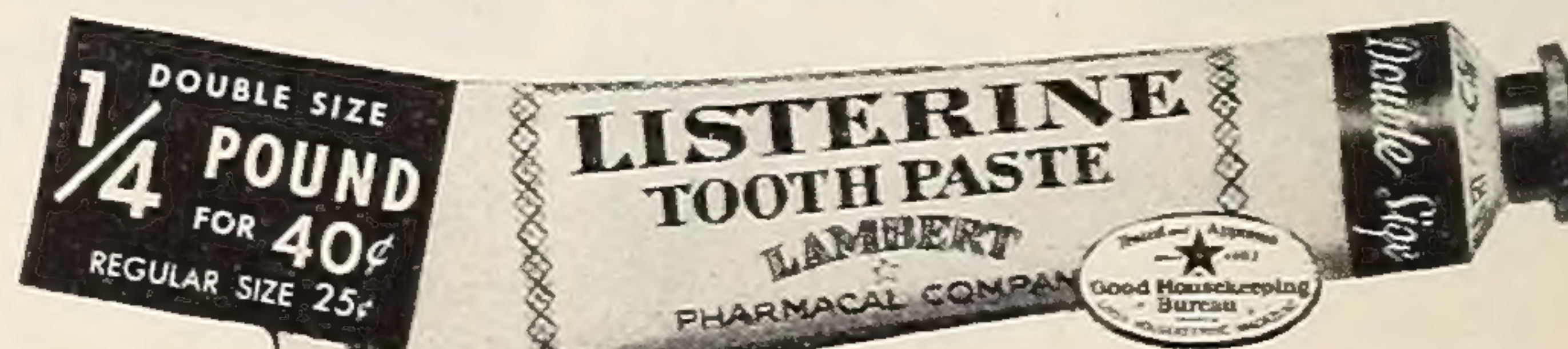


IT'S MY BUSINESS TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL... THAT'S WHY I CHANGED TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A TUBE?

Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauties about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bathes the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its

high-lustre polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 40¢ tube. The 25¢ size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your drug-gist today.



The Editor's Page

DEAR CLAIRE TREVOR:

You fooled me. You really did. I thought I had you all figured out. I was wrong. Perhaps it will amuse you to watch me eat my words. (Gulp, gulp.) Remember our lunch, the first time I met you, only we ate chicken and crepes suzette, not words; and it was all very gay, and a Certain Celebrated Billionaire across the smart café stared and stared, and who could blame him, for you were by far the prettiest blonde in the crowded room. You sparkled, from your smile to your star sapphires, and I thought, "Now here's a carefree actress, for once, with never a worry; and I'll bet *she* will never go arty on us!"

Well, you told me all about your new house, for which you were selecting every scrap of curtain and every stick of furniture, yourself; and you seemed to get more frivolously feminine every minute. And then, eventually, talk turned to pictures—it doesn't usually take that long, but you were so charmingly casual about your career, I thought it would be almost vulgar to bring it up. But somehow or other, I seemed to hear you referring to yourself as a "Class B" star. Now, there's a big difference between being a "Class B" star, and a star in "Class B" pictures; so I argued politely; and your big brown eyes grew bigger and darker, if possible, and you said quite positively: "I'd be willing to play a bit, just a bit, in a big picture, to show I can act." It sounded well, but it didn't make much sense to me. Claire Trevor, a big box-office attraction, if not in epics, playing a bit? Come come, now, Miss Trevor, I said to myself. It's awfully cute, but it isn't in character.

And then what happens? You did it, by gosh. You locked your big dressing-room with the star on the door, went over to a strange "lot," and took a "bit" to play—the comparatively small but oh, so potent part of *Francey* in "Dead End"—you played that part just as it was written, with no frills, no false bids for sympathy; and lo and behold when "Dead End" was released, people were exclaiming: "This Claire Trevor is an actress." You knew it all along.

Well, it would have been nice if Hollywood had suddenly swept you into a big, showy star part such as "Stella Dallas" which would have catapulted you into the front rank of important stars. But this isn't wonderland. It's Hollywood. So you're

An Open Letter to Claire Trevor

back in your big dressing-room, making more good money pictures, if not epics. You make every part you play stand out for some reason—for instance, in your latest, "Big Town Girl," you get yourself up in a black hair-do; in some scenes you're smothered in specs; you're doing some trouping. And if anyone thinks you're wasting your spare time mooning around, let them listen to your rich cello-voice on the radio, opposite Edward G. Robinson. The best part is, you're still The Prettiest Blonde in the Room. And some day, I think you'll be one of the Biggest Stars. I'd like to change that picture title to "Big Time Girl." That's you, Claire Trevor.

Delight Evans



Claire Trevor, trouper! Right, the girl herself. Above, in character for a new film.



Hollywood's Fantastic First Nights



There's no spectacle in the world to compare with it! A motion picture premiere in the cinema capital is unique among world events, and the reason is devastatingly described here



By
Eileen Creelman

LONDON had its coronation, New York its American Legion convention, Philadelphia the Army-Navy football game. These are all very well in their way, nice little shows that draw quite a crowd. But for sheer fun, spectacle, and insane showmanship, none of them can compare with a Hollywood premiere.

They are terrifying in a way, fantastic as a circus. Wallace Beery was so startled by the crowds at one opening that he drove away and sneaked in a back door. Harold Lloyd, although never recognized without those dummy glasses he wears for pictures, tries always to find a side entrance. But Hollywood as a whole takes fierce pride in that unique and expensive entertainment, a movie opening.

The show of course doesn't take place on the screen, although the theatre always does conscientiously run the scheduled film. They are always trying something new at those openings. Some publicity man may get the brilliant idea of not bothering with the picture at all on premiere night. This would save trouble; and the celebrities would come just the same.

A Hollywood premiere is not to show off the picture. Their one purpose is to show off the audience. Well does the audience know this. This is the one opportunity to parade, arrayed in all the splendor of sables, ermines, and dirty polo coats, before real people. These are not cameras watching them, although there are cameras everywhere, but thousands of fans, eager, articulate, wild with enthusiasm. Even a Wallace Beery or a Harold Lloyd, the most modest actor in town, gets a thrill out of those cheers.

As for a Douglas Fairbanks, he never misses an opening. Mr. Fairbanks is always part of the show at each big premiere, enjoying the crowds as much as they enjoy him. With Sylvia Ashley, elaborately dressed, on his arm, he can stroll up the longest theatre entrance without a

trace of shyness or annoyance as thousands stare.

Not all of Hollywood can face those crowds with the aplomb of a Fairbanks. But all of Hollywood turns out for a premiere. There you will find them all, Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne, Virginia Bruce, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, Paul Muni and his wife, the Fredric Marches, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, all the hundreds of others whose very presence makes the opening a show impossible to put on anywhere else in the world.

Of course they would never think of such a show anywhere else. These big openings cost between four and five thousand dollars, half of which goes toward lights. That money is spent to impress Hollywood, to make the industry sit up and take notice. Incidentally, of course they provide hilarious evenings for those thousands of fans who have time and energy to endure them.

Every effort is made to keep those fans happy. It was the Warners who last year thought up the grandstand stunt. They built huge bleachers for the opening of the latest "Gold Diggers" and filled part of them with beautiful chorus girls. Fans occupied the other seats.

That started it. Now each company must provide grandstands. Those for "High, Wide and Handsome," at the Carthay Circle, held between eight and ten thousand people. They were solidly packed by five in the afternoon. The show was not even scheduled to begin until eight-thirty at night. At midnight, as the stars sauntered out, the bleachers were still filled, and the streets behind them jammed with people hoping at least to see Fred MacMurray or Martha Raye or perhaps Mae West drive by them in an automobile.

Those stars were all there, scores of them, Dorothy



Gayer than a circus, more clamorous than an American Legion convention, is the Hollywood First Night! Here's a pictorial cross-section: at far left, just a glimpse of the crowds approaching the theatre; next, autograph-hunters being held back by police. Above, the stellar attractions: top row, left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Lower, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, Dorothy Lamour, Harold Lloyd with his mother and daughter; and, center above, Fredric March at the microphone, with Mrs. March.

Lamour in slim black, Dorothy Jordan in a red polo coat, Virginia Bruce in glittering white. Those fans who couldn't see could at least hear. Announcers saw to that. They announced everything, whose car was coming down the boulevard, whose car was approaching the flood-lighted entrance, who was just stepping under the block-long canopy to walk self-consciously up that red carpet to awaiting microphones.

You couldn't miss anything. The real show was there, outside the theatre, on those painful walks under the glaring lights while thousands of eyes discussed you, on that broad green square surrounded by bleachers on two sides, by the theatre entrance on the third, by the canopied walk, cameramen, lights and policemen on the fourth.

Just for good measure, as though the antics of a Hollywood celebrity audience were not enough, an elaborate program of entertainment preceded the picture. And this took place outside the theatre, all for the benefit of the waiting fans. Ben Blue, for no reason except that it was a warm evening and that he had a part in the picture, drove up to the theatre in a sled drawn by a team of Alaskan huskies. He was suitably dressed too, in fur coat and straw hat.

Lynn Overman was acting as master of ceremonies outside the theatre, Fred MacMurray inside. The effect was the desired one, that of a three-ringed circus. Judy Canova, with Zeke and Anne, did some of their routines.

Betty Grable sang. So did the Four Yacht Club Boys. Bob Burns, Gracie Allen and George Burns, and William Frawley stayed out in front of the theatre to indulge in expert wisecracking for the crowds. Their amusing revue, broadcast on a coast-to-coast hookup, lasted for an hour.

The breathtaking exuberance of a Hollywood premiere is no happenchance. The natives begin to get excited days ahead; and the natives are the movie colony.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond cut short their honeymoon, sailed back from Honolulu, a five day trip, just to be in town when "The Firefly" opened. That was an evening too, big enough to coax Norma Shearer into the limelights again, to bring Edward G. Robinson back from a vacation. Constance Bennett, probably the most inveterate and certainly the most conspicuous of all the local first-nighters, might not even stop at crossing an ocean in order to see and be seen at a really gala premiere.

All of Hollywood takes part, one way or another, in the show. Even the publicity departments of studios apparently unconcerned have to do a bit of worrying. Their job is casting the audience, seeing that the right people walk up that red carpet two by two.

It is usually the young actors who consult the publicity departments. They wish advice about the girls they should escort. This is an important decision for any player. To take a girl to an important premiere is not equivalent to announcing an *(Please turn to page 70)*

Getting Gay with Gable

What happens when
Clark cuts up

By Elizabeth Wilson



Hollywood swank means nothing to Gable. He has no cook, no valet, no chauffeur—"I'm not helpless," says Gable when someone suggests that a movie star should have servants.

IF IT hadn't been for East's mild little diamond bid Clark Gable probably never would have gone duck hunting, Claudette Colbert wouldn't have been invited to Walter Lang's for dinner, and I would have gone serenely, well, not too serenely, through life without ever knowing what a duck press is. It certainly had unexpected repercussions. Up until then the game had been quite a nice little game, not brilliant, but nice, and South hadn't yawned more than five times. But when East made that mild little bid in a weak voice it started a bidding duel between East and West which ended eventually in a fourteen hundred point gain for North and South. East, who in private life is Carole Lombard, said that she was sorry. West, who is known to millions as Clark Gable, said that there was really no law that forced people to sit down at a bridge table for hours and glare at each other for making foolish bids and that personally he thought it would be more fun to go duck hunting. Fieldsie and Walter Lang (North and South to Mr. Culbertson, but best friends to Carole and Clark) said don't forget to bring back some ducks. And Carole said no pumas this time please.

So the next morning Clark, who is a good shot, brought back a bevy of wild duck and because he lives at a big hotel in Beverly Hills and has no cook, no valet, no chauffeur, no second maid, no China boy ("I'm not helpless," says Mr. Gable when someone suggests that a movie star ought to have servants), he dumped them on Walter Lang's ping pong table and said it would be nice to have a couple of people in to help eat them. Walter didn't want any people in because he had just bought a new house and the pictures and drapes weren't up, and Walter, like all directors, wants to have his sets

perfect before the action starts. "When you have duck you have duck," said Clark with a grin and a shrug, which rather expresses his philosophy of life—if you have a treat tossed at you don't grumble, enjoy it—"I'll hang the pictures and I'll make the sauce."

Clark Gable with all his being Screen Lover Number 1 has never been known to make an "entrance," and it's a safe bet that if you invite him to dinner at seven-thirty he will be there at six-thirty, which is another reason why he and Missy Lombard get along so well, Carole being the only glamor girl in Hollywood who keeps her appointments to the dot. So when Claudette and the doctor and I arrived the pictures were all hung and all kinds of little knick-knacks which would eventually be a Gable sauce were gathered about the chafing dish on Walter's bar. Shouts of laughter from the game room announced that Carole and Clark were whipping up an extra edge to their appetite for pressed duck by an animated game of ping pong, not just the usual ping pong, but "match" ping pong, a little variation that Walter brought back from China. Clark is crazy about match ping pong and is the match ping pong champion of Benedict Canyon though Carole is no slug at the game herself. Walter's match bill is terrific. The idea it seems is for each side, East and West again if you wish, to place an opened box of matches on the base line and see who can upset the most matches in the due course of a ping pong game. I'm better at rummy. Claudette is better at parchesi, and Walter promised her she could play after dinner. If anyone would play with her. Movie stars aren't as coddled as you might think.

On a large silver platter the ducks, well roasted and with their meaty parts removed, were brought in from



Clark, at left, blinks as the news photographer takes a "grab shot." Carole Lombard is with him. Below, when he goes on hunting trips the studio photographer isn't always along, but this time he was. Clark, however, is actually no phony outdoor fellow, but the real thing.

Wide World



the kitchen and placed on the bar, and everybody stopped counting silly matches and with a "Woo Woo" (Mr. Hugh Herbert really started something in Hollywood) made a wild dash for duck legs and wings. Such picking of bones! How revolting! I unearthed the biggest leg and Claudette, like something starved out of a Dickens novel, snatched it away from me. Really, Miss Lombard and Miss Colbert, if your public could see you now with duck behind your ears! "Tut, tut," said Mr. Gable whacking away at grasping fingers with a huge spoon, "you aren't supposed to eat that, that's for the sauce. Haven't you been fed today? Hey, lay off, I want to show you how to make pressed duck sauce, the recipe for which kings have offered me their crowns."

Well, I always know a chafing dish when I meet one out socially but there was some kind of an apparatus at the end of the bar that had me completely baffled. "What's that funny looking thing?" I said pointing a greasy finger, "a cocoanut cracker? Dear me, what will the rich think of next?" "That funny looking thing," said Carole scornfully, though it wasn't very effective with a duck wing in her mouth, "is a duck press, and it is quite evident

that you haven't been out much. It *is* a duck press, isn't it?" she said in an aside to Fieldsie. Clark said sh-sh-s-s-sh h, and we all did. It was going to be a Ceremony.

And just so you, my little kiddies, will have something on the crowned heads of Europe I'm going to give you the famous Gable recipe for pressed duck here and now, and if it brings on a good case of indigestion don't blame me. First of all, you clean and singe and wash wild ducks just as you do domestic ducks. Rub inside and outside with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter. Put a teaspoonful of butter inside of the ducks, onion and celery to help kill the wild taste, place them in a baking pan with a tablespoon of water, and roast in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes, the time depending upon the size of the ducks. When done, carefully cut the breasts off the ducks and place in a warm dish; then pile the carcasses (if you can get them away from your guests—not a chance if Colbert and Lombard are there) into a platter and one by one drop them into the duck press. When sufficient pressure is put upon the press the juice pours out of a little spout into the container.

And here's where the famous pressed duck sauce makes its entrance. Have a slow flame under the chafing dish and into it put a tablespoon of butter, a teaspoon of very hot dry mustard, a tablespoon of currant jelly and a glass of port wine. Cook it about three minutes but never let it come to a boil. Then pour in the juice from the duck press container and cook about (*Please turn to page 75*)





Star- Dust Baby

By Margaret E. Sangster

"Who told you to say I was beautiful?" she asked. "Nobody told me to say nothing," Peter replied, and gulped—"You are beautiful."

CHAPTER II

THE cocktail party was over and done with, and the last guest had been taken out and poured into a taxicab. The drawing room of the Mollineaux house was empty save for the lingering ghosts of a thousand cigarettes, save for an army of sticky glasses. The soft-moving Japanese servants swarmed like moths in the patio, gathering up debris, and a gardener was already busy with a flower bed that had been brutally trampled. But Katrine Mollineaux sat back in a deep chair, with the tips of her slim fingers pressed together, and stared at her publicity man. There was such blazing hatred in her eyes, and her silence was so fraught with meaning that, after some fifteen dragging minutes, Bill Naughton spoke.

"Better say it," he advised, "before you explode!"

Katrine made drawling answer. "I never thought you'd put the bee on me," she said, "you snake in the grass—"

Bill countered: "Now, now, Katie. The party was a wow, and Peter was a howling success!"

Katrine snarled—"Yeah! Here I had fifteen sob sisters and ten camera men, all set to get a load of me with a little blonde baby in my arms. And then you bring in a big kid with freckles and a black eye. What a razzing

they'll hand me!"

Bill Naughton grinned, but only with his mouth. He said:

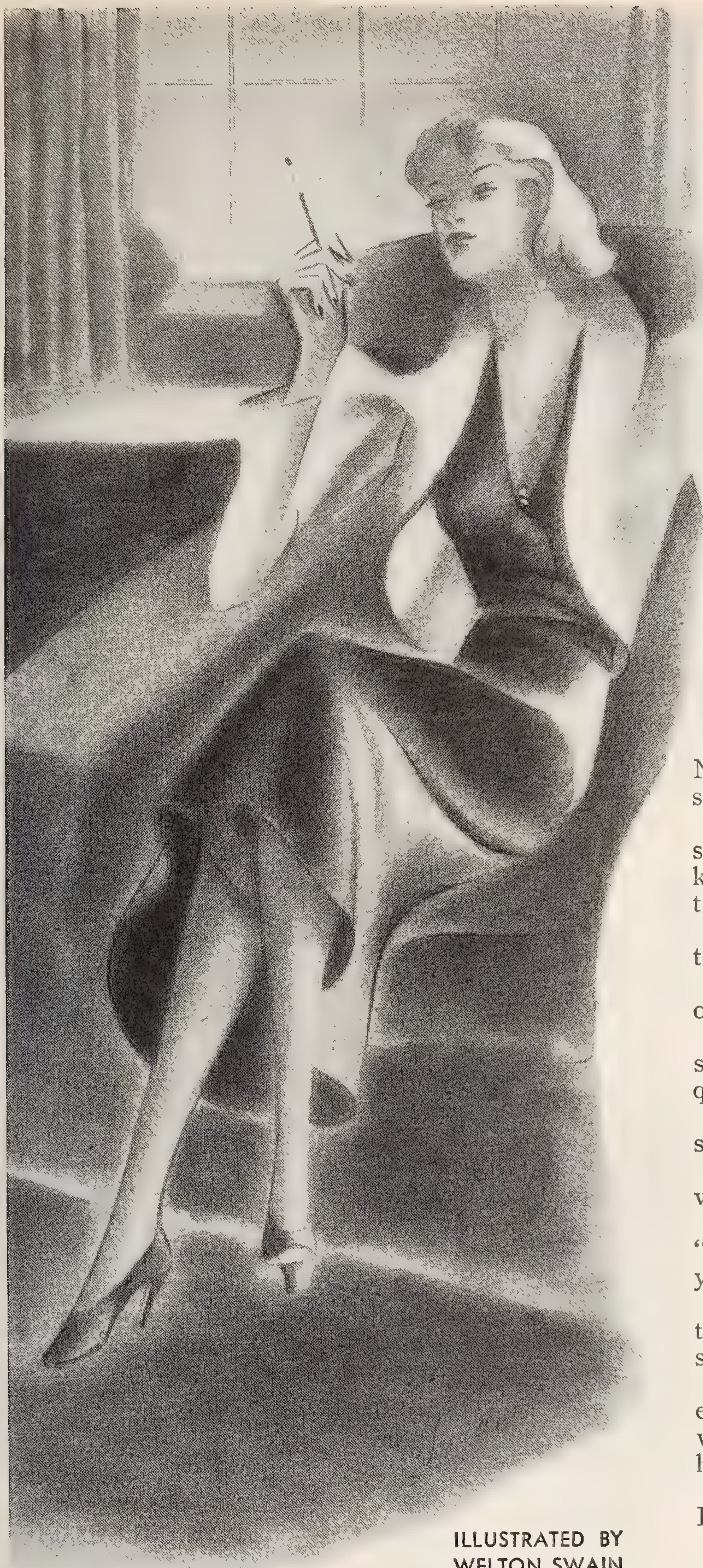
"Pipe down, Katie—the kid's in the next room. I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings."

Katrine's eyes weren't blazing any more. They were veiled, and as hard as marbles.

"Trot the kid in," she said.

Bill asked, "Why?" His tone was mild. He added, "You're not in any mood to see him, now. Wait'll you cool off."

Katrine said—"If you know your onions, you won't



ILLUSTRATED BY
WELTON SWAIN

wait 'til I start to jell. You'll take me warm, and like it." She called, "Hey, Peter, come here—"

There was a sound of footsteps pattering on parquet. Almost sooner than you could imagine, a little red-headed boy was in the room. He stopped running, after he'd crossed the sill, and stood—his wide eyes, one badly bruised, fastened on Katrine's furious face. After a moment Katrine said—

"Why are you staring at me?"

The little boy fumbled for speech. "Because," he managed at last, "you're so beautiful. You look like an angel in a church."

The dramatically human story of a screen siren whose daring plan to advance her career precipitates a crisis in the lives of three extraordinary people

Bill gave one quick, mirthless snort of laughter. He stopped as suddenly as he had started, and said—

"Come here, sonny. Come to Uncle Bill." But Katrine interrupted—"No. You come here, Peter," and the child, with one frightened glance in her direction, came haltingly toward her. When he had stopped only a few inches from her chair, Katrine spoke again. Her voice was deceptively soft.

"Who told you to say I was beautiful?" she asked. "Did Uncle Bill learn you a lesson?"

Peter answered: "Nobody told me to say nothing," he replied, and gulped—"You *are* beautiful. Like an angel in a church—"

Katrine said, "Heaven help you if you pull that line again! Where'd you come from, anyway, and what's your name, and how old are you?"

The little boy said—"I came from th' Good Shepherds' Home, and my name's Peter. I ain't got any other name."

Katrine began, "Oh, so you're a little—" but Bill Naughton interrupted her. His voice was all at once as sharp as a knife.

"Shut up!" he said. "One dirty crack out of you, and so help me . . ." Suddenly his voice lowered—"The kid's only eight," he murmured, "and he's had a tough time. Go easy with th' whip."

The little boy's eyes were so large that they seemed to swallow up his entire face. He stared painfully at Bill.

"You told *her* to shut up," he said. "You hadn't oughta do that, Uncle Bill!"

Katrine laughed. "That's all the thanks you get," she said to Bill Naughton. To the child she addressed a question.

"How long have you been calling this bozo uncle?" she wanted to know.

"Ever since I seen him," answered the little boy. He volunteered, "That was yesterday."

Katrine laughed. "So that was yesterday!" she said "I can't help thinking that Uncle Bill might've bought you some decent clothes—"

Bill said: "I hadn't time, really. The papers came through so late today that we only just made it without stopping for a thing."

Peter supplemented: "We came in a big car. We did eighty on th' straight roads—" and Katrine said, "That was just dandy. You must've been in a hurry to get here . . ."

The little boy looked at her with his soul in his eyes. He said simply—

"We was. Nobody ever wanted me a-fore . . ."

Bill Naughton drew in his breath sharply. He murmured—

"For God's sake, Katie," but Katrine laughed. Her laughter was as sweet and brittle as a New Orleans praline.

"I wonder," she said, "if you'll make as good time going back? Eighty on the straight roads, I mean . . ."

The little boy's face had been flushed. Suddenly it was so pale that the freckles stood out on it like flecks of nutmeg on milk.

"Going back?" he asked. "You said, going back? Back—where?"

Katrine's laughter was a little louder, now—and if anything more brittle.

"Why," she answered, "back (*Please turn to page 67*)

So you want to make friends among Hollywood's great? Here are some rules to follow—fun, too!



Who wouldn't want to make friends with Ginger Rogers? She looks receptive here, at left in group on set of "Having Wonderful Time," with writers and director. Fred Astaire, right, will beam if you ask him about the songs he has composed.

How to Impress The Stars

By Helen Louise Walker



be in order about how to get along or not to get along in "the colony." For Hollywood, like Africa, Shanghai, and Berlin, is a rather specialized community, and it is well to know a few of the fundamental rules if you hope to make friends and thereby do something for yourself.

Let's say, for simplicity's sake, that you have come to Hollywood in the hope of making some friends. Let's just start with that. I wouldn't bother, just at first, with trying to influence anyone if I were you—not unless I had a great deal of money or owned some race horses or were related to a big producer. And I shouldn't give much thought to the problem of antagonizing people. You don't need a *book* for that, goodness knows!

Let's assume that you have come to Hollywood and hope to make some friends. Suppose you are introduced—bang!—just like that, to Fred Astaire. It doesn't happen very often but sometimes people *are* introduced to Fred. He's a friendly person to meet, too. But if you

EVERYONE seems to be telling everyone else, these days, how to do something or other. How to make friends, how to influence people, how to live alone or in large groups, how to be polite, how to be comfortable, though married or in Africa. How to antagonize people—how to—well, anyhow, who am I to be left out of all this? With the influx (and what an influx!), to Hollywood these days, it seems that a bit of advice might

so that we may discover what makes the English go "Ha, ha!" and laugh with them.

Not to be outdone, Paramount will present Beatrice Lillie, another Britisher, whose comedy quells once and forever the erroneous belief that the Anglo-Saxons lack humor! Bee is the rollicking gal of Broadway's musicals.

George Burns undoubtedly prefers the inimical Gracie Allen as wife, to someone after the style of Constance Bennett. Gracie keeps a fine home for him and the two children. There's nothing funny in her domestic life. But as a radio and screen star, Gracie is the nuttiest of the nuts—for which we are mighty glad!

Several years ago, some movie friends of mine (you probably thought I had none) took me to the hillside home of Nick Grinde, the director. Nick entertained us with slick card tricks and startling declarations. He took delight in foretelling events he believed would come to pass. Talk of Arabian Nights Entertainment! Well, if Director Grinde were not at this moment gadding through China, or some other oriental pasture, I'd demand his instant prediction for Marie Wilson.

Marie is a sort of protégée of his. Hollywood has reported them engaged. When I asked Marie if it was correct, she looked startled and said: "I imagine you would call it that. We like each other's company and go about together. Yes, I suppose you'd say we were engaged."

She didn't seem sure about it. The idea dismayed her. After all, it was her engagement, not mine. But engaged or single, Marie is a knockout. Nick might be a prophet in his own *châlet*, but Marie has predicted what could happen if Warners followed out her suggestion.

In James Melton's "Melody For Two," Marie appeared with a huge 'cello and said to Fred Keating: "If you build an orchestra around me, you'll have something."

If Warners build a cast around Marie, they'll have a sure-fire star. As it is, they regard her with pride, and are training her for leads. There is a good likelihood of her doing the lead in "Boy Meets Girl."

When I met her she had but recently come out of hospital, having received a crack on the cranium, following an auto accident. But that did not down Marie. She turned up with a Russian handkerchief round her blonde head, the patch plainly showing where the hair had been cut away.

She takes things seriously—Hollywood, acting, the fans and all connected with them. "If they see me as a good comedienne at the moment," she explained, with terrific earnestness in her eyes, "I'm only too glad to do what they see best. But I'd like to study and get other parts—maybe with pathetic touches in them, even drama. If the chance is given me, I'll take it."

The nymph is wise. There's nothing dumb about Marie. Listen to her talk; note her wise remarks; her fluent speech—she's got her head screwed on the right way!

She's a demon for learning, and studies drama, languages, singing, and anything that helps her advance in acting. The results we (Please turn to page 70)

Martha Raye's lusty yells come back in echoes of loud guffaws from the audience. Martha in action, top left. Beginning from left, across page, see Dorothea Kent, Glenda Farrell, Joan Davis, Helen Broderick, and, below, Marie Wilson—they save many a film from dullness. Right, Patsy Kelly, and above, Alice Brady and Gracie Allen, more in demand than many glamor girls.



Double Exposure of Loretta Young and Myrna Loy!

"SO YOU want to know why 'Gretch' ticks so superbly?"

Myrna Loy eyed me alertly. It was noon in her dressing-room suite at M-G-M and stars are supposed to be involved in a thousand flurries during their brief respite from their sets. Myrna behaved as calmly as though she were miles away from it all and had an entire week-end to devote to my curiosity.

"I don't," she offered with a half grin, "call her Gretchen. Even though I'm Minnie to her! And I'm glad I am, for that proves she really is a pal of mine. However, only her family still use her given name; she has always been Loretta since I've known her.

"It is noteworthy, don't you think, that Loretta has gone on when most of the ingénues who began when she did have fallen by the wayside? I'm not implying that she's aged," Myrna said with a full smile. "As you know, she's just approached her mid-twenties. But she played her first lead at fourteen, with Lon Chaney, and ten years in constant demand and the sort of a future she has indicates that she's away above the average in Hollywood.

"One reason she is, obviously, is that she has talent. Another is that she has great stamina. Determination isn't enough out here. Loretta wanted to be in pictures, was determined to be, and seized opportunity when it seemed to be knocking. You know that story, how at thirteen she reported to Mervyn LeRoy in place of her older sister when Polly Ann was out of town. She's had the push to go after her chances. She was bound to rate recognition—any girl with that much gumption at thirteen would.

"But I've known many ambitious girls, and I know that your determination isn't worth much without great stamina to back it up. Loretta is a fragile vision. But she isn't at all fragile of spirit. She's progressed while other aspiring ingénues have fizzled because she wouldn't

Loretta Young, through the eyes of "Minnie" Loy

By Ben Maddox

be stopped. And then couldn't be discouraged. Why, when she was doing her first lead she was subjected to a reproof that would have beaten the ordinary girl. The director told her—before everyone—that she was impossible. She cried. That was what he wished, to touch the emotion locked within (*Please turn to page 66*)



Few Glamor Girls of Hollywood get to be good friends. Loretta Young and Myrna Loy prove the exceptions. At right, close-ups. Left, Miss Loy with Walter Pidgeon in a scene from her new picture, "The Four Marys."



Friendly group at left; Loretta Young with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow (Myrna Loy). Above, Loretta in a close-up with Tyrone Power from "Second Honeymoon."

Myrna Loy, as her friend Loretta knows her

"**H**ER apparent wall of mystery always was a challenge to me. I wanted to know her well, at first, so I could be certain; learn what she is really like, what her secrets are. I discovered, besides more important things, that she is not mysterious at all. In fact, I also now call her—affectionately—Minnie!

"Crisp glamor is only a part of her, actually. Equally outstanding is this—you are able to talk to her as you are to few people. She is so easy to be with!

"She is the epitome in the eyes of the modern sophisticates, yet she wouldn't attempt the terrific pace. She is such a comfortable person. Provocative because she has definite ideas and can be nonchalant about them. Stimulating to me because she gets what she wants. But unique among all the women in Hollywood because she is smart and smooth *and* comfortable!

"She is the most contented star I know. Finally I've unearthed why. It's due to her distinct philosophy; she is a direct result of a particular attitude towards life. She does have a success system, you see. An explicit one. And although she looks inscrutable, she's quite frank about how she proceeds. She's no stuffy siren of the old school."

It was Loretta Young, speaking candidly. I had gone to her for the authoritative solution to the prize problem of Myrna Loy, for I'd noticed that in these past two years Myrna has shown a partiality for Loretta.

A solitary, enchanting figure she was, in white silk slacks and blouse, at the far end of her fragrant hidden garden. No parasol, no picture hat, nor trailing skirts. Loretta is femininity, with or without trappings. She put down her Noel Coward's autobiography—"He was a

bit precocious, wasn't he? The latter half, where he mentions some of the people I've met, is more interesting to me!"—and rose from her wicker chair. The late afternoon sun jumped over the green roof of the playhouse to catch the transient sparklets in the blue water of the swimming pool at her side; it revealed her gay freckles, too. Daytimes Loretta scorns all traces of make-up except lipstick.

"I don't after dusk, when I'm dressing to go out," she stated impulsively. "But take Minnie now; she has freckles, as I have, but you wouldn't catch her ever trying to veil them off-screen. Not even for a big evening.

"Ours hasn't been a sudden friendship, you know. We've drifted together comparatively recently, though we were cast in several films with one another some years ago. The other night we had 'The Devil To Pay' run off—in spite of all the improvements since then Ronald Colman was still grand; but we—why, we were so awful!" Loretta chuckled. "And Minnie in her blonde wig—!

"In the beginning I was a little afraid of her, and not because she played the menace, either. It was her quietness that puzzled me. She kept so to herself. When I'd walk onto the set she was polite enough, but strangely aloof. So I'd say good morning and wait to see how she'd take it.

"Then I made a picture at Metro. My last day there I passed her and she declared, 'I wish we could have had lunch while you were over here!' I was dumbfounded at her cordiality.

"Soon after we met socially and I find that she's shy instead of mysterious. She has to know that you truly enjoy her company before she can relax.

"Naturalness is Minnie's greatest quality. There is nothing forced about her. (Please turn to page 66)

Companionship by Camera

"We share each other's good times, see what the other is seeing," Ann explains in this story of how she and Roger Pryor became snapshot fans. Center, right, Ann takes a shot of Victor Moore, on location. Right, one she took of Roger playing ball. Below: circus stunt; Al Scott and George Murphy; Edward E. Horton, Lily Pons, and Luis Alberni on a studio set.



ANNIHILATING distance, hands-across-the-continent, keeping the separated up-to-date—call it whatever you please—but that's what candid cameras mean to Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor, who have spent so much of their married life in different cities.

"You can share each other's good times, see what the other one is seeing, get a better idea of what it's all about than you can get from letters, if you keep candid camera pictures flying back and forth," smiled Ann, sorting over an envelope of snapshots on the set of "She's Got That Swing."

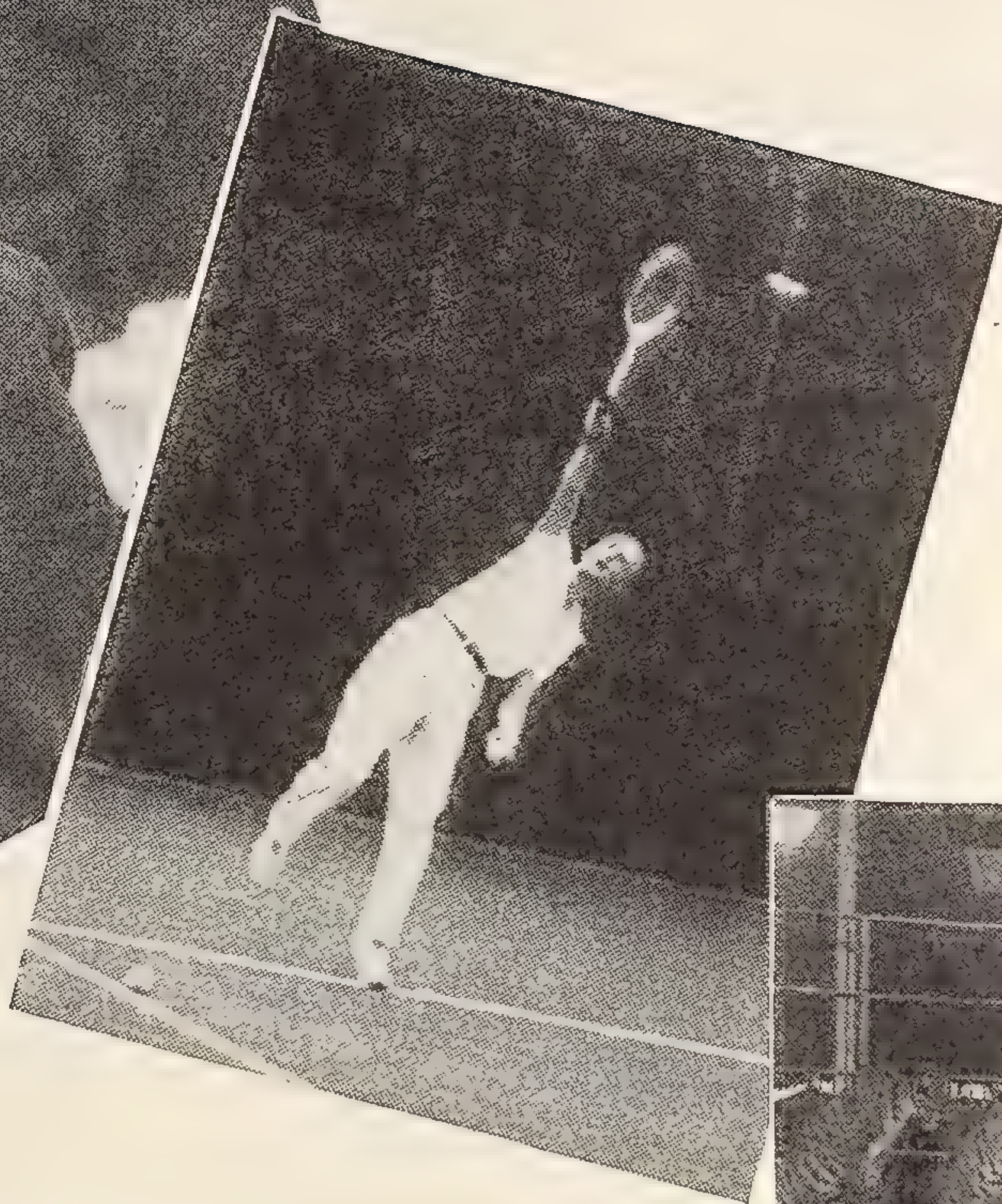
"As a little girl, I don't think I ever noticed a camera much. We didn't go in for picture-taking as a family, though we were often separated, and think what we missed! It wasn't until I met Roger that I paid any attention to camera fans, and then it was just that he was interested. I bought him, one Christmas, a German-made camera that was supposed to be very fine, and he was so thrilled over it that I began to wonder if there was really something in it.

"He kept me posing, until it got so that whenever I turned around there was Roger clicking a shutter, or I'd find it had just clicked, catching me in an unguarded moment. I imagine I took it up in self defense. I bought a small camera at first, thinking I'd show Roger how it felt to live with a camera fiend, but next thing I knew I was really interested. Now we have a Leica, too, and whenever I can I borrow the Graflex from the boys on the set.

"This is a shot I made with it over on the Lily Pons set; she had on her bird costume but she'd wrapped a robe around it, and Edward Everett Horton and Luis Alberni were sitting with her waiting for a new set-up. I didn't fuss over that shot, just used what lights happened to be there and didn't change anyone's pose or anything. I don't think the studio likes people to run around sets with a candid camera, anyway, so I almost never do it.

Ann Sothern and her husband, Roger Pryor, bridge miles to enjoy each other's company with their candid cameras

By Ruth Tildesley



Ann likes to take action shots—and she knows how, as you see in the tennis subject, left; and below, Clyde Beatty in the climax of his circus act with the big cats. Center below, the picture-taker snapped as she takes a Graflex shot of Helen Broderick and Victor Moore. Bottom, dance director and chorus girls.



"I don't do much fussing, though. I know how bored I get with those everlasting 'Wait a minutes' and 'Just a lee-tle to the other side now' and 'Look over this way, please' when I'm not working, so I generally just look in my finder and shoot."

A chorus of "Ann!" sent her flying onto the set, where she sat strumming on a piano while Helen Broderick vainly tried to take a telephone call. They had to do the scene several times because Helen slipped out an "Ann!" instead of a "Carol!" which was Ann's picture name.

"It's the simple mistakes that cause trouble in taking pictures, too," philosophied Ann, presently, coming back to the snaps. "The first time I ever used my little camera, I forgot to take off the cap over the lens and I shot a whole priceless roll of film before I discovered what I'd done. Some of those things I'll never get again.

"I often make mistakes, no doubt because I'm in a hurry. I see something and can't wait to grab it. But I usually can tell when I look at the negative or the print what it was I did or didn't do. I under-expose or over-expose, at times, or forget about change of light. Roger has an exposure meter that gives the exact exposure, but part of the time I haven't the gadget with me, or I think I can judge.

"Another thing most of us amateurs do is not to notice the background. The figures before us are interesting or colorful and we forget that a distant telephone pole or some old ugly fence is 'way back there, but will show up in the finished print.

"When I take what ought to be a grand shot, and it turns out to be anything but, and I can't figure out why, I take it to the boys on the set and ask them. They usually know. It's amazing the way they can tell at a glance what I must have done to miss."

Roger and Ann have been separated a great deal since she began to be a candid camera fiend, and they hit on the idea of sending each other shots of every interesting event they attended separately. (Please turn to page 74)





CONQUEST—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



TRULY a notable motion picture, an achievement reflecting credit on all concerned, is this handsome picturization of certain dashing and dramatic episodes in the life of the Emperor Napoleon. Addicts of Napoleonic lore will find this romantic version satisfying despite historical discrepancies; addicts of Garbo will find themselves in a fine poetic frenzy, for never has The Great G.G. been lovelier; as for addicts of M. Charles Boyer, they will have something to shout about in a big way at last, for this time the fine French actor has a rôle sufficiently showy to impress his powerful appeal, as well as his artistry, upon the public. Almost, it is Boyer's picture; almost, but because of Garbo, not quite. She is still the star of "Conquest." It is a fine romantic tale the picture tells, of the noble influence of the Polish Countess, *Marie Walewska*, upon the great *Bonaparte*. Her selfless devotion is shown to inspire and sustain him even through his Waterloo; from his grand triumphs to his final crushing defeat. Somehow, you believe it all, every scene, because of the touching performance of Garbo, the tragically human portrayal by Boyer. Splendidly staged, expertly acted from stars to extras, "Conquest" is an important film in every sense. Thrilling!



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



VICTORIA THE GREAT—Wilcox-RKO-Radio



THE finest historical film from England since "Henry the Eighth," Herbert Wilcox's masterly screen treatment of the life of England's great Queen should be seen by all picture-goers who value dignity and sincerity above sensationalism. "Victoria the Great" is invariably reverent in its references, but it also performs the feat of never being dull, for which the producer-director, Mr. Wilcox, and his bright star, Miss Anna Neagle, deserve loud huzzas. Necessarily episodic, the cinematic account of Victoria's reign must have sweep rather than suspense; it must depend upon verity, not invention; and it must have, for us on this side of the sea, at any rate, more of a nostalgic appeal than a powerful dramatic pull. But because Miss Neagle is successful in claiming audience interest from her very first scene, as the untried girl who becomes England's Queen, and because she manages to sustain that interest as Victoria's amazing career unfolds, and finally because she gradually wins a very warm sympathy which she never loses, this picture emerges as of first importance among current offerings. Anton Walbrook is similarly successful in carving his character of the Prince Consort—a difficult portrait, but an understandable human being.



ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox



I'M NOT quarreling because Eddie Cantor's new picture turns out to be a swing circus instead of the "political satire" it set out to be. And it's my guess you're not, either. Somehow, screen satires are never much fun—but Eddie Cantor's broad comedies are. Give me comedy when it's as good as "Ali Baba," and let that old sour-puss over there in the corner keep the "satires," and see how much good *that* does him. The irrepressible Eddie, who won't be mad if you designate him "that mighty midget of mirth," is at his zaniest as a bit of Hollywood flotsam and jetsam who dreams himself back into old Bagdad, where he proceeds to persuade the *Sultan* (Roland Young) to experiment with twentieth century methods, such as the New Deal, etc. It's really pretty funny, and with appropriate and stunning interludes for song and dance, and exotic glimpses of Louise Hovick and June Lang and other beauties, and Tony Martin's sultry tones, "Ali Baba" takes his audiences right along to town with him. Mack Gordon's tunes, to say nothing of his partner, Harry Revel's lyrics, contribute a great deal to the general amusement; in fact, it might be a good idea to have Mr. Gordon and Mr. Revel write *all* the screen tunes—how about it?



HURRICANE—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists



MAGNIFICENTLY thrilling movie! Frankly, unashamedly aimed to amaze and entertain with its smashing scenic effects, its lush South Sea Island romance, and its tremendous climax, "Hurricane" is a success from every standpoint. It provides an evening of rousing entertainment in the melodramatic manner of the old-time theatre and the silent screen, and it is a tribute to the showman's astuteness of its producer, the fabulous Goldwyn. From the start, "Hurricane" enthralled this spectator with its gorgeous tropical setting, its naïve and charming native romance between *Marama* and *Terangi*—Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall; its breathless suspense when the handsome hero escapes from the law; and its final terrific climax of a tropical hurricane—done in the Great Goldwyn's most incredibly spectacular manner. It's true cinema, and honest thriller, all the way. Dorothy Lamour is alluring; Thomas Mitchell very fine. But "Hurricane" belongs to Jon Hall, young Greek god who turns out to be poetically sensitive, imaginative, intelligent—at one leap he takes his place among the Taylors, the Tyrones, even the Gary Coopers; and I think he is already head and shoulders above most of them. *He's* the hurricane!



STAND-IN—United Artists



HOLLYWOOD laughs at itself again, but very, very gently—more a sympathetic snicker than a genuine guffaw—in this latest in the series of "inside Hollywood" pictures. "Stand-In" is a really good movie, and it is excellent entertainment; but it is always pretty much Hollywood's own fond idea of what Hollywood is like. Its particular appeal is none other than the distinguished Mr. Leslie Howard, who after all these years has apparently decided that he is a comedian at heart, and let who will play *Hamlet*; for here he plays the lightest comedy possible for an actor of his talents. Mr. Howard almost does a Harold Lloyd, in fact; he takes such punishment as Eddie Cantor is accustomed to; he seems to enjoy it—and so, of course, do we. It seemed a very fortunate coincidence that Joan Blondell, one of the few really good comedienne we have, should be around in an important capacity. She lends just the right light touch, always, as the secretary to Mr. Howard's big efficiency man from the East, come to Hollywood to make a big studio pay dividends. Miss Blondell helps—oh, how she helps. You'll probably enjoy watching more wheels go round than you saw in "A Star Is Born," and if you get a little dizzy, why not?



THE AWFUL TRUTH—Columbia



FRESHEST, most original film of the season, and the most fun for and from everybody. I don't know just whom to thank: the authors, or the director Leo McCarey, or the stars, Irene Dunne or Cary Grant. They have all performed wonders. They have made me laugh and I'm grateful to them. But I think it would simplify matters all around if I just thanked *Mr. Smith*. You have met *Mr. Smith* before; don't think you haven't; his name then was *Asta*, and he is, in other engagements, the dog of *Nick and Nora Charles*. Here, he belongs to *Jerry and Lucy Warriner*, or Mr. Grant and Miss Dunne, instead of to Mr. Bill Powell and Miss Myrna Loy. Perhaps the pet knows which household he prefers; I'm sure I don't. *The Warriners* as played by Cary and Irene are charming, crazily inconsistent people. No sooner have they decided to separate, and their case comes up in divorce court, than they begin to enjoy themselves hugely. The question arises, who shall get the custody of the dog? *Mr. Smith* steals scenes from the co-stars, they steal scenes from one another. Ralph Bellamy enters the picture and starts stealing everybody's scenes. It's a grand picture. It isn't art; it's far from subtle; but it's the best fun of the month.



THE GREAT GARRICK—Warners



CHARMING high comedy, so rare on the screen, comes into its own in "The Great Garrick." Here is a picture which will appeal only to those who appreciate fanciful, imaginative romance, delightfully acted, beautifully mounted—(this means you, of course). Brian Aherne is triumphantly cast as that great English actor of the 18th century, *Mr. David Garrick*. It's a flamboyant part, and Mr. Aherne at his best is a showy actor; so he is nothing short of perfection as he swaggers through this screenplay, a picture of manly beauty in the knee-breeched, damask-coated, lace handkerchiefed period costumes; and a flawless performer always, particularly as to mellow voice. It's a fable of *Mr. Garrick's* visit to Paris, to be guest artist at the Comedie Francaise. But the jealous French players prepare to play a trick on the English actor which will send him back to London on the run. Their little melodrama, staged at the Adam and Eve Inn, was sheer delight to me; and *Garrick* enjoyed it, too—but he did *not* run away. He, greatest actor of them all, played the others right off the boards. Olivia de Havilland is a joy as the only "non-professional" in the big cast of "actors." Messrs. Horton, Cooper, Albernani are grand.

Kay and Pat

WHAT with feuds and floods and flotsams I have seen a deal of Unrest in my life, but never an Unrest that could compare with the colossal Hollywood Unrest of 1937. Everybody was sulking about something. Nobody was pleased about anything. Somebody was happy, I guess, but it wasn't anybody I knew. In the "front offices" there was more stomping of feet than you've ever heard West of the Cotton Club. But it wasn't exactly a Susy Q or a Big Apple. Even if they had consulted a couple of fortune tellers and tried terribly hard Pat and Kay couldn't have picked a worse time to launch a new screen love team in "Women Are Like That." Everybody said that the fur would fly.

It seems that Kay Francis wanted to play the Grand Duchess in "Tovarich" (so did Garbo who pouted something awful); in fact, Kay claimed that the rôle had been promised to her when she signed her new contract, and so when Claudette Colbert was borrowed for the coveted part Kay, quite annoyed by it all, started suit against



It's an incredible co-starring combination—Pat O'Brien and Kay Francis—but it works! Top, left, a convincing love scene. Above, a gay encounter on the set. Right above, Pat entertains Kay Stammers, English tennis star, and Lana Turner between scenes of "Women Are Like That." The big Irishman is a favorite studio host.

her employers, Warner Brothers. And it seems that Pat O'Brien was scheduled to go into "Swing Your Lady" but he didn't like the script (neither did Joan Blondell who walked right off the set and took a course in hula dancing), and Pat didn't want to pile up another suspension, so he said holy mackerel and jumping catfish, haven't you got something else around here I can do? And so with a fugitive from "Swing Your Lady" and a would-be Grand Duchess for its stars you can well imagine that "Women Are Like That" got off to a sour

are Like That!

start. Despite the usual heat which came in in scorching gusts from the Valley the atmosphere of Stage Nine was as cold as a producer's heart, and so heavy and ponderous that no one dared speak above a whisper. Heavy, heavy hangs over their head. Fine or superfine? A very fine lawsuit, my dear.

A suing actress isn't the most sociable person in the world—instead of the customary one chip she has the whole block on her shoulder—she is utterly convinced that the studio is trying to ruin her, so why should she be pleasant to anyone. The boys and girls from the publicity department hang an imaginary "Small-pox" sign over the door of the stage and keep as far away as possible. Little people like you and me run like mad in the opposite direction. A suing star, it seems, has all the delightful charm of a coiled cobra. But the leading man, unfortunately, can't run, or duck, or dodge—he's got to stay right there and face it, venom and all. Poor Pat, his friends said, he'd better take his heavy underwear, it'll be awfully cold there in the tombs.

Kay Francis is a prestige star. She is undeniably the "First Lady" of the Warner Brothers lot and gets the best in everything else, if not always in pictures. On the set she is slightly aloof, even when not suing, and doesn't like to have crowds of tourists gaping at her when she is doing her scenes, or interviewers hanging around

What, the aloof Miss Francis and the genial O'Brien as a love team? Yes—and our exclusive story tells why they liked to work together—much to Hollywood's surprise

By Liza

our Mr. O'Brien replied, "If you want to tear down the sides of the stage and put in grandstand seats it's all right with me." So what-to-do-about-the-set was the all-important question when the social Mr. O'Brien met the aloof Miss Francis. But it was a question with only one answer. Poor Pat, his friends said, he'll die of loneliness, we'll send him wires addressed Commander Byrd. Poor Kay, her friends said—oh, I forgot to mention that Kay has some friends too—they've given her a fast-talking Irish mug who hasn't been out of a uniform in years for a romantic lead, why couldn't she have Fernand Gravet! Or Charles Boyer!

But the funny thing about it all, of course, was that while everybody was poor-Patting Pat, and feeling awfully sorry for him, Pat himself was quite pleased with the turn of events. It seems his suppressed desire for a long time had been Kay Francis. Now for goodness sake, don't get me wrong! Pat is happily married to Eloise Taylor, a society girl who went actress in the Frank McHugh stock company some years ago, and who since her marriage to Pat has completely given up the stage saying that one actor in the family is enough. Pat and Eloise have a lovely home in Brentwood and have adopted two of the cutest kids you've ever seen—one of them a born football player. No, there's no scandal in Pat's suppressed desire for Kay Francis. He merely wanted to co-star with her (*Please turn to page 69*)



waiting to ask her if she is going to marry Delmar Daves. On the other hand Pat O'Brien, a cordial good-natured Irishman, and as natural as the day is long, likes nothing better than having mobs of people watching him act—in fact he and Humphry Bogart even act better, if that is possible, when they have an admiring audience—and he doesn't care what an interviewer asks him because his life is an open book. When Pat first started working at Warners a guy from production asked him, "Mr. O'Brien, do you want your sets closed or not?" To which

"My happiest engagement in pictures," wrote Pat O'Brien on a picture of himself Kay Francis asked him for, after completing their first co-starring film. And Pat meant it. Left above, director Logan seems to enjoy watching Pat make love to Kay as much as she does. Above, they play man and wife in the picture.

Pirate Gold

Fredric March in "The Buccaneer" re-lives the high adventure and romance of Jean Lafitte in the new Cecil B. DeMille production stirringly fictionized here



The saga of a man who saw life as an adventure to be lived dangerously — until he found love

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

THERE was war in those days of 1812. War with England to make the Atlantic a hazardous path for American ships. There were pirates too, who sailed the seas to strike fear in the hearts of men and women. And the most feared of all these outlaws was Jean Lafitte, he who had written his name in letters of blood across the beginning of the nineteenth century.

But those who fared forth on the water then wore courage in their hearts as a great lady might wear a rose in her hair.

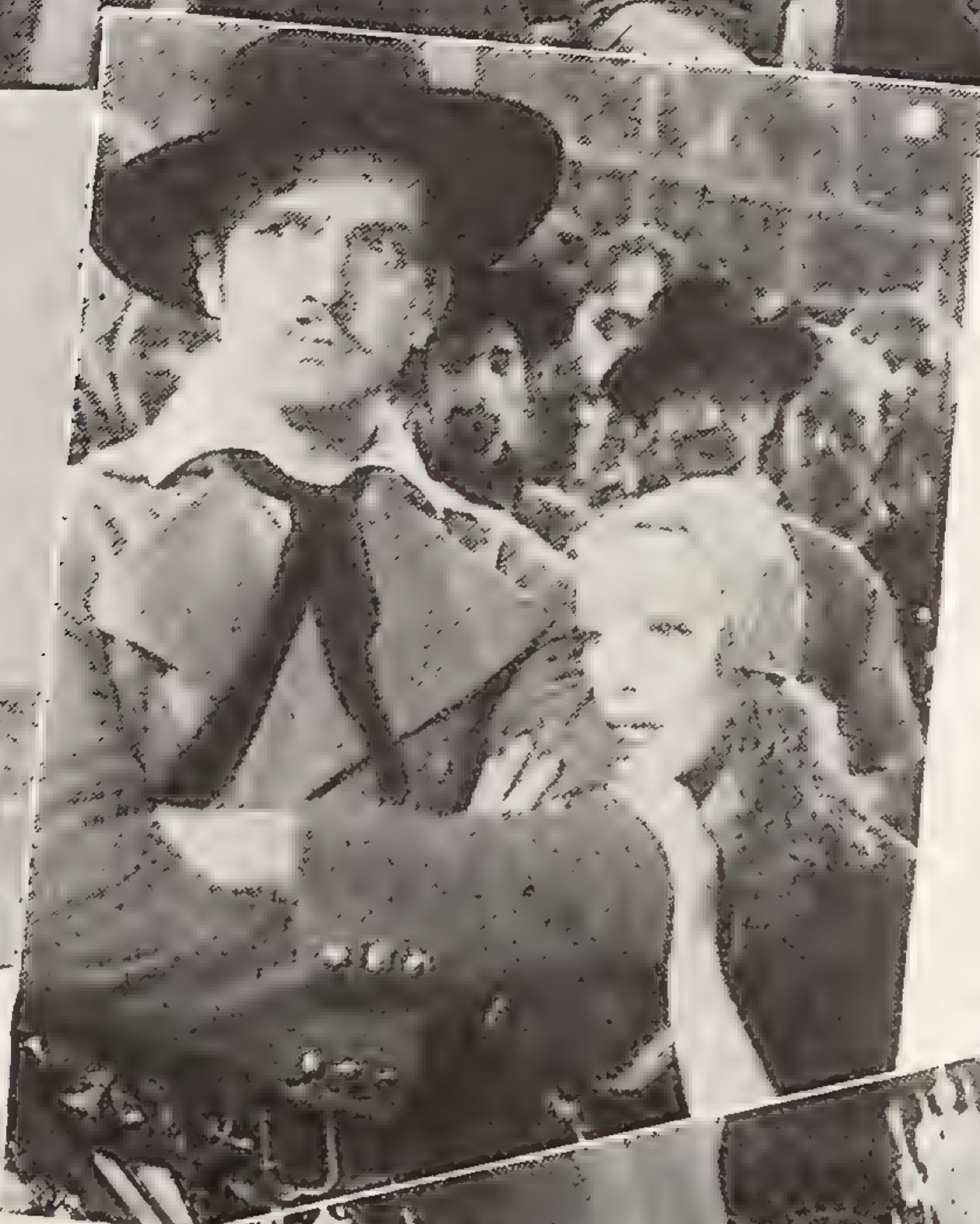
The *Corinthian*, trim American sailing ship was alive with preparations for its departure for Europe. Sailormen ran up the riggings and black men struggled under the trunks they carried on their broad backs and passengers milled around in a flutter of departure.

There was none to wish *bon voyage* to the little Gretchen, so strong for all that small, fair softness of her, sitting so still near the coiled anchor rope, her knitting in her hand and her dog beside her. She did



not want to go back to her native Holland but her father had died and there was nothing else that she could do. But someday she would come back. She told herself that and gathered courage from the thought.

Near her, standing close to the gang-plank Annette and Marie de Remy wept as they clung together in farewell. They had been more than sisters these two, more than friends and confidants. In all the world they had felt the need of no other than the two of them until now, grown up to love they knew how urgent another need could be. For Marie was leaving New Orleans, eager and forgetful of everything but that she was going to France with her young husband. For in her as in all



The love romance of the greatest pirate of them all, this novelization of Cecil B. DeMille's important new picture offers Fredric March as Jean Lafitte, whose courage and daring was turned to America's cause in the War of 1812. These pictures show Fredric March in scenes with Franciska Gaal, Margot Grahame, and Akim Tamiroff.



high born Creoles was that intermingling of the best of Spanish and French strains to quicken and sharpen the love that had come to her.

There was just time for Annette to unpin her mother's jewel-encrusted miniature from her dress and give it to her sister before the going ashore call came. And she tried to smile as she saw her sister and the man she had married take each other's hand as they leaned over the rail.

But her heart was heavy as she stood on the wharf watching as the *Corinthian* moved out towards the sea, to whatever harbor or whatever danger its fate might decree. She thought of British warships and she thought of pirates, but in her heart the last did not frighten her for hadn't Jean Lafitte assured her his men would never plunder a ship flying the American flag.

He the greatest Buccaneer of them all, who ruled all

other pirates with his strength and audacity, who laughed at danger and swaggered through life and confided in no one but her. Even though she could not accept it, his love was like a safe, warm cloak.

She thought of him as she rode so sedately in her carriage towards the fabulous town in the swamps that was dominated by Jean Lafitte. This pirate's haven, this place they called Baratavia was known to the authorities who had put a price on his head, though there were none who dared attack this stronghold where the pirates received the great of New Orleans to sell their plundered goods in open market. From the far, wild corners of the world they had come these men and they claimed allegiance to no country and to no flag and feared only one man and that man Jean Lafitte.

It was here Senator Crawford of the Louisiana Legislature sought him and it was of wine they talked, the finest of Amontillado sherry (*Please turn to page 80*)

His humor often obscures the human

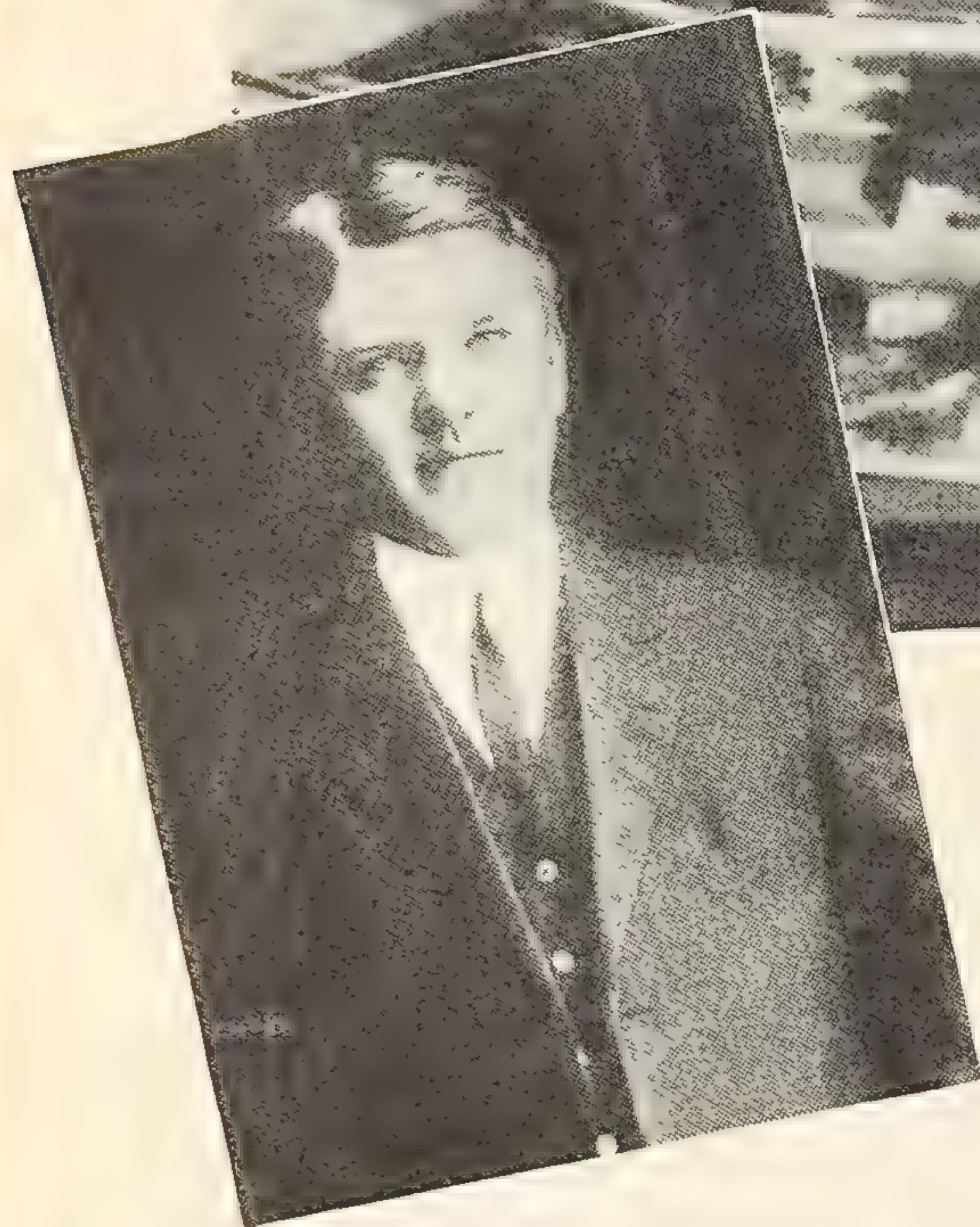
being that he is—but this time

W. C. Fields is really

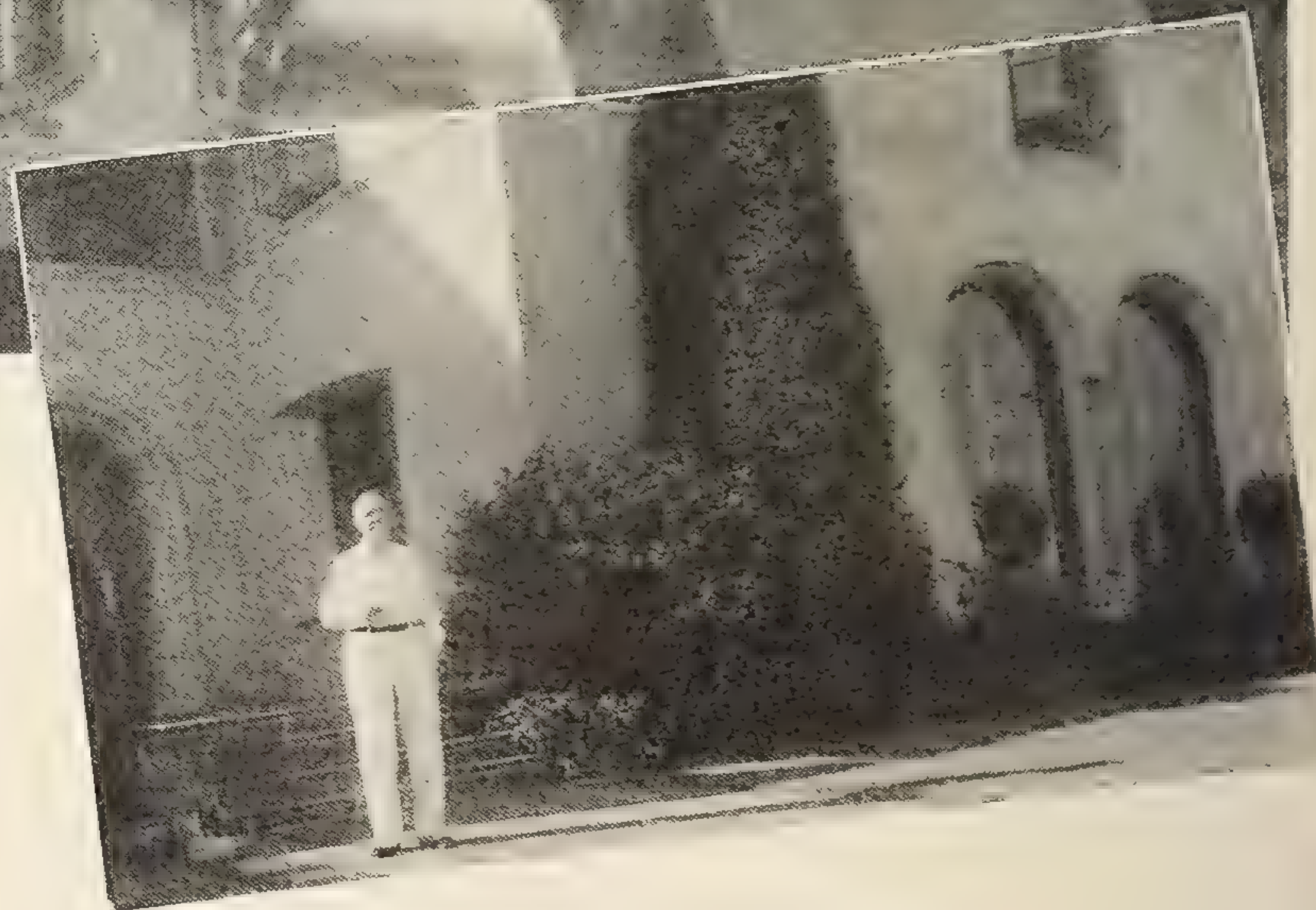
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FIELDS

By
Ida
Zeitlin



The battles he has waged against many adversities have left no scars on W. C. Fields, the urbane, keen-eyed man so accurately pictured in this interview, and in the portrait above. Left, very much younger, but even then no stranger to hard knocks. Right, in his own front yard.



SCENE: A stage in the NBC building in Hollywood. A rehearsal is in progress. Or rather, a rehearsal has been in progress, and now they're waiting for someone—

"Clang! Clang! Clang! What is this sound I hear?" The voice comes from offstage in a stentorian bellow.

Charlie, who has been seated pensively beside Bergen, jerks into watchfulness. Bergen speaks in soothing tones. "You know who it is, don't you, Charlie? Yes. You're

not afraid are you? No. Why fear that big noise?" "Afraid?" pipes Charlie. "Don't make me laugh. I'll mo-o-ow that big stiff down."

"Meanin' me, I suppose?" Enter our own W. C., with his own rolling swagger. He looks elegant in every sense of the word. His gray suit matches his gray fedora, that slips ever so slightly toward the back of his head. His glasses slip ever so slightly off the bridge of his nose. His face is healthily ruddy, and its ruddiness is concen-

without Hedges

trated in no one spot, whatever Charlie may have to say to the contrary. He smokes a cigar and carries a cane. After months of retirement, after wild rumors of what illness has done to him, his appearance fills you somehow with a comforting sense that, in a world of strife and change, some pleasant things do remain the same.

He sits down beside Charlie to talk to Bergen. For a moment his hand rests absently on the hatless red head of his diminutive little chum. In the midst of grave matters, Charlie darts to the attack: "Just a sissy, hey?"

Fields sticks his cigar under the impudent nose. "How'd you like to be a bonfire, Charlie?"

"You wouldn't need a cigar for that, Mr. Fields. You've got a lighter right in the middle of your face."

"I wouldn't even need that, my dainty pipsqueak. I'm a match for you any day."

"Did you hear that, Bergen? He thinks he's smart because he's all dressed up. At that I can't blame him." He eyes with distaste Bergen's casual costume of green hat, brown suede jacket and denim trousers. "Excuse me, Bergen, but you look like a ploughed furrow. Well, thank heaven there's *one* gentleman in the family." He flicks his lapel and gestures languidly toward his monocle.

Says Fields: "I always wondered about that damn thing, Charlie. 'What's the point of *three* glass eyes?'"

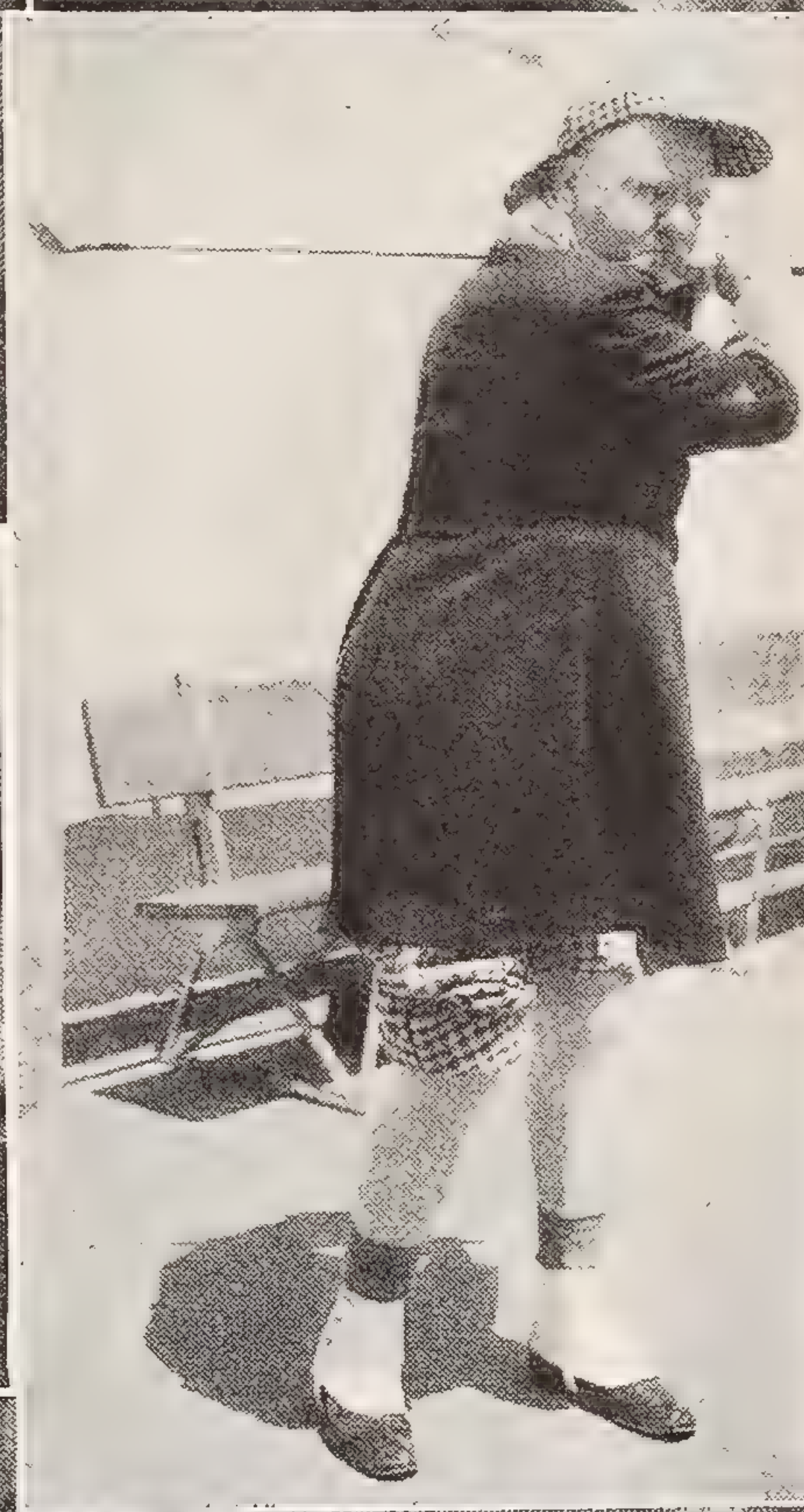
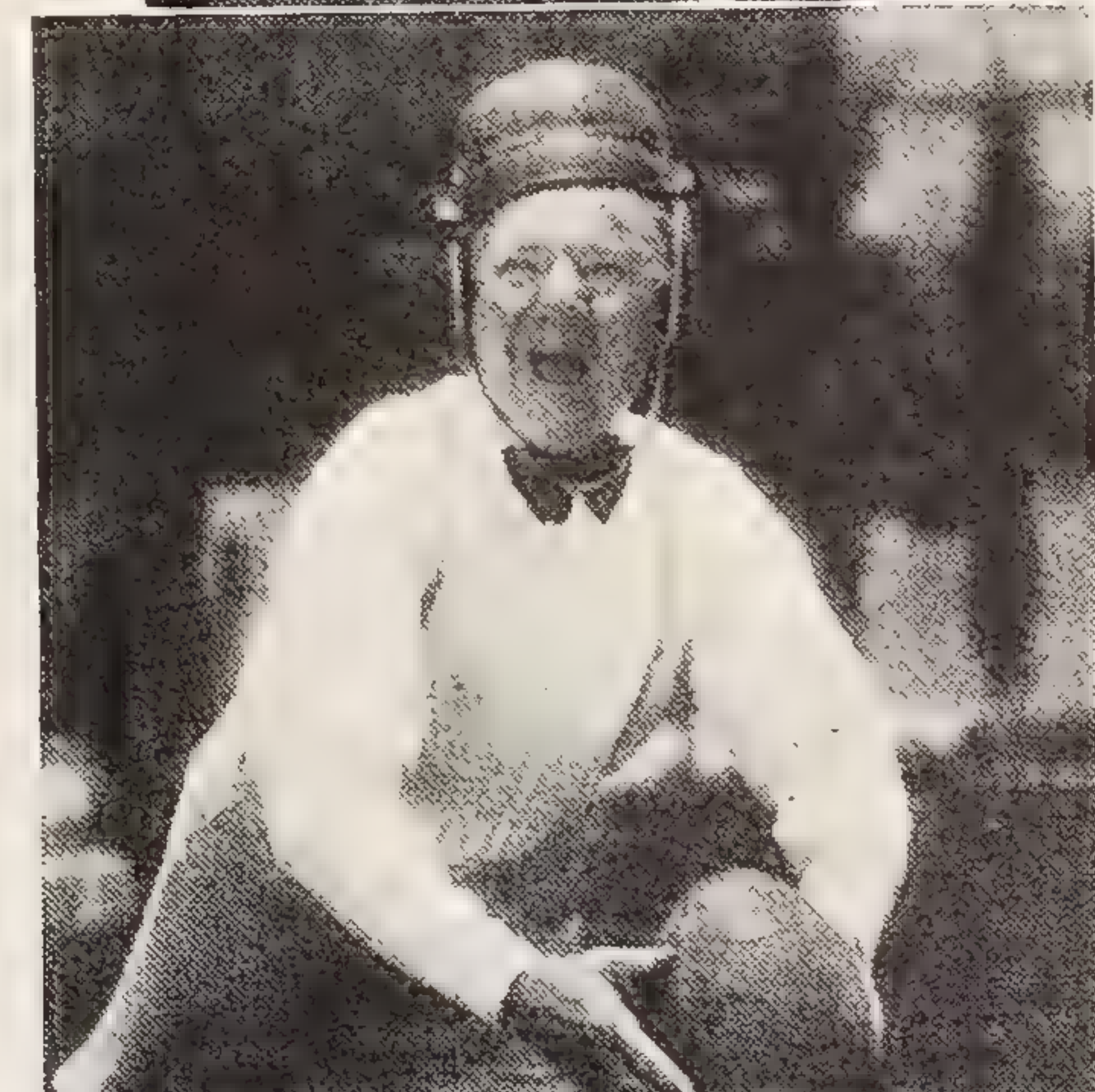
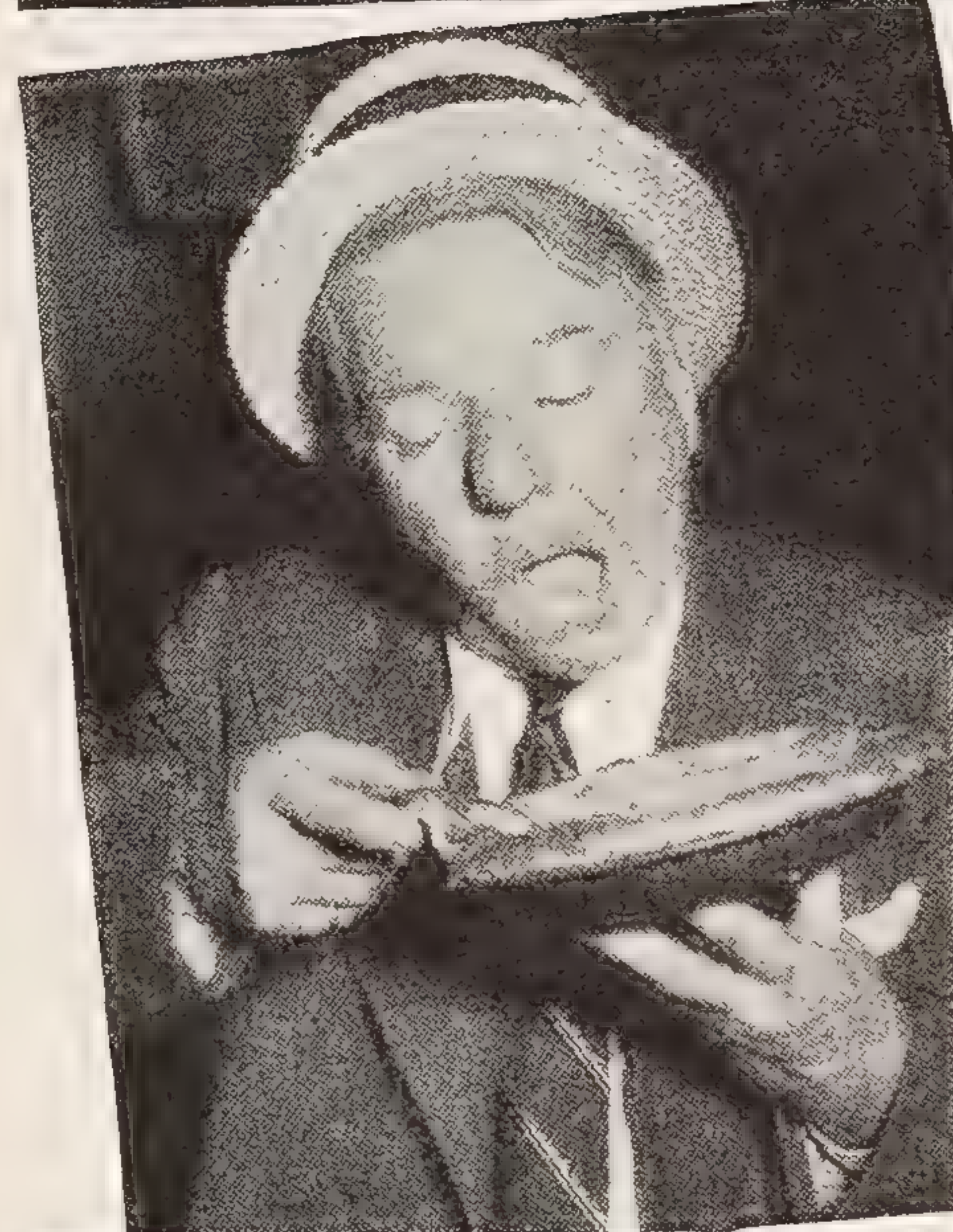
"To look straight through you, Mr. Fields."

"Come on, take 'em out, and we'll shoot immies."

This might go on indefinitely, except that there's work to be done. They sit at a table—on one side Don Ameche and Bergen, with Charlie on his knee—on the other side, Fields. As his enemy opens fire, Charlie turns in what looks like helpless wrath from Bergen to Ameche and back. Fields glares—in his glare an ill-concealed benevolence. His asides must be left, regretfully, to the imagination.

Fields said to me once when he was riding high: "I'm scared—I'm *always* scared. I've been thrown out on my ear so often. This game's just one merry round of bein' thrown out and discovered all over again. You never know when the (Please turn to page 71)

"Along comes radio and makes me a dazzling offer," says Bill—and how he made the most of that opportunity! Immediately below and in two close-ups at right, Fields at the microphone.



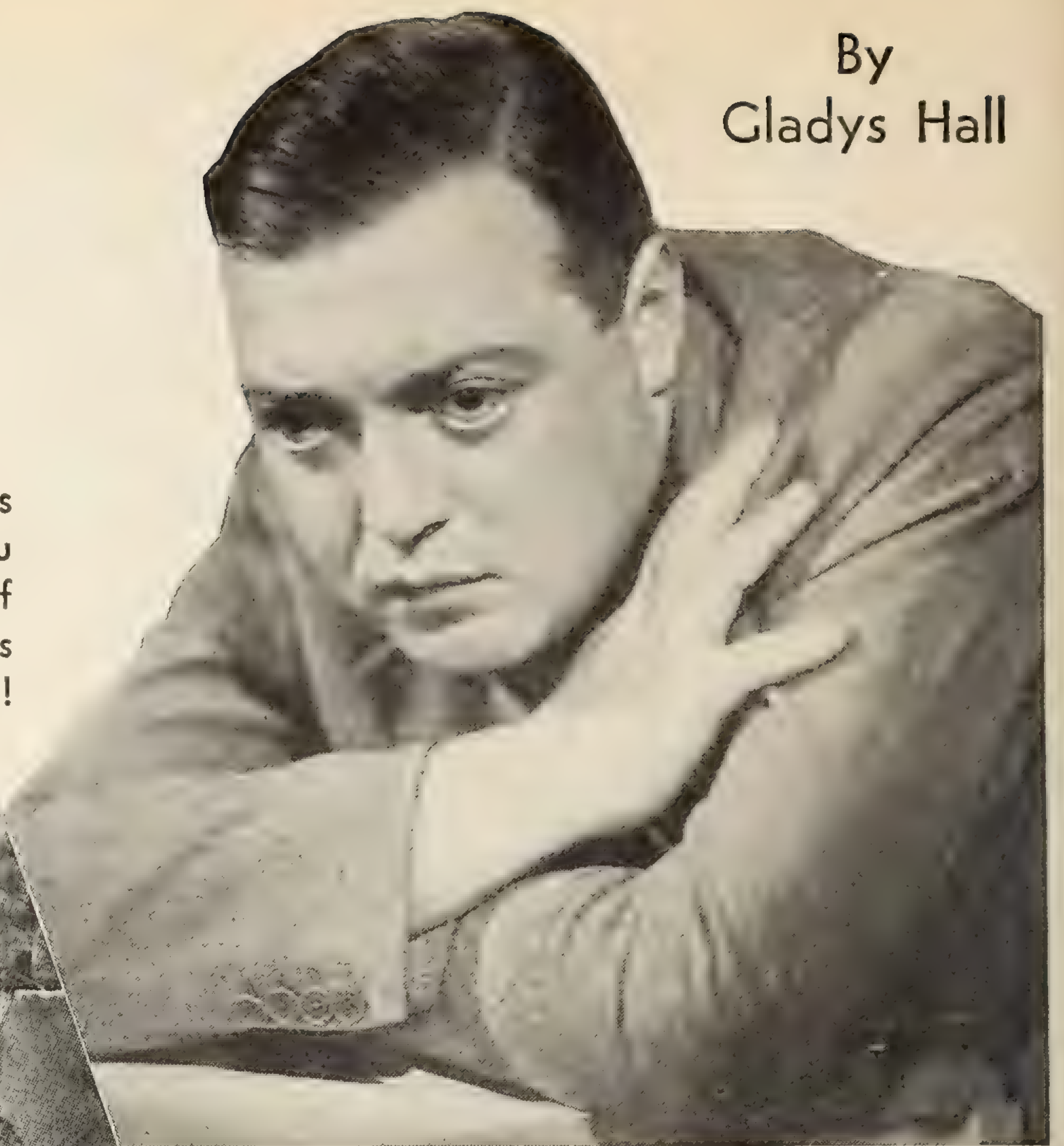
Out of the rough and into the fair-way again, Fields enjoys the solid comforts of his home, below. His favorite dish is pies, as shown at near right above—he bakes 'em with an ability that rivals his capacity for eating 'em. Right, two comedy poses—Fields goes from football to golf in his forage for laughs. Bottom right, Bill in a scene for "Big Broadcast of 1938."



Are You Insane?

By
Gladys Hall

Play as you read! A story that turns into a game: Peter Lorre tells you many startling things about himself and asks you to decide if he too is insane. You will relish this feature!



A fascinating study in contrasts: Peter Lorre, brilliant and entertaining conversationalist, above, and, center, in a film impersonation. Left, a scene from "Look Out, Mr. Moto," with Robert Kent, Rochelle Hudson, J. Edward Bromberg. Bottom, an informal snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Lorre at home.



ARE you insane? This question has the possibility of becoming a parlor game amounting to a national craze. Good, clean fun to check your friends—and yourself—by asking such questions as: Do you talk to yourself? Do you lose things constantly? Do you think you are Napoleon? Or a poached egg on toast? Do you forget the name of your best friend? Do you crow like a rooster, bay like a hound dog, act queer when the moon is on the rise? Have you little phobias lurking in the crannies of your mind?

Peter Lorre and I played the game of *Are You Insane?* For Peter is interested (wouldn't you know it?) in mental quirks and quavers, in abnormal psychology, in the behavior, strange and otherwise, of his fellow men. In his youth, in Vienna and in Berlin, he was analyzed by Freud, sat at the feet of Jung and Adler, read Krafft-Ebbing.

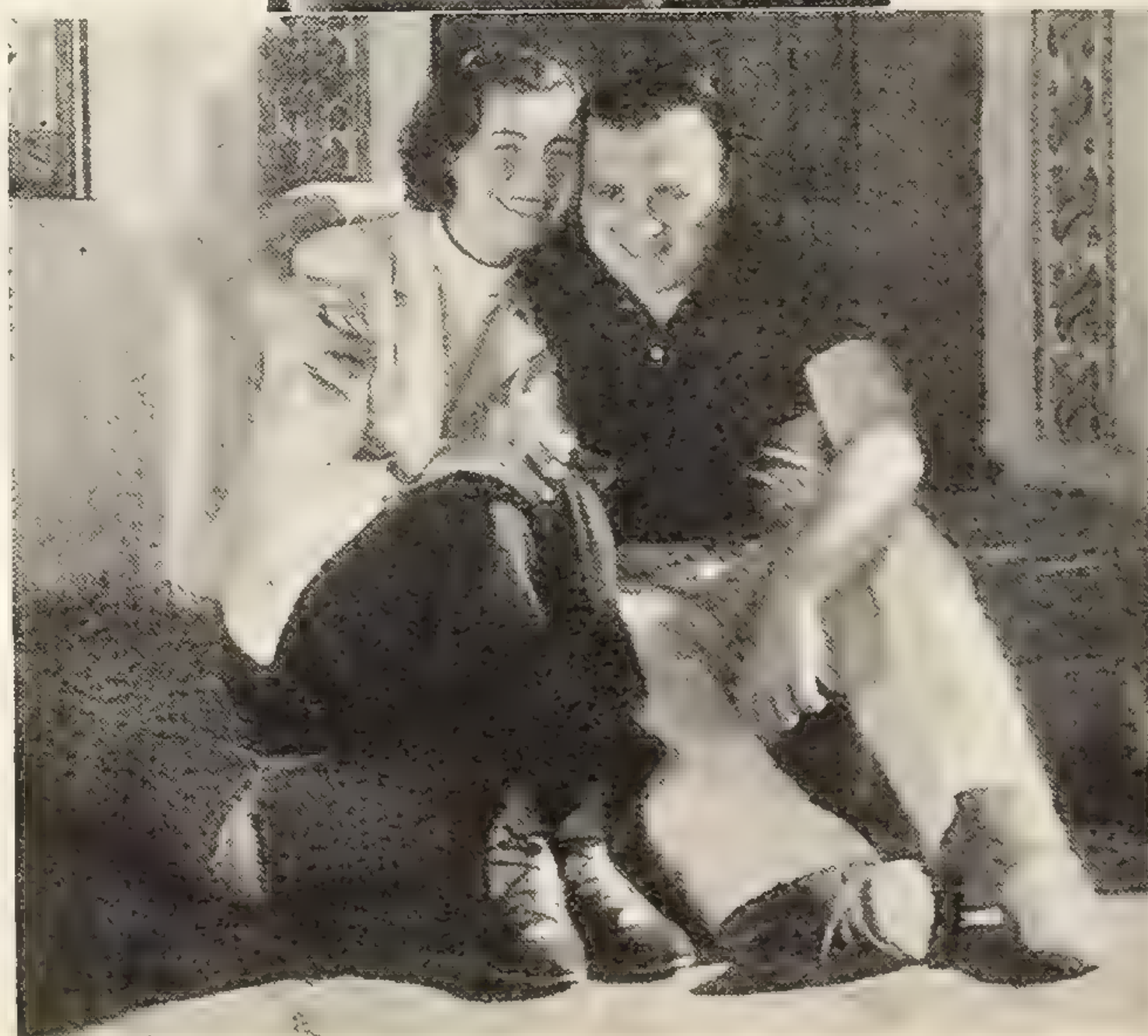
"Insanity," said Mr. Lorre, "is a matter of opinion. It's the old cliché of 'the whole world is queer, everyone is queer save thee and me and even thee is a little queer.' What is sanity to one person's mind is sheer insanity

to another person's. And vice versa.

"For instance, I did not sleep one wink last night because Spotty, one of my two cats, disappeared early in the evening. And Blackie, my other cat, cried all night, thin wails of bitter despair. I cried with him. Spotty finally showed up at dawn, a self-satisfied smirk on her face. A reconciliation with Blackie was effected and I went at once to sleep. Now, to many people such behavior over the evanishment of a cat would be

labelled insanity. To me, for me, it is utter sanity. It is one of the laws of my being to be so concerned about anything I love. I am the type who does not love many people or things but love the few intensely. I do not spread my affections thinly. Thus they penetrate and are deep in my roots. So it would be, for me, insanity not to be so worried.

"I believe that each of us has a law, a separate and individual law of our own being. If we follow our own law with the acute and unerring (Please turn to page 72)



Eddy in Action



Photographs by Willinger and Clarence S. Bull.



It may be the radio influence of Charlie McCarthy—it may be the West Point atmosphere of "Rosalie"—it may be the magnitude of this new musical movie for which one of the sets covers sixty acres—or it may be Eleanor Powell or Cole Porter's new tunes. Whatever it is, you'll meet a "new" Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie"—robustly reassuring. On this page: Mr. Eddy on the gridiron—he worked out on the field at the University of California; as a West Point Cadet; and, at top right, as team-mate to Miss Eleanor Powell.

Bravo, Baritone! Nelson Eddy kicks his way out of staid musical tradition as a football-playing cadet in "Rosalie"



Refreshing, the dignified, comfortable home Fred MacMurray and his charming wife finally decided to build, after living in an apartment until sure that Fred's film fame was no myth! These pictures show, top, living-room and front entrance. Above, dining-room; left above, Fred's study; left, the lily pool.



The New Home of Fred MacMurray



Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount



A serene, well-ordered life is possible in "hectic Hollywood," and Fred proves it! Above, he works hard at keeping fit—part of his job. Left, his hobby: wood-working in his fully equipped carpentry shop, one of his two extravagances. Center left, cleaning out his own swimming-pool—the other extravagance! Top, left, the proud young homeowner on his terrace. Top right, the fireplace. See amusing table.



First pictures of the "first" Hollywood home of an important young actor, who cannily waited until he was certain of his screen future before building the house of his dreams



Charlie would rather have vanilla than the razzing Edgar Bergen dishes out when they touch up the McCarthy face for Technicolor. But, right above, comes the revenge, when Bergen gets the glamor treatment. Right, just when Bergen and Andrea Leeds thought they were alone, Charlie appeared.

A Day With Charlie McCarthy



Below: Charlie decides the sound engineer can have his job—"listen to everybody and talk back to nobody—not for me," he says. Next, a big moment—meeting a brunette, Vera Zorina, so beautiful Charlie puts on specs to enjoy the view. Then a scene with Adolphe Menjou, Zorina, and Bergen, of course.





Twice-around Ascot, nothing!" jeers Charlie at a wardrobe worker, above. It's twice around McCarthy's neck—that's what that tie is." Charlie doesn't believe in signs, and walks right on the set while cameras are turning, center above. Another case of love at first sight, right, as Charlie meets Andrea Leeds for the first time.



Follow the high-hatted heckler around, and you'll know why everybody on the "Goldwyn Follies" set is having a ribbing good time. You can't see the glamor for the gags—they even pop out of the woodwork!

We hate to think it, but doesn't that trick topper and gay scarf Charlie's wearing, below, look very Hollywoodish and just a leetle as though McCarthy may be going grand on us? Left, Bobby Clark, another Bergen-McCarthy cast-mate in "Goldwyn Follies," seems to be getting a bit mad about something. Lower center, day is done, and Charlie leaves the studio for home, riding high on Bergen's shoulders:



Ah!

It's

Art!

No, this young man isn't "Art," but he represents it in ballet form in "The Goldwyn Follies." He's Charles Laskey, called "Adonis of the Dance." Far right, the greatest of all Wagnerian sopranos, wonderful Kirsten Flagstad, who sings in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Lower left, water-nymph ballet and, next, Vera Zorina, premier ballerina, in another number from Goldwyn's Follies.





All great artists of music
and the dance find their
way to Hollywood



It is positively rampant in Samuel Goldwyn's
rich technicolor "Follies." Above and at
center left on opposite page, Helen Jepson sing-
ing the Drinking Song from "La Traviata," with
Charles Kullman. At very top left on this page,
Gera Zorina with a prancing plaster charger in a
very princess ballet. The lovely lone ballet
dancer, top center, is Heidi Vosseler, an American
ballet beauty. Top right, the Metropolitan
opera tenor, Kullman, now converted to screen
"Follies." And at right, still supreme among
musical artists, Grace Moore, in her latest film,
"I'll Take Romance." Make ours with music!

We Want Action!



Action, everybody! At upper left, Edward Arnold, Shirley Ross, and Rufe Davis swing it for "Blossoms on Broadway." Above and at right, cuties at the circus: Ann Sheridan above, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman at right. Above right, new man in the Hollywood swim: Alan Curtis, acclaimed by Joan Crawford, is her second lead in "Mannequin," with Spencer Tracy.





Best sport in Hollywood, most action-full glamor girl of all Carole Lombard! Yup, it's Carole, above, toting that heavy saddle. Across the top are more grand and gay shots of Lombard on a day of horseplay at her ranch. The horse, a handsome Palomino whose mane is as blond as Carole's own tresses, and the dog, Pancho, black and tan shepherd, really belong to her—not props!

Glub-glub! The Mauch Twins, in two pictures above, may remind you of your own days in the old swimmin' hole. Billy and Bobby haven't yet learned to dive; the pool is borrowed, not their own. Right, graceful Vivien Fay floats through the air like a breeze. Below, and to the left, Fred Astaire in action, doing his new "Drum Dance" for "Damsel in Distress."



And we're getting action! No star is too spoiled or high-salaried to resist the call of the candid cameramen in quest of fast-moving copy

Pictures Must Tell A Story



Stand-Out Stand-Ins:

Why make a sob-story of 'em? Hollywood stand-ins like their colorful jobs. Above, beginning at left: Betty Grable's former school-mate, Billie Lohman, is Betty's studio "double." Akim Tamiroff, made up for "Buccaneer," gets light from stand-in who is also his valet. Fredric March coaches Herbert Movius, ambitious young actor. Far right, Judy Canova encourages Marjorie Montgomery, former child actress, to look and act like her.



Two Mad-Hatters:

Bobby Clark: "Latest in lamp-shades you're wearing, Miss Logan? Dear, dear, what won't these milliners whip up next? Hey, Miss Logan! I didn't mean it—ouch—unhand me—leggo! Remember, my beret belongs to me, but my throat belongs to Sam Goldwyn." Ella Logan: "Mr. Clark, I accept your apology. After all, what can a girl expect from a guy who clowns for a living? Thank heaven I have my art. Mi-mi-mi-mi!"



Double Trouble:

Lola Lane and Rosemary Lane: "Try to tell us apart, we dare you! One of us you've met often before, in dramatic rôles; the other, you met first in 'Varsity Show.' Now we're together, playing a movie star and her stand-in, with Dick Powell in 'Hollywood Hotel.' Here we are again, and is Dick baffled! Even when not made up to look more alike, we're still a case of mistaken identity. As for love scenes—Dick didn't know which was which."

Encore for our short-short subjects, with feature-strength stars



How to Hold Your Public:

Joan Blondell's advice to girls most anxious to succeed in pictures, in four easy-to-take lessons: Pose in any costume the cameraman rigs up, as Easter bunny, or Hallowe'en imp, or Christmas elf. Display your Dietrichs; put emotion in it; give it all you've got. Then when, like Joan, you become important and famous, keep right on obliging the cameramen. Never stop working!



Winter Whimsy

'Sno fooling, whither are we drifting? Hollywood hot-chas Marie Wilson and Jane Wyman are barely conscious of the temperature, as they sculpture in 'snow or skid around on skis. All we know is, Sonja Henie isn't the only picture pretty who can melt the ice—Marie and Jane are doing all right, too. Just whistle, and those hills will be full of snow men. Whoops, there's Jane, at far right, really falling for one.



Ronald Colman Goes Calling

Talk about your busman's holidays! You'd think that Ronnie would want to rest up after all that sword play for "Zenda." But no! He visits another movie studio to watch other actors make a picture! The star attraction is Olivia de Havilland, as you see at left, above. Center, Colman also calls on George Brent and Claude Rains, Olivia's support in "Gold is Where You Find It." At right above, two fine actors talk it over. Now, Ronnie, get right back to work yourself!

More Applause, Please!



Just because they're always good is no reason to take them for granted. It's time to cheer Buck Jones, Akim Tamiroff (he's a pirate in "The Buccaneer"), Warner Oland, and Ralph Bellamy, left to right above. And for Leo Carrillo, Phil Regan, James Gleason, right, in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round." Cheer, too, for Betty Grable, below, a "Thrill of a Lifetime."





The cowboys have taken a new lease of life on the screen with the coming of crooning Gene Autry who has garnered many garlands, deserves more. Right, Claire Trevor wears specs (all the better to keep her eye on Alan Dinehart), in "Big Town Girl." Fine players.



Frieda Inescourt, above, lends distinction to every picture in which she plays—as you know. Here she is as the star of "Portia on Trial." Center right, for years he's been giving us action, drama, and romance; so now applaud Jack Holt again.

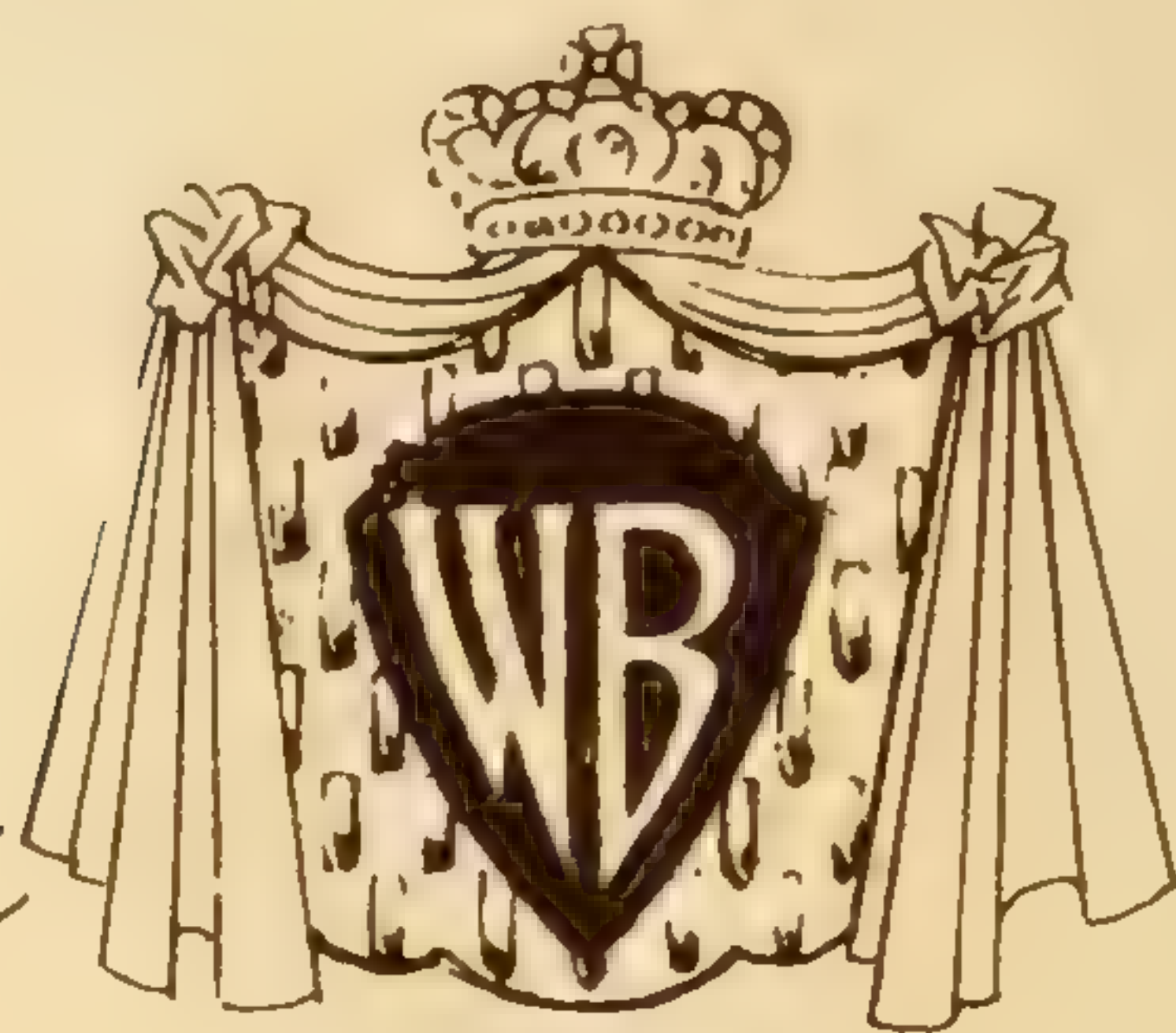


For those mature men, serious or humorous as the script may demand, try and pick more consistent troupers than Alan Hale, Cedric Hardwicke, George Zucco, and comic Henry Armetta, left to right, above.

These great troupers should take more bows, for benefits bestowed by great acting. Altogether, now!

★ **WARNER BROS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

A million dollars worth of fun.



Claudette
COLBERT
Charles
BOYER

in
THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOWAIRICHI

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture



It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

glamour and romance!



"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow — who knows?
... Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! ... with 4 billion
francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call
their own!



The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of
the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and
here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face
with that suave villain ... Basil Rathbone.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"

Exciting screen event is the translation of the stage success, "Tovarich," with these two ingratiatingly Gallic stars. Mlle. Colbert plays a Russian Grand Duchess reduced to lady's maid, while Monsieur Boyer enacts her aristocratic lover who becomes an invaluable valet. It's gay, gallant, tempestuous, as our pictures prove: above, Best Still; left, big moments from the film.

Secrets For Smart Girls

Madeleine Carroll's own rules for the escape from mediocrity and the capture of romance

By Dickson Morley

"SMART girls are the girls who escape mediocrity, who win real, exciting love and worthwhile niches for themselves in spite of all of today's hectic handicaps. It can still be done, you know!"

Madeleine Carroll, Hollywood's current Exhibit A, wasn't boasting. She was answering pointed questions. I put them to her because she is one screen star with beauty and charm so extraordinary that friends flock to her wherever she goes. Besides, she has what few other actresses actually have—a perfect, story-book marriage.

No disappointment complexes for Madeleine, and no divorces, either! She's remained happily married to the gallant Londoner who's given her a fashionable apartment in Mayfair, a picturesque cottage in the English countryside, and an estate in Italy. She never mentions it, but—as his wife—she's the



Her success secrets really work! Madeleine's own life attests to that. Top, the beautiful English girl who has captured Hollywood. Above, as she looked when she arrived in America. Left, in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

only movie star who's ever been presented at Court in London.

The crest of the wave . . . a glamorous career . . . romance—because she contends, she has success secrets!

Talk to Madeleine Carroll in Hollywood, where she works for public approval with all the zeal of a mere novice, and you uncover them. Now she is in an enviable spot. But what she never confessed before is exactly why she got where she is. She admits, finally, that she's employed a system. One she evolved herself.

"A girl needn't have a drab, disappointing life. She needn't attempt to force herself to be satisfied with half-measures!" Across a luncheon table in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby Madeleine (Please turn to page 76)

Screen's most dynamic star
shows us, here, her smart and
original new clothes

Edited by
Bette Davis

SCREENLAND Glamor School



Bette likes jacket costumes, particularly hers at left, above—dress of brown velveteen topped with a jacket of bright plaid wool. Three bright gold buttons mark the front closing. At right above, three-piece suit for spectator sports wear, the coat and skirt of amethyst tweed flecked with beige, the blouse of beige wool crepe. The flattering collar of the coat is of lynx, shaded from cream to dark brown. Directly at right, cocktail suit in black and gold; nubby wool skirt and jacket, blouse of gold lamé. Bette's turban of black felt boasts a gold feather "fancy." At far right, ensemble of beige accented with brown accessories. The dress of mottled jersey shows brown and gold buttons accenting the tabs of the collar.





Glamour School pictures of Bette Davis by Elmer Fryer, Warner Bros.



Study in white and gold is Bette Davis in the large picture at left, above. White bengaline with gold lace appliquéd diagonally has been used for her formal gown. The bodice is formed by two bands of the fabric which are draped across opposite shoulders and finished with large flat bows of self fabric. Bette accents the gown with a pair of bracelets of beaten gold. At right above, the vogue for metal cloth is indulged in Bette's wine-colored frock, with waistline swathed in a girdle of gold cloth. A binding of gold cloth has also been used to edge the high neckline. You'll notice that Bette wears very little daytime jewelry—she believes the new clothes, particularly with metal cloth, speak for themselves. At left, the sequin accent is seen on her dinner gown of flat-surfaced black crepe accented with silver cloth showing a sequin appliqué. And now, at right, a study in black and white. Bette's evening wrap of black velvet has a turned-down collar of ermine, and a small muff finished with ermine tails, like a little girl's muff.



Screen Sirens Set the Styles!



Sleek sequins! Subtle veils! Fine furs! Our pictures illustrate. Frances Drake, at far left, wears daring princess gown of opalescent sequins in Columbia's "She Married an Artist." Directly below, Frances again, featuring a casual beaver jacket with wide shoulders and lapels. Above, June Lang's cut-out brimmed black felt hat. Upper left, Helen Jepson, song-bird, likes long veils. Olivia de Havilland, left, wears grey kidskin coat, topped with round beret.



If it's worn by
Hollywood stars,
it's fashion news
—and good news
for you



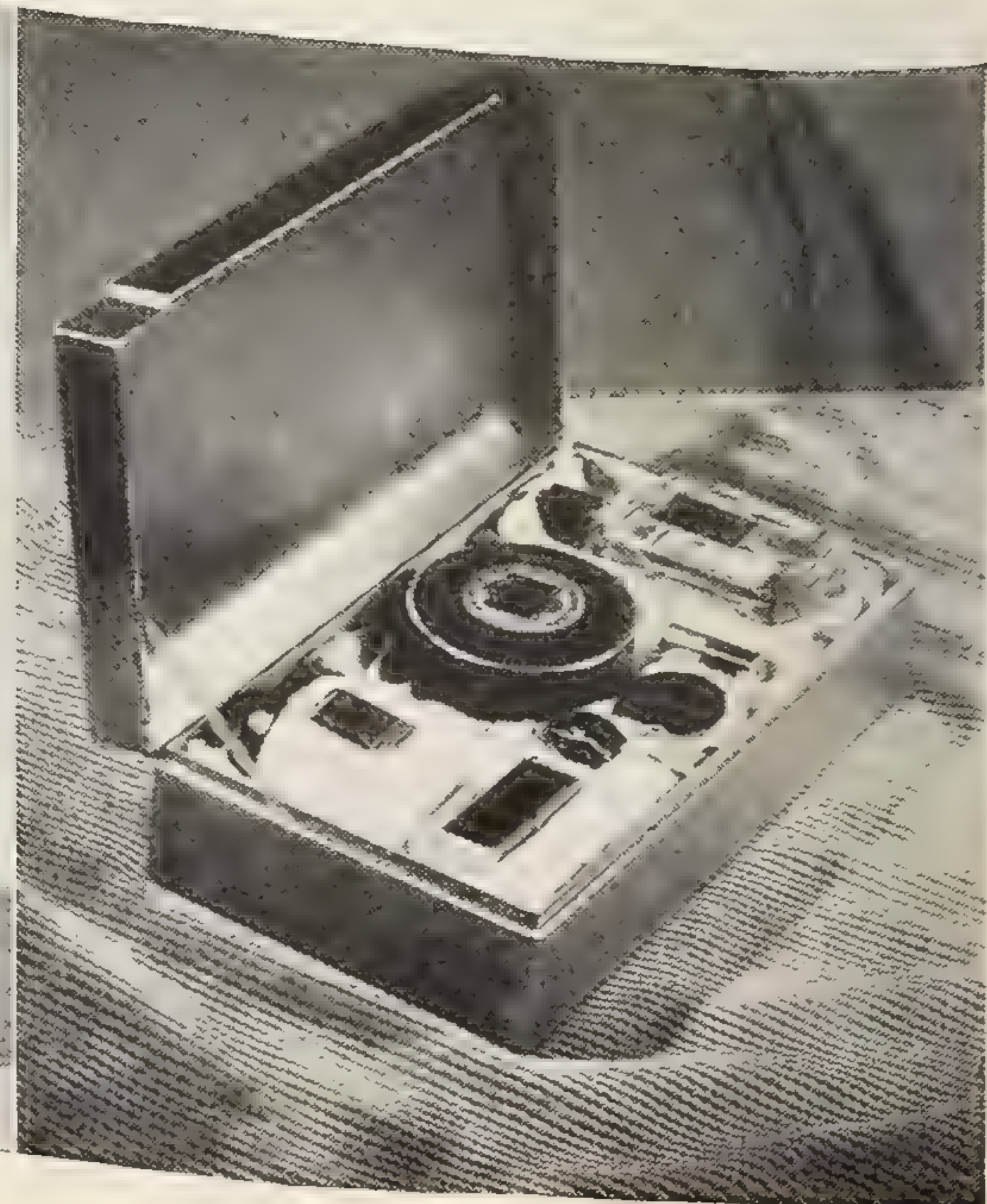
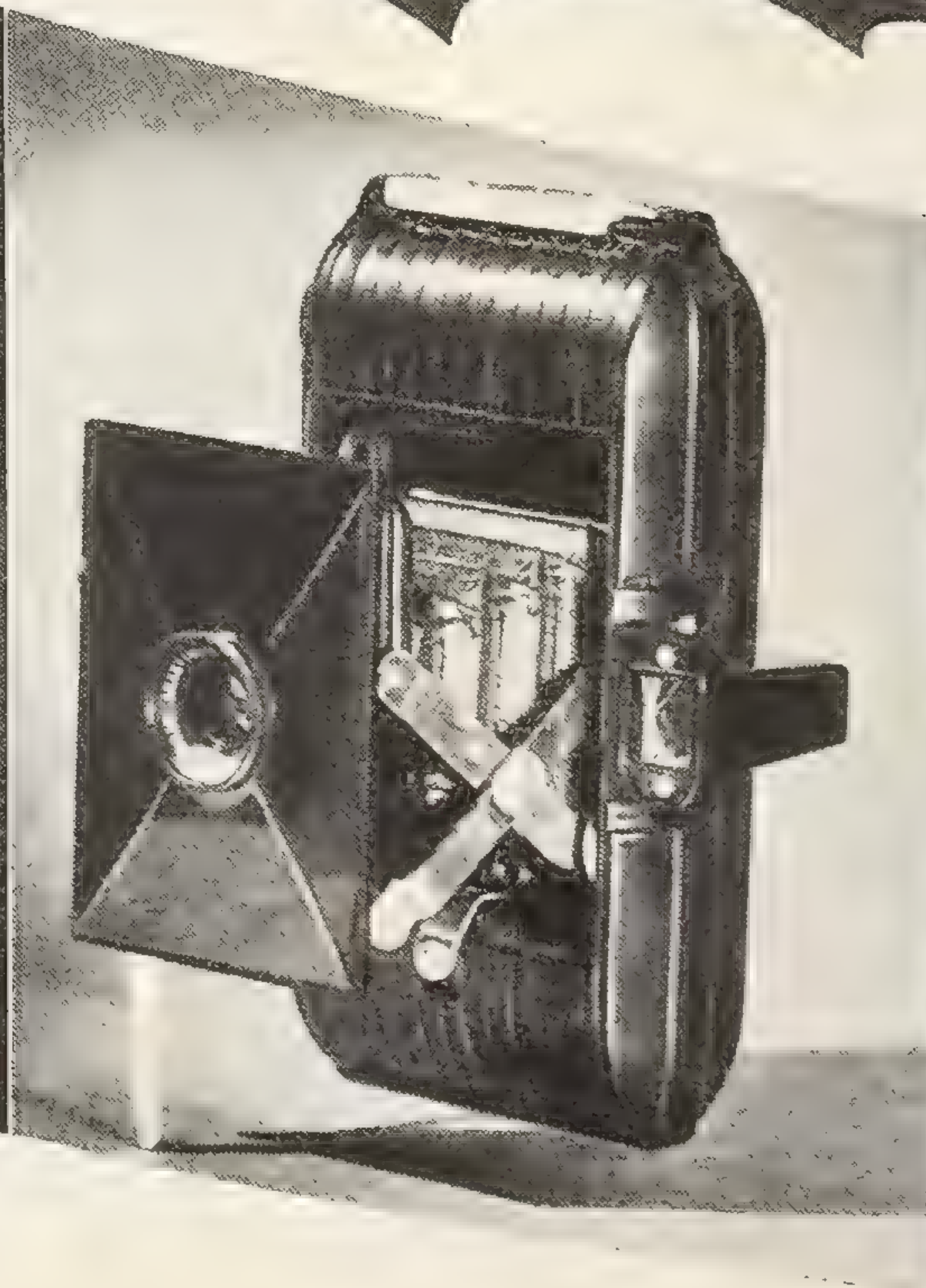
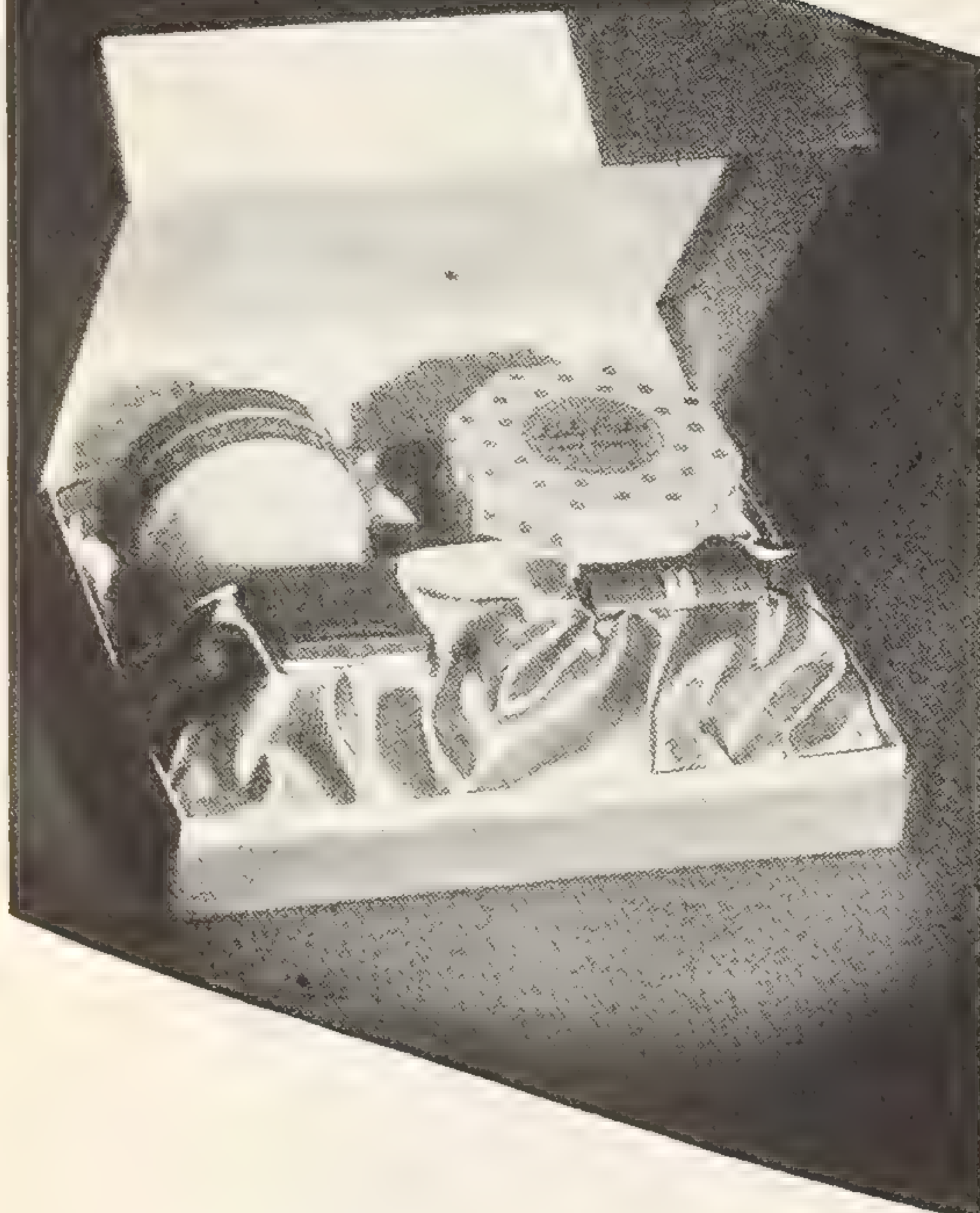
Graceful Luli Desti goes exotic, at far right, in classic black evening gown with pink satin scarf caught at center front by two clips which match the large chrysanthemum clip at her waist. Her cape is blue fox. Below, Miss Desti in her French blue worsted suit with off-face hat with chenille-dotted veiling, sable stole, black suede gloves and purse. Above, a delicate veil for ethereal Virginia Grey. Large, black chenille dots for Helen Jepson's veil, upper right. Olivia de Havilland prefers the softer, shorter veil for her high turban, right.



Some suggestions from Hollywood and a few of our own—for glamor and beauty—for more luxury and utility and good times

NOTES FOR

"What shall I give?" is the theme song of the season. Here is the result of a coast-to-coast scout for you. Get your pad and pencil, run over our list and gift questions answer themselves. Opposite, left to right: 4711 Geranium Rose eau de Cologne. A delicate flower scent and a refreshant. Bath accessories in the same fragrance, too. For real floor cleaning, Hollywood's favorite is the Royal vacuum shown. The little fellow, Royal hand cleaner, is for above-floor use, furniture, mattresses, cars. From Bourjois, Kobako perfume, oriental and new, perfect with satins and sequins. Encourage letters by giving paper from Eaton. For Her, metal paper box containing a fine deckled edge Eighteenth Century reproduction; for Him, good taste, fine quality in hunt series boxes. Center left: From Elizabeth Arden, a little idea, that Royal lipstick, specially perfumed to scent the bag; a bigger idea, Blue Grass perfume and three light blue satin matching sachets.

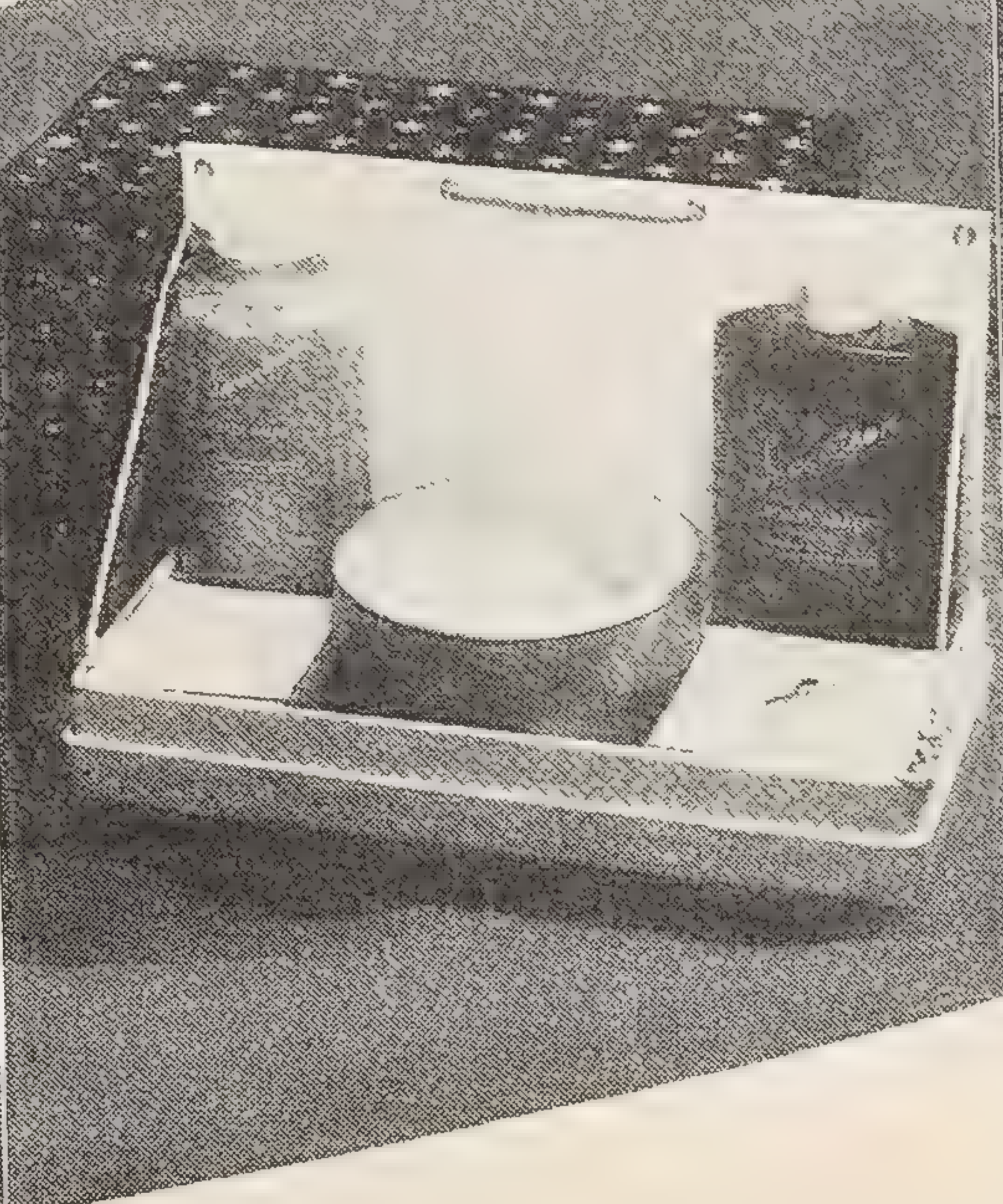
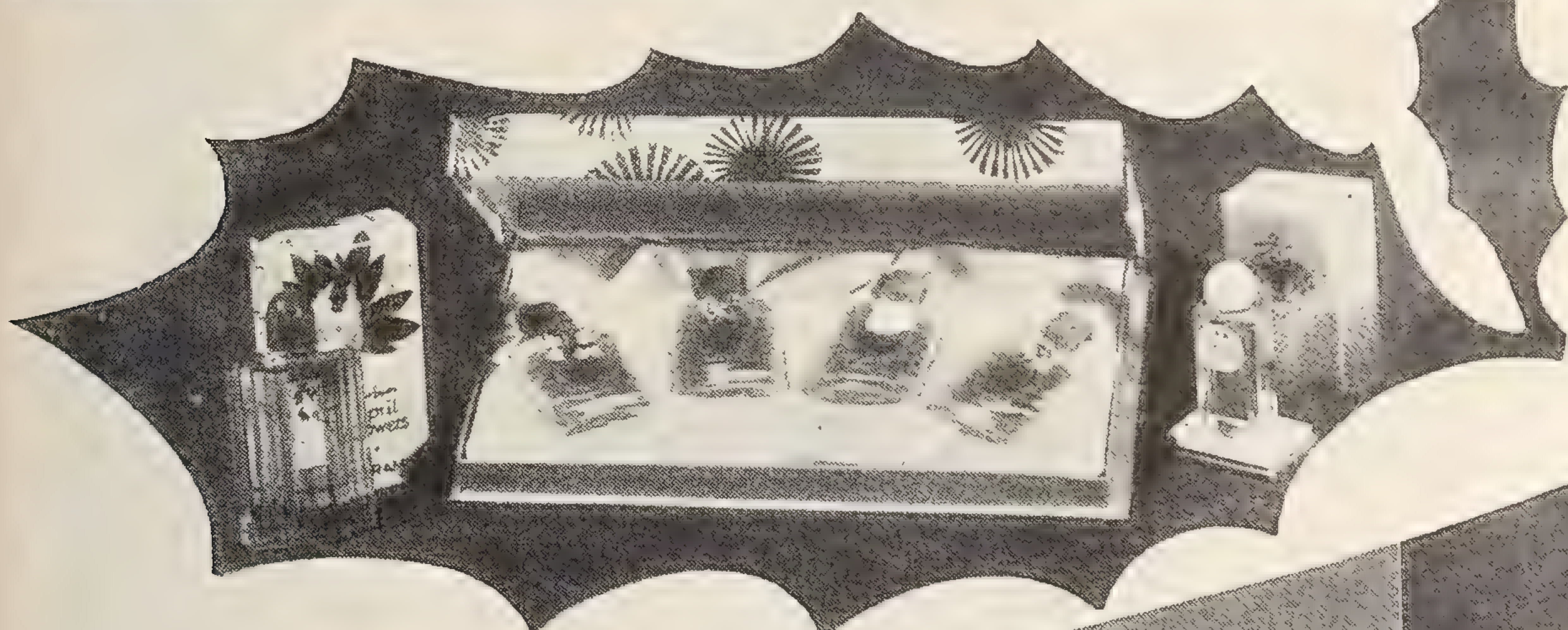


GIFT LISTS

Twelve ideas that carry that "just for you" thought—make them gaily mysterious in holiday wrappings and stickers and ribbon



Center right: Little masterpieces in perfume—Cheramy's April Showers; next, Cheramy's floral four, muguet, carnation, violette and gardenia. Last, Houbigant's immortal Quelques Fleurs, about \$1 each. Below, left to right: Lady Esther devotees will welcome a gift box of her famous cream, powder, lipstick and rouge. For amateur photographers, Kodak Bantam fits the palm but gives pictures larger than itself. "A Gift From Hollywood," Max Factor's great big treatment and make-up box. It's very complete. Cutex creates two grand kits, the handsome saddle leather one for masculine good grooming; Modiste, the sewing kit design, is for the ladies. Seventeen's cosmetic shelf, ready to hang, holds bath salts, toilet water and dusting powder. Last, Hudnut's Marvelous Eye Matched Make-Up solves type problems. Choose by the color of her eyes. The vial holds Hudnut's haunting Gemey perfume. Gifts are for sale in the better stores everywhere.



Cheer-o!

LONDON NEWS

What do they think of Robert Taylor—what's Charles Laughton doing now—how's Merle Oberon? Here are answers to these timely questions

By Hettie Grimstead

LONDON'S foggy days are setting in now but our screen stars—both Hollywood-imported and home-grown—continue to sparkle scintillatingly. Never before have the British studios been so busy as they are today, with eighteen important productions in the making and over twenty others scheduled to begin very soon.

Down at Denham the biggest stage in Britain has been turned into a grey old Oxford college where Robert Taylor is being educated as "A Yank at Oxford." Bob says he has never had to train so strenuously in his life before; not even in his own college days way back, for his rôle calls for him to take a prominent part in many Oxford sports. You'll see him in shorts and singlet rowing in our famous annual Boat Race on the River Thames. (He was coached by King George's own waterman Bossy Phelps for these scenes.) You'll watch him running too, and skating for the first time. Bob has a wonderful sense of foot-rhythm, which is the basis of good skating as well as good dancing, so he is achieving skill on the ice very quickly.

Edmund Gwenn plays the dignified Dean of Robert's college and there's double heart interest in Maureen O'Sullivan and Vivien Leigh, Maureen as an undergraduate and Vivien as the flirtatious wife of a local bookseller. You couldn't conceive two girls more opposite. Merry Maureen with her sweet smile and open-air personality, simply dressed and hardly wearing any make-up. Sophisticated Vivien with elegant town clothes and cool serenity and the latest styles in coiffures and nail-lacquer.

Maureen is escorted around town by her blond director-husband, John V. Farrow. They've taken a little country house not far from Denham and Maureen's father and mother have come across from Ireland to stay with them. Bob Taylor went over to dine the other Sunday night, eating beefsteak and tomatoes and drinking lemonade. He's been put on a special diet and made to give up smoking while he's playing this athletic undergraduate!

The world-famous Worth has designed the clothes which Maureen wears in the film and she likes them so much she has bought them all for her private wardrobe. She has an enchanting suit in pale blue wool and dark blue velvet, with a tiny upstanding white collar and a natty blue beret cap. Then there's a plain grey tweed

walking coat, figure-flattering and with huge black buttons and a black velvet schoolgirl collar right up to the throat.

Other clothes notes at Denham are being provided by Merle Oberon. Page her arriving to work in a vivid blue silk suit with quaint pockets and her favorite white pancake hat. Merle is doing her best to make up for those weeks she lost while convalescing after her car smash last spring. The very day she completed her scenes as the self-willed *Leslie* in Korda's new f'm about English



Yes, that's Bob Taylor, in track suit, about to run for dear old Oxford, in his first English film. Left, Laughton in a new rôle. Below, Barry Mackay; Merle Oberon with Laurence Olivier.



during that era. Time passes and now Clara, happily married, has returned to the Hollywood front as a café runner. The other evening Ronald brought Benita in. He wanted to say hello and good luck to Clara. It was just the red-head's luck to be home with a cold that particular night!

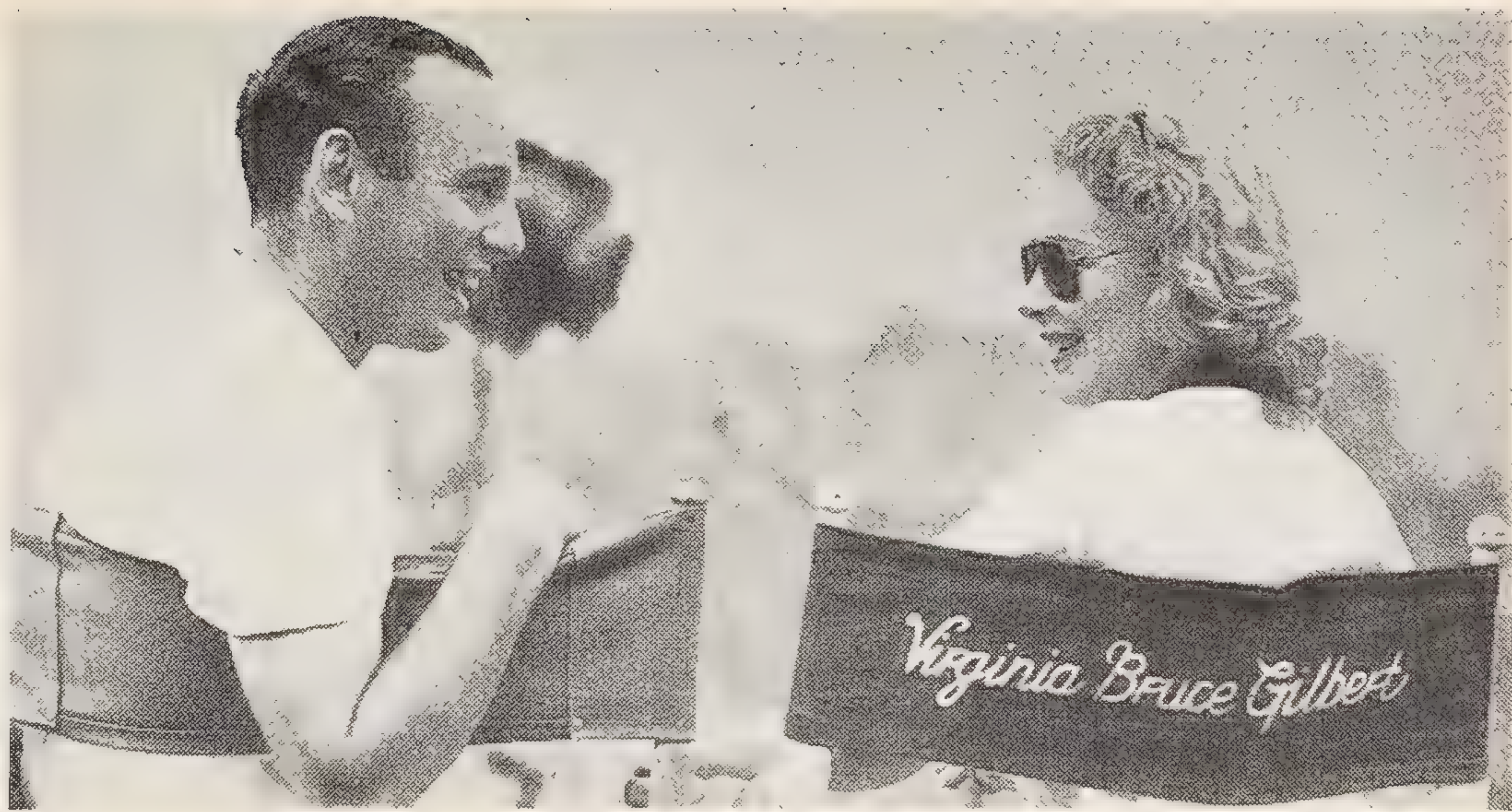
GARBO is the foxy one. There are four gates through which you may drive onto and out of the M-G-M lot. Greta alternates, so it's an impossibility to know where to look for her. The studio employees themselves are so intrigued with this super-mysteriousness that they excitedly telephone grapevine reports on where she's liable to exit. If you imagine that Garbo saves her secretiveness for the fans, you're wrong. She won't be pinned down to portrait sittings; when she's in the mood she phones 'em that she'll be there tomorrow afternoon. Lesser celebs are ruthlessly shoved into the discard at the last moment.

ANNE SHIRLEY and Dorothy Lamour won't go elegant, even though they're successful. Anne's bridegroom John Payne got a salary raise at Paramount, but they're remaining in their bungalow court. "Of course," her studio confesses, "it's no ordinary court. We think of it as 'a bungalow court with a college education.'" Anne says it's swell and she dotes on buffet suppers for their gang. Dorothy's orchestra-leader husband Herbie Kay is clicking at a local night spot; but she's resolutely signed a lease on a two-room apartment for five years. If that isn't sanity in cinemaland, what is?

THE battling Weissmullers have fought through to a mutual appreciation which is delightful to see. Love at last reigns in both their hearts. And business is picking up for both. Johnny's been re-tagged by Metro. The studio, having passed the "Tarzan" yarns on to an independent outfit, is going to star him in "The Wild Man of Borneo." Besides tree-leaping, Johnny will render light comedy lines—or so 'tis promised. While waiting to begin he got the family yacht under way to Mexico. Lupe Velez starred in Mexico's greatest film adventure to date, putting in three weeks of acting at—get this!—\$12,500 a week. Who says she's finished? Lupe isn't smacking the slammers; she's casually showing them her bank entries.



Blonde Annabella becomes a brunette charmer in "Dinner at the Ritz," made before she left London for Hollywood. Romney Brent and David Niven appear with her in the gayly intimate little interlude above.



Hollywood's newest behind-the-screen romance! Above, J. Walter Ruben, young director, and Virginia Bruce, long fellow artists and friends, who have announced their engagement to wed in the near future. Left, David O. Selznick, Janet Gaynor and her mother.



DISPATCH from the blissful Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald sector: the love birds' Western complex was distinctly not a novel publicity gag to further mark them as different from run-of-the-mill sweethearts. Jeanette went about in those blue overalls and in that plaid shirt because she was secretly learning how to properly characterize "The Girl of the Golden West." She'd always ridden side saddle and for the picture, of course, the riding is definitely Western. She took her lessons, incidentally, from Buck Jones himself and he threw in some rope-twirling which she'll spring between songs. Gene's cowboy get-up was for another reason. He was readying for his present vacation. With a pal he's down in the desert herding sixty wild horses to a distant round-up.

ROMANCING with the right guy can be so pleasant. When Joan Blondell waited on table in her parents' restaurant in Santa Monica, back in her high school era, she used to moon over marrying a breezy beau with a swell yacht. That would be some future! She was content with Dick Powell without a boat to his name. But what do you suppose he produced as a present on their first wedding anniversary? Joan looked hopefully under her pillow, then under her napkin at breakfast. No jewelry, no check. She glanced casually into the patio, where a new motor might be parked. No streamy convertible. She was consoling herself with the thought that all wives have greater anticipations than they should have when he told her about the yacht. It is Scotch, an ocean-crosser, and finished in mahogany and teakwood. Mrs. Dick Powell walks about these days with her heels hardly connecting with the earth.

NOTHING is so provocative as an obviously startling personality contradiction. Wayne Morris, consequently, has certainly set himself. He's not only a triumph of unspoiled masculinity, but he's a puzzle to boot. As apparently unpolished as Gary Cooper originally was, Wayne is confounding his native reputation by rushing almost all of the Hollywood belles. It was pleasantly touching to learn that his favorite hobby is collecting hotel stickers on suitcases. His genial shyness is enchanting. He seems but a babe in the woods, to be protected against wiles. Then, bewilderingly, comes the news that he's out with still another beauty. Wayne may



A coloratura who struts with the best of 'em—has the needed eye-taking pedal equipment too! Left, Lily Pons in a dance number for her new film.

JOHN BEAL, according to M-G-M, is digging a swimming pool in his back yard. All by himself! It makes a pretty tale of stellar industry. But it seems that John actually decided to excavate for a badminton court, which is considerably an easier task. And, truth to tell, after one day's furious shovelling he chalked it up as simply a good idea when and while he was in the mood.

ANNABELLA'S welcome party in New York, day after her arrival with 25 trunks of finery (the press department says so), proved that the Personality Girl from Paris rates 'way up at tops with her American bosses—the scale and opulence of the cocktail party for the visiting star is a sure clue, and this one was a *deluxe* rendition of the ritual. Shy, almost diffident, Annabella took it all with engaging modesty; shaking hands, with that single downward, somewhat vigorous stroke in

be superbly untouched, but the very fact that he gets around so and is avoiding capture by any one Diana hints at a secret *savoir-faire*.

AT A major preview the other night Gail Patrick dripped with lovely lynx. She was all any fan could expect. But Gail doesn't have any truck with trappings or elaborate make-up ordinarily. Even to interviewers she's untrimmed. That's why the press adores her—she doesn't put on the act unless it's absolutely necessary.



Father and son scene in Hollywood. Above, Eric Blore sees his son off to military school. Left, Kent Taylor plays doctor, gets a message straight from Wendy Barrie's heart. Good news, Kent?



TOM BROWN wants his bride to become an actress and he has a definite scheme for transforming her into one. "I won't let her go to a dramatic school," he declares. "Do that and they think of you as an amateur!" He hopes to get her under long-term contract to one of the major studios with a big-time coach. "When they pay you for learning they're a darn sight more serious about you," he explains sagely. Meanwhile, the young Browns are going through that first-year adjustment. The very attractive Natalie, who is but eighteen, currently finds it difficult to talk freely and dance well with Tom. Attempting to be a splendid wife has given her a complex with him!

the French manner; smiling and affable as she was introduced to people at the right, left, and in front and in back of her, there was complete absence of ostentation in an atmosphere that was perfect for "an act." Indeed, Annabella made no pretense of concealing a certain nervous, but unflustered, reaction, by twirling the ring on her right hand with her thumb, and dabbing at an errant lock of brown hair back of her left ear. On her triumphant return to Hollywood (she was over some years ago to do a foreign version film—a now discarded practice—opposite Charles Boyer in "Caravan") Annabella is to co-star with William Powell for 20th Century-Fox.

VACATIONING in British Columbia, Joe E. Brown came across the fastest, roughest, toughest game there is. It's Box La Crosse, played inside. Seven thousand folks applauded the players when he caught an exhibition. At the half he was asked to give the losing team a pep talk. "I've never seen this thing before," he preambled, "so I should give advice. But it looks something like basketball to me; I'd say you're not breaking fast enough." They thereupon broke double tempo and skipped defeat.



Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, arrive in the east, buy another new home—a farm in Connecticut.

The new Tarzan and his mate. Right, Glenn Morris and Eleanor Holm, both famous athletes, in "Tarzan's Revenge." And don't overlook the monk.

THAT old stand-by about motherhood ruining a girl's figure is surely dispelled by Dixie Lee Crosby and Mrs. Phil Regan. The Crosby's fourth child puts them on a par with the Regans. Furthermore, Republic offered Mrs. R. the lead opposite Phil in his new picture; she's fetching enough to be a film sweetheart. One actor and four off-spring are sufficient, she replied. Dixie, to Bing's surprise, still has a hankering to resume acting.

BARBARA STANWYCK has made the final step, too. When the swank Beverly Hills Tennis Club gave its smooth Champagne Circus at the Troc there was a distinguished committee in charge. You'd expect Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Rio, and Madeleine Carroll to be among the members of it. But so was Barbara, right along with a baron and two princesses to boot. The woman who was so bitterly scornful of Hollywood society has learned



A couple of stout fellas relive thrills of early mail carrying. Above, Bob Burns and Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo." Right, Alice Faye wears a topper in a scene with leading man George Murphy.

that it can be amusing. Lots of things are amusing, when you're in love gloriously. Barbara was in love miserably when she carried that chip on her shoulder.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW may be back at work, and with a salary now raised to \$2,000 a week for the next forty weeks. But don't assume that his aunt is buying mink. Aside from supporting his numerous family, as usual, Freddie reputedly is paying the attorney who helped engineer the squabble into success the sum of \$35,000 for legal services. Subtract ten per cent as agent fee, a big slice for federal and state income tax, and lo the poor child will be saving a speck of the bacon by summertime. And he's shot up into long pants, an omen of his fleeting precious immaturity.

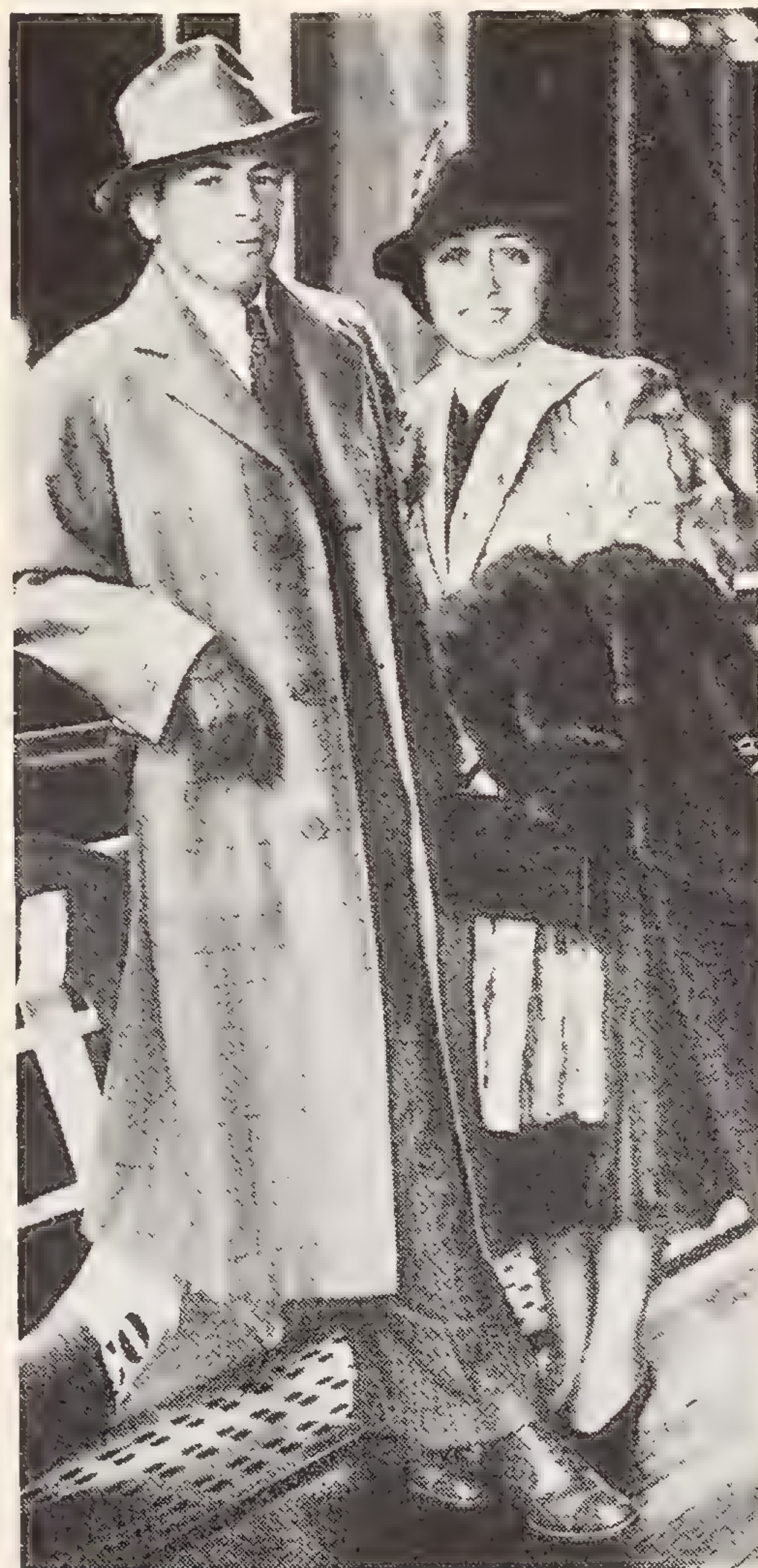
NOW that Alan Curtis has overnight jumped from bit player to Crawford screen lover jealous onlookers are saying that he's gone Hollywood. Look at the wardrobe he's splurging around in! More inside data: before anyone cared enough to pan him, Alan still had a handsome variety of clothes. He had to be able to appear in any kind of modish outfit, for he earned his living as a model for commer-



cial photographers. The current wardrobe is really last year's essential "props." Incidentally, the newly-eligible Alan is dating Priscilla Lawson, a stock contractee at Metro. But it isn't a flaming affair. He's turned for friendship to the girl who used to be his *vis-a-vis* when both were posing.

THIS month the delectable divorcée June Lang is giving the young and dashing men-about-town the big go-bye. Her escort is A. C. Blumenthal, millionaire who is a behind-the-scenes financial potentate of pictureland. "Blumey," as he is frequently tagged, apparently finds June the most enchanting of all the girls he's invited places. He even invites her mama along.

STRANGE as it may seem, Charles Butterworth is Gloria Swanson's rival when it comes to numerous divorces. He's chumming with a dashing blonde who's worth millions, Hazel Forbes by name. Gloria, since her split with Herbert Marshall, prefers New York admirers. It's easy to see why she would never have to croon torch tunes. But Charles isn't even a scream off-screen. Nor has the camera lied. He has manners, but no sweep of the Colman calibre. He's languid, but nevertheless he's Lothario No. 1!



The Paul Munis take a vacation from Hollywood—the actor's first in a long time. Above, their arrival in New York.

Sub-
marine
D-1

Warners



Take a dive in an undersea craft the easy way! You'll come up smiling after experiencing some thrills but even more laughs from this tale about some boys who belong to the submarine corps of the U.S.N. The fresh lad who makes good is Wayne Morris, dynamic newcomer who proves he belongs by holding his own in such fast company as that of Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and George Brent. Worth seeing.

Live,
Love
and
Learn

M-G-M



Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell come in out of the shadows to the sunshine of irresponsible comedy romance, and we know you'll like them for it. It is a sort of "Animal Kingdom" about an artist, Bob, who gets caught in the social whirl, and nearly loses his bride, who quit society for the more soul-satisfying life of a Greenwich Village Bohemian. Robert Benchley and Helen Vinson also rate bows.

Dr. Syn

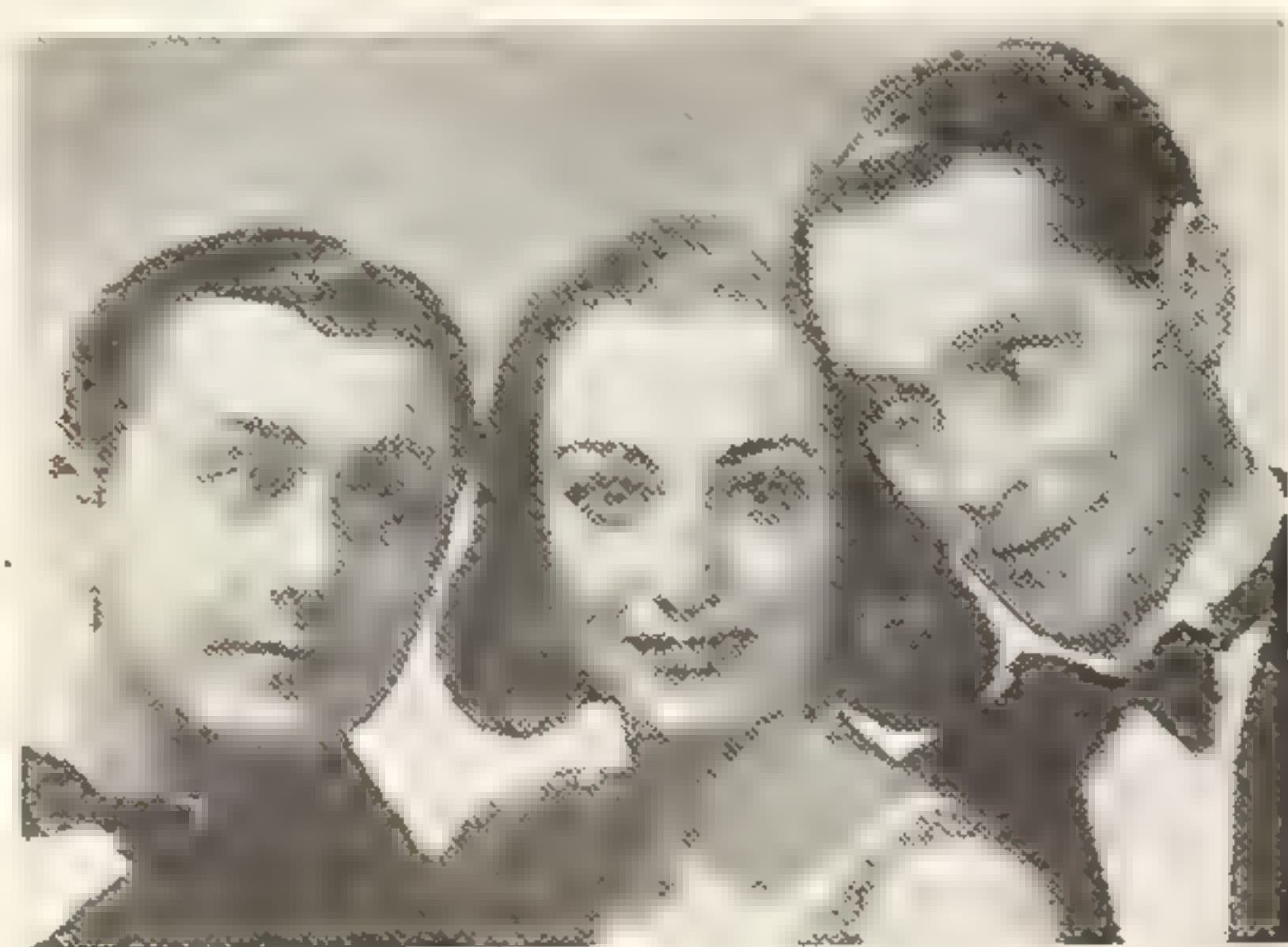
Gaumont-
British



A colorful costume thriller with George Arliss playing a lusty character rôle. It's about pirates, smugglers, and such in one of England's sea coast towns. There's a Conan Doyle flavor to it, with the ex-pirate posing as a clergyman and being brought back to his past by a mulatto who, in punishment for his crime against the pirate's wife, was left to die on an island. Very well acted, this makes pretty good entertainment.

The
Bride
Wore
Red

M-G-M



Scenically this is a treat, and Joan Crawford, in some striking Adrian creations, adds to its visual splendors. Add also uniformly good acting by Joan, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Billie Burke and Reginald Owen, and you have all there is to this saga of a Cinderella who, on a brief vacation as a fine lady, finds such beauty as she never knew as a bar-maid in a waterfront café in Trieste. Passive romance.

TAGGING the

TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 26-27

Heidi

20th
Century-
Fox



Just about perfect as a vehicle for the Shirley Temple of today, and something the adult as well as the juvenile population will find as enjoyable as it is fitting to this holiday season. The translation of a favorite classic about the little girl who brings joy to the life of her grandfather, an embittered hermit of the Alps, makes grand entertainment as played by Shirley, Jean Hersholt and a splendid cast. Excellent. See it!

Madame
X

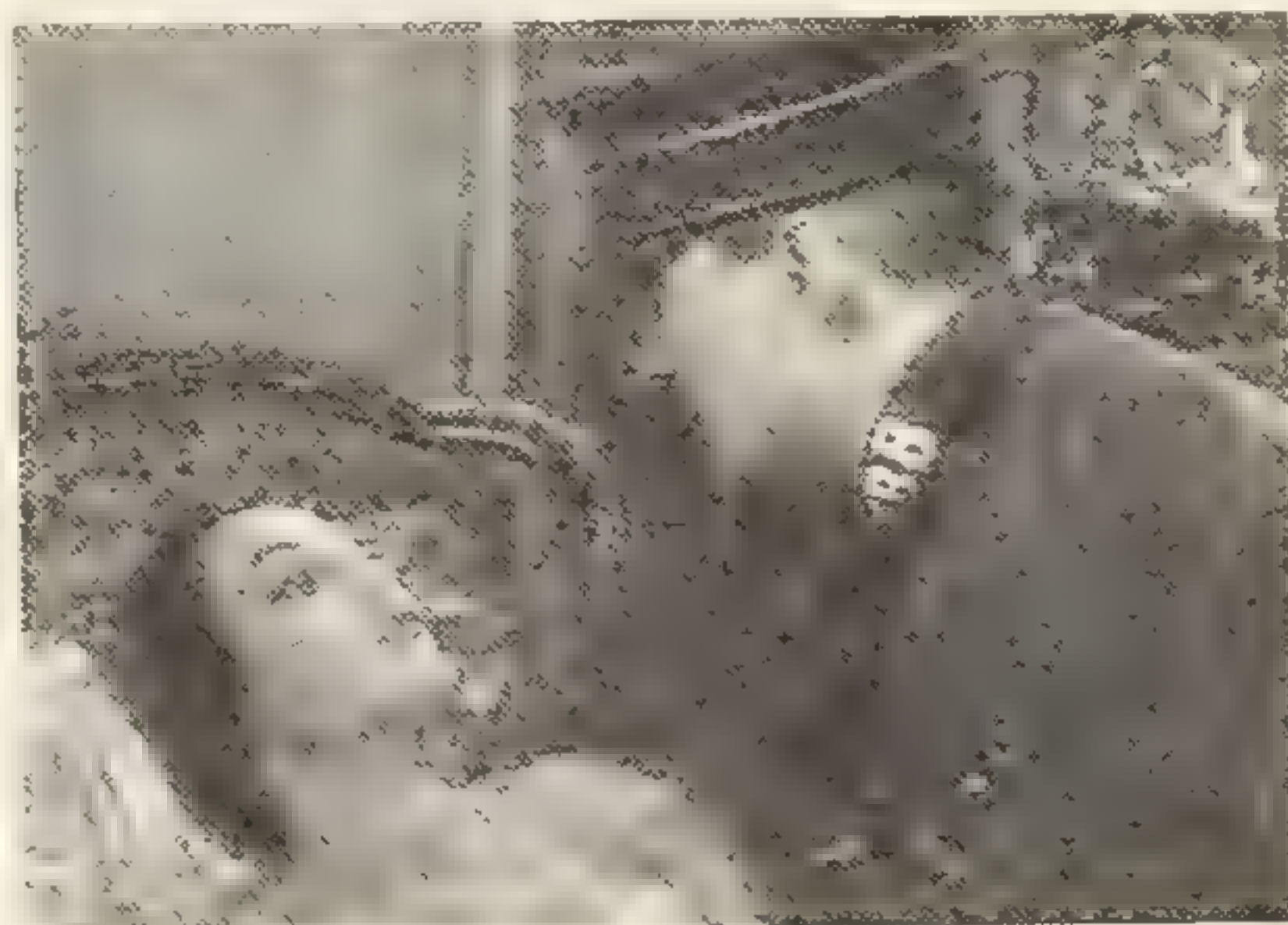
M-G-M



Hardy perennial of stage and screen, and in this new edition a still potent tear-jerker, but perhaps still more interesting as an example of fine emotional acting by Gladys George in the name rôle. In addition to this striking star performance, there is good direction and a nice production to make this an interesting remake of a familiar story. Warren William, Henry Daniell, and John Beal, are all notably good.

Lancer
Spy

20th
Century-
Fox



George Sanders turns star, Gregory Ratoff turns director, and 20th Century-Fox turns out one of the best thrillers of the season, a war spy story that is meaty, compact, and superbly acted. Sanders is the British officer who impersonates a German captured by the English, gets to Berlin and is in constant risk of detection there. Dolores Del Rio was never prettier. Joseph Schildkraut, Peter Lorre and others, fine.

Double
Wedding

M-G-M



Going all the way in nonsense, this is something to carry you to the peaks of lunacy for laughing purposes only. William Powell and Myrna Loy, John Beal and Florence Rice, Jessie Ralph, Edgar Kennedy and others do an expert job of their acting assignments. They'll have you chuckling most of the time, even if the picture as a whole doesn't come close to "My Man Godfrey" as capricious comedy.

Merry-
Go-
Round
of 1938

Universal



Like seven acts of vaudeville reeled off in one film. Such headliners as Bert Lahr and Jimmy Savo, and Billy House, all of the stage, reinforce Hollywood's own humor brigade, consisting of Alice Brady, Mischa Auer and Louise Fazenda. It is a series of farcical episodes strung together on a thread of romance concerning Joy Hodges, newcomer, who sings pleasingly, and John King. It is mighty amusing in spots.

Alcatraz
Island

Warners



One of those more than welcome films that come along quietly, with no outstanding stars to give them glamor, but plenty of good sound acting, a substantial melodramatic yarn, and good suspense to make your evening entertaining. The famous Federal prison is the "come-on" for most of the interest you take right from the start. You'll like John Litel, Mary Maguire, Ann Sheridan, and Gordon Oliver.

West of
Shanghai

Warners



Boris Karloff veers from horror to humor, playing a Chinese bandit who is general of his own army. It is an interesting change and Boris himself seems to enjoy it immensely. His fellows in this "Good Bad Man" of the Orient melodrama are Gordon Oliver, Beverly Roberts, and Ricardo Cortez, in the more prominent parts. This is pretty fair entertainment of the purely fictional sort. Capital, Mr. Karloff!

Inside the Stars' Homes



Gale Sondergaard, one of Hollywood's best actresses, entertains in the Danish fashion. Try her unusual recipes

By Betty Boone

ONE of the proudest home owners in all Hollywood is that dark beauty, Gale Sondergaard.

"And a few years ago," she confided, laughing, "if you had told me I'd ever own a house, I'd have knocked you down!"

It's a Spanish house with a red roof and blue doors, set like the eyrie of an eagle, on a high hilltop, and built on varying levels, so that on first view it seems to be honeycombed with red-tiled stairs. Stairs to the bedrooms, stairs to the living room, stairs to the hall that leads to the dining room, and flight after flight roaming up and down hill from patio to patio, from summer-house to outdoor living rooms. If I lived here, I'd have broken a couple of legs by this time, but Gale and her husband, Herbert Biberman, adore their mountain crag.

One whole side of the white-walled living

The dark beauty of Sondergaard is set off by her interestingly decorated dining table, with its tall Russian candlesticks, and black china.

room is lined with open book shelves filled with tempting volumes; there's a piano, of course, and not an uncomfortable chair in the place. The dominating note in the room, however, is a picture of Gale in a blue gown, painted by Herbert Biberman's artist brother Edward.

Gale, in a black dinner gown banded in gold, gold earrings and bracelets contrasting with her shining black hair, sat on a sand-colored chesterfield.

"This is our first house," went on my hostess, surveying the room. "On our way out from New York, we said to each other: 'One thing we will have in California—and that will be a house on a hill!' The very day we arrived, a real estate agent brought us up here to Hollywoodland, showed us this place, and we rented it immediately and moved right in. We hadn't been here very long before we found out that the owners wanted to sell, and we knew someone else would seize it if we didn't, so here we are—home owners at last!"

Gale is decidedly not a housekeeper, but she remembers fondly the delicious Danish dishes she ate as a child, when her parents

took her to Denmark to pay a visit to her grandmother.

"I'll never forget my grandmother's table! It was charming. There were individual vases with forget-me-nots at each place, and a perfectly huge soup tureen with an enormous ladle. I suppose I was fascinated by these things because I adored soup. My mother used to make Danish soup, too.

"At Grandmother's, in Denmark, we had fruit soup occasionally, and that is simply delicious! You can make it of any fruit juice, but Grandmother used grapejuice and rhubarb, slightly thickened and served piping hot with small slices of toasted bread floating in it. You can use any combination of fruit juices, and it would be rather interesting to try it with California's fruit. Here is a recipe for Rhubarb Soup we have used and found good:"

RHUBARB SOUP

- 1 bunch pink rhubarb
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 lemon rind grated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 wineglass ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup) sherry

Cut rhubarb in small pieces and stew with lemon rind, sugar and water until rhubarb is tender. Put through sieve and add sherry before serving. This may be served hot or chilled.

"Another I loved as a child was *Bestermoder Budeing* or *Grandmother's Pudding*. It is made of dried bread rusks rolled out with eggs and milk and steamed for hours. Then it comes in a mould with the most heavenly crust, and you serve it with hot fruit sauce. We used to make a full meal of this, as it is so good you can't help coming back for more and more. It can be served for buffet suppers in the winter time."

DANISH APPLE CAKE

- 3 lbs. apples
- 1 pt. cream
- 3 boxes sweetened zweibach
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
- cinnamon to taste

Pare the apples and with very little water, cook into applesauce. Sweeten to taste. Add cinnamon. Roll contents of boxes of zweibach into fine crumbs and mix melted butter with them. Butter a deep baking dish. Place layer of crumbs on bottom, follow with layer of applesauce. Repeat until the dish is full, ending with a layer of crumbs. Place in a slow oven for 15 minutes. Allow to cool and place in ice box to chill thoroughly. Turn dish over onto a large platter and remove the pan. Serve with a thick layer of whipped cream covering the entire molded cake.

"A Danish salad is no mere adjunct to a meal. It's a main luncheon or supper dish. This one is very good served with Ry-crisp or Crax Butter wafers."

DANISH SALAD

Put the following ingredients in a meat grinder together.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cold, cooked meat
- 2 cold boiled white potatoes
- 1 large peeled apple (firm)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion
- 3 pickled beets
- $\frac{1}{2}$ stalk crisp celery
- 1 small dill pickle

Mix well together, season highly with salt and pepper.

Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons Wesson Salad oil and 2 tablespoons red vinegar in which beets are pickled.

Arrange on an oblong platter and garnish center of the mould with grated egg yolk. Arrange chopped egg white around yolk. Garnish the platter with crisp lettuce.

Loretta Young

Continued from page 22

her. It was the severest way. But she reacted as he suspected she would and eventually understood that pictures are no child's game. Later she had other disappointments to conquer, most difficult one being the marriage that was all romance and then was all wrong. She was temporarily torn from her family and her religion. She wasn't downed, though. Not even when illness threatened her as she was coming into her own.

"This self-reliance is what has developed her so markedly, in my estimation. She has a maturity far beyond her years and appearance, and that is what makes her excellent company.

"She is fun. I like her because she is. She could be taking herself dreadfully seriously. She could have become so spoiled. A Hollywood leading lady at fourteen, going to elegant premiers and the best movie parties and being acclaimed. Loretta contends her first major social triumph occurred when Mary Pickford, at a Mayfair ball soon after Loretta's debut, solemnly addressed her as Miss Young. She floated for days. But only on the inside! With all her excuses for 'going into a front,' she never does. She has the courage to be herself. To laugh and be democratic.

"Unquestionably her home life accounts for this democratic streak. Yet, on the other hand, her home life is precisely what Loretta has elected it to be. She wouldn't have what she didn't want. At home she's one of the family; they don't treat her with any privileges because she's the most famous member. She's ever 'Gretch,' beloved and loyal daughter and sister. She enters into everything any one of the family is up to, unreservedly. She doesn't want a lot of friends, but a few who are as true as her own flesh-and-blood.

"She could," declared Myrna reflectively, "be conceited about being the most attractive unmarried actress in all Hollywood. Men can't help falling in love with her, and that's flattering no end. They can't help it, because she treats them so unaffectedly, with that sympathetic warmth the wise woman acquires.

At this moment luncheon arrived from the commissary. Soon I realized that Myrna was drinking my milk rather than the coffee she'd ordered.

"Perhaps you did want coffee," I interposed as gallantly as I could.

Myrna grinned. "Now you've evidence that I'm concentrating!" She located another glass and divided the pint of milk. Without the slightest fuss. Serene lady!

"I consider Loretta remarkable," she continued, "because she is not squandering her potentialities. Because she's making them all materialize. She is an opportunist, as every girl ought to be. She is gloriously adventurous, as all magnetic women are.

"She is, therefore, quick and sure in her decisions. No shilly-shallying or dawdling. If she can't see a benefit she won't do what's proposed. For instance, she was asked to pose for some color portraits the other day. It would have taken a lot of time. 'No,' she said and stuck to her 'no.' 'I spent a whole afternoon with that photographer once. The pictures he took were not good and none of them were used by the magazines. I'll spend all the time necessary with someone else, but I'm not posing for him again!' She has learned to work intelligently for results.

"Loretta hasn't complained of responsibilities as burdens. She never looks for loopholes, but eagerly accepts duties. They mean that she is creating a reputation, that she is growing stronger as an individual.

"Loretta is the creative girl at her best. She has created a beautiful home. Each of those ten rooms in her Southern Colonial background reflects the personality Loretta is. There is a gentle elegance that gracefully compliments her. There are beautiful antiques, carefully gathered—when I hear of a particularly good showing at some collector's gallery, and fancy I may find something for my house, I arrive to watch Loretta or her mother walking out with the prize piece!

"It gives me a lift to note how domestic she is—even if she *can't* boil an egg, as you say she confessed. I'll have to confer with her about blasting my hard-earned renown as the model wife—an hour-and-a-half to concoct poached eggs on toast for my husband! I never counted on that getting out. Goodness me—well, anyway, Loretta won't even employ a personal maid. She's a working woman and yet she loves to be domestic. She takes care of her clothes, her room. She makes her own bed and she's nutty over neatness. Her bedroom is Directoire and the figurines are delicate Dresden and a speck of dust sends her flying for a dust-rag. However, when I'm invited to Miss Young's I am sure of splendid food and lots of it. Loretta is an epicure—with a gigantic appetite. She's crazy about steaks, thick juicy ones, and French-fried potatoes. She tackles a turkey like nobody's business. She never is bashful about second helpings.

"Nothing is too much trouble in her work. It was amazing how she wore those bands on her teeth several years ago. She saw that a slight straightening would be advantageous photographically, and so for a whole year she wore bands like children do every time she wasn't acting. When you're in the spotlight and can do that—well, you are in Loretta's grade.

Myrna found another cup and we poured from my coffee pot. She leaned back in her chair, comfortably.

"Right now Loretta believes a definite flair for wearing glamorous costumes on the screen will further her box-office draw. And I think she is reasoning well. So she has no objection to standing for hours for fittings!

"But even in private life she revels in stunning modes and here is where she

does consult her mother for all details—she always wants her mother's final word on chic. She wants to look at everything the best shops have, and not content with three trips a year to New York for a Fifth Avenue clean-up she's now adding Paris to her routine. When she is fond of a film costume she buys it for her personal wardrobe; she wore five especially designed negligees in her last picture and took all five for her own use. She selects her screen clothes with minute care, after extended conferences with exclusive designers. She knows that super-flair is a studied effect. She's reached the point where she's even designing for herself, and has taken to cutting and sewing. Her favorite color is French blue, the color of her eyes. She's dippy over hats and will try on and buy another at the least suggestion she do so. But she's never pleased with her hair. She blames her hair, not her hairdresser whom she's had for nine years and who is a highly-regarded friend.

"She hopes to marry again. She believes in marriage as a woman's major experience. Unlike myself, she doesn't want to go on acting—in the end she'll be happy being a home body. But I think this is because she fears 'outside pressure.' She's seen how Hollywood life can intrude on two who are in love. The primitive in her cries for guaranteed safety.

"Loretta thinks of the admirable husband she wants, thinks of him a great deal. Her sincere desire for a successful marriage should make it materialize. She's building toward it to the best of her ability.

"I haven't," asserted Myrna, "come to what assuredly is a basic quality in Loretta. I couldn't mention her without emphasizing it. Loretta is religious. Deeply, sincerely so. She is an individualist, a feminist, a canny business woman and not above flirting. But there is something else that's essential to her. This is an answer to an inner soul-cry. She has found the right path for herself. She has a guiding faith. Implicit adherence to the tenets of her church brings her a very real uplift. She is gay, soigné, and all of that—but I myself never think of her without remembering her devotion to the idealistic pattern she wants to follow. If you were to ask Loretta why she has such stamina, why she has never been defeated or disillusioned, she would tell you of her faith. That it is a fundamental inspiration to her."

Myrna Loy

Continued from page 23

When you get acquainted there's no hint of aloofness.

"Her marvelous poise fascinates me. I've never seen her embarrassed; hers is one hundred per cent aplomb. I've that kind of mind that would wonder why and how. So I investigated!

"As a child she rode frequently with her father. Her closeness to him must have had a lasting effect; I should say she has a man's mind about values. Complexes? Not a one—they take up too much time!

"Her home life intrigues me. Before she married she wasn't much concerned with what a home was like so long as it was comfortable and soothing. She didn't think of furnishings or decorating. None of that touched her. Vaguely she had a dream of a home which would someday be of her own making. When she met Arthur Hornblow this crystallized. At last she has her very own home and she's made two trips to New York to select the right things for it. It's exactly what Minnie would have. A charming, rambling farmhouse where life is informal. But conveniently on the edge of the city! There's an orchard instead of



Muff and sleeves of ermine tails feature Sonja Henie's suit.

fountains. A tennis court. A swimming pool in a dell with the pool irregularly shaped like an old Montana swimming hole. There are flowers scattered freely, most of them by Minnie herself. She's a fool for seed catalogues and she adores digging and transplanting in her garden. She doesn't weigh herself down with any sunbonnet nonsense!

"She didn't want a projection room, even though her husband is a producer and has to see most of the pictures made. When it's movies they step out to previews. That's business. However, she did put in a generous playroom, for Minnie has a weakness for games herself. Not so much bridge and cards as guessing and pencil-and-paper teasers. She has a passion for Sunday morning breakfasts, leisurely ones; afterwards every guest does what he wants. No riding herd on them!

"By way of contradiction in the woman," added Loretta, "I might tell you this: she never entertains buffet. She'll telephone you, which is pleasingly informal, and you join a small group and sit down in conventional style. Not to matching china—Minnie decided why have dishes that match and so none of hers do!"

With a remembering smile Loretta was into an amusing incident. "Minnie's at ease from then on. Last Fourth of July, for example, someone pulled out firecrackers at the table and shot them off. Now there was a situation to daunt any hostess. But she wasn't flustered. She reached for a drink of water, dodging meanwhile.

"Her marriage, it's been reported, has made her more social. Possibly. Still, I couldn't describe her as socially-inclined. She only has friends over when she's in a mood for relaxation. She isn't the fever-pitch, want-to-impress type at all. I suppose that's why she is the colony's perfect hostess. We sense that in her home we can be ourselves.

"Minnie even shuns an act when she goes out. Most actresses make big entrances into night clubs; she doesn't—the fewer who'll see her the better. She's out for relaxation, not for parading. I guess her marriage, and if I bring it up again it's because it's the tonic that has brought her happiness, is a success because she makes it so congenial. She and Arthur seem to be playing together. Sometimes I've seen her treat him like a little boy, adoringly so. Then she'll rise to irresistible banter. One night he'd been kidding her as a 'movie queen.' When he wanted her to get something for him, later, she replied, 'Listen, don't you recall? I'm a movie queen, and we don't budge.'

"But then there was the evening we'd been to the theatre and Arthur confessed he'd like eggs. Minnie hauled me into her kitchen. 'I'm no help . . . I can't boil water,' I announced promptly. 'I can stare down a camera,' she retorted, 'but now dinged if I'm not up against a more ticklish job. I've got to beat this racket for my man's sake, pal!' For an hour and a half she tried toasting French bread, taking the center out, and dropping eggs in. And before Arthur starved he got a plate that would have done credit to the Derby. She's patient that way.

"There are just sufficient minor surprises in her to season her specific, down-to-earth personality. She omitted the word obey in her marriage ceremony and she'll read the last pages of a book first. Calm in spots that distract most women, she's too scared by mystery stories to try them. And even with that man's mind I mentioned, she abhors details. She dotes on letting Arthur, or whoever else is about at the moment, see to them.

"Much has been made of Arthur's recognizing that sirens weren't her forte. He deserves all that credit; yet I can't believe Minnie was ever wholly discouraged



"Season's greetings," says Anita Louise, serving the holiday cake.

at being typed. Somehow she would have painstakingly found her niche.

"I wanted to know about her beauty regime. To me hers is the kind of beauty that's fascinating; I'm bored with the candy-box sort. I've burgled her secrets. Well," sighed Loretta enviously, "Minnie'll fall asleep anywhere! And it's merely mind over matter. She takes reasonable care of herself, but her motto is: Be Natural. She likes the outdoors; these weekends she's at her mountain lodge literally roughing it to get cozily settled there. When she's tired she just lies down for a nap; when she's in the mood for fun she may exercise. But no scheduling, no bothering about now it's time for thus-and-so. 'Rest is a lot better for a gal than exercise,' she swears.

"Clothes attract me, so of course I've watched Minnie in this respect. She wears pastels although she threatens to switch to brilliant colors. She's smartly styled, however, because she sticks to simplicity. She may pay \$75 for a knit blouse and skirt; it won't have a thing adorning it. And she'll be the ultimate in smoothness. Most women who pay \$75 for a dress want everyone to think they've paid much more. Minnie doesn't over-dress. She can't stand gewgaws. She doesn't go in even for costume jewelry; she never collects any junk. She hasn't a bursting closetful; she'll wear the same ensemble three days in succession if she wishes.

"She keeps fresh mentally by changing hobbies every year; she's veered from sculpturing to an examination of chemistry. She isn't gushy. If she dislikes someone she takes the easiest out—casually ignores him."

Loretta was reminded of her babies. She walked to my car with me. Her sleek black town car lurked in the background. She ignored its shadow to see me into my one-of-a-million.

"Minnie's so popular because she's in a class by herself," she concluded.

So is Loretta, and I don't say so incidentally. Anyone who can talk about another woman and a rival professionally without intruding into the praise ought to be further checked on.

I made a luncheon date with Miss Myrna Loy.

Star-Dust Baby

Continued from page 17

to the Home of the Good Shepherds. Where you came from . . ."

The little boy's underlip began to quiver. He steadied it by biting it, hard. He didn't speak and after a moment Bill Naughton broke the silence.

"She's only having her little joke, kid," he said. "Katie's a great joker—you'll find that out the longer you two live together."

The little boy was still holding his underlip steady with his teeth. There was a drop of blood on his chin. It had rolled down from his mouth. Katrine, watching him, spoke to Bill.

"So I'm a little joker, am I?" she asked. "Practical or otherwise?"

Bill's eyes were hard, now—harder than Katrine's could ever be. He said—

"Yes, you are. The practical kind . . ." He added, "Run out to the kitchen, Peter, and you'll find a nice Jap named Kito . . . Give him my compliments and say I sent you for a slab of chocolate cake and a glass of milk."

The little boy released the lower lip—it had been rather badly tortured. He said to Katrine—

"Can I ask for it? The cake and the milk?" and Katrine said—

"Oh, for crying out loud, yes! Just so as you beat it!"

* * *

It was only after the little boy had journeyed at least four rooms away, that Bill spoke.

"I'd call you something," he said, "if I could think of the right name. I was brought up just off the Bowery. I haven't got much of a vocabulary—"

Katrine said—"I was brought up on Delancey Street, and I know plenty of things I could call you."

Bill rose and walked over to the piano, upon which Katrine had stood when she made her announcement. He played a couple of chords, aimlessly. He said—

"Only a complete louse would take a kid's heart in her two hands, and crush it to a jelly!"

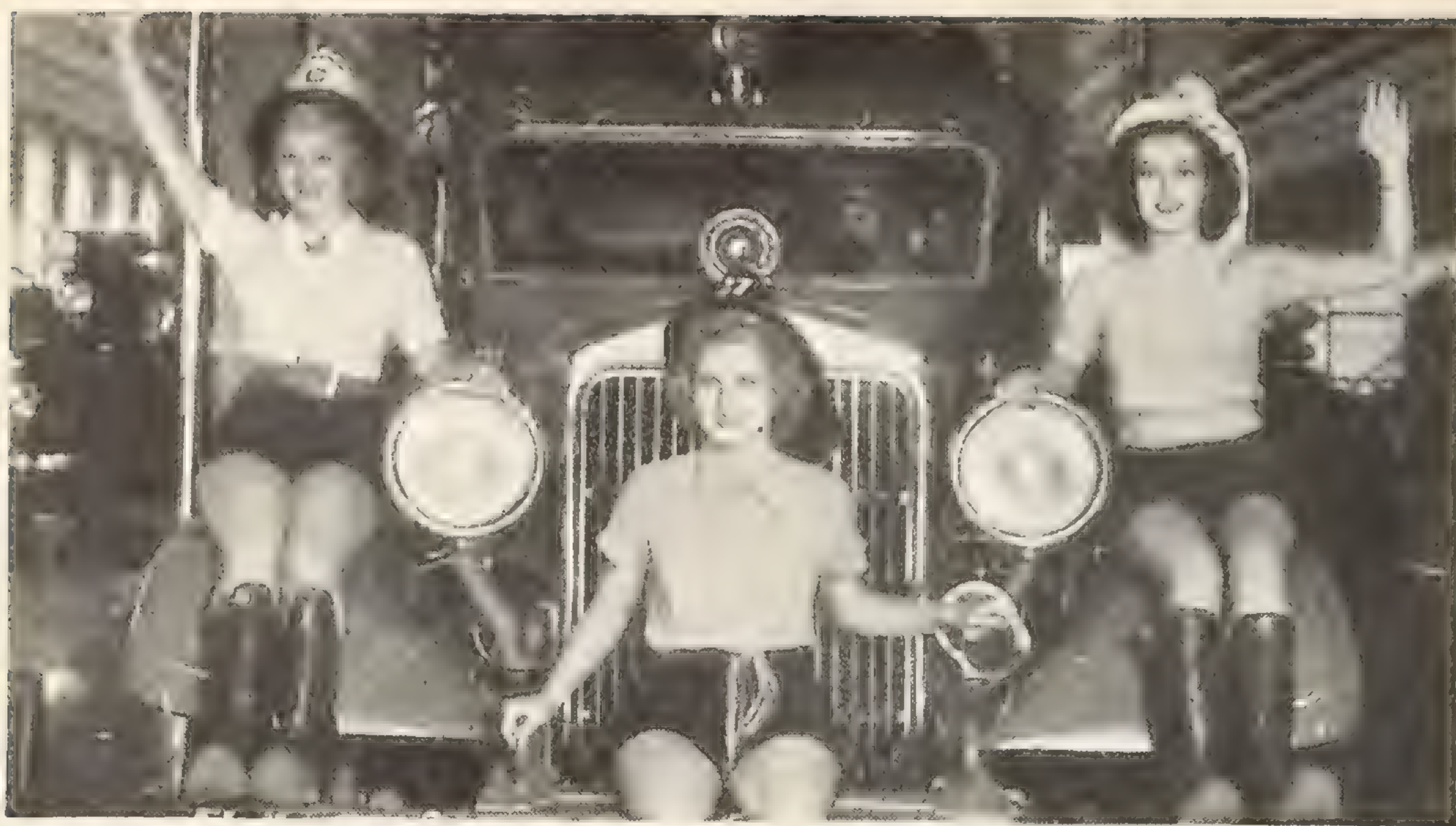
Katrine said—"All right, I'm a complete louse. So what?"

Bill replied slowly. "The kid's not to blame, you know," and Katrine countered—

"But you are. You knew what I wanted, and you made a bum out of me. All Hollywood will be laughing by tomorrow morning. The whole country will be laughing by tomorrow night!"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Katrine Mollineaux (née Katie Malloy—of New York's east side) decides to adopt a baby, to get publicity headlines she deems necessary to further her career as a screen star. The press agent, Bill Naughton, upbraids her for the idea as both dangerous and cruel. But Katrine demands, and her orders are final. She proposes to announce her suddenly acquired motherhood at a cocktail party for the press. The party advances far beyond the appointed time for the announcement before Bill arrives with the "baby" Katrine ordered him to bring her. Theatrically calling for silence, Katrine announces that she is adopting a baby, and orders Bill to have the child brought in. The press agent calls "Peter," and into the room comes a boy about eight, red-thatched, freckle-faced, and wearing faded blue denim overalls. Dumbfounded, Katrine looks from Bill to the boy. Now go on with the story.



A three-belle response to a fourth alarm! Cuties Helaine Moler, Joyce Mathews and Gwen Kenyon, decorate a fire engine for the cameraman.

Bill struck a couple of new chords. He said—

"What folks want and what folks get isn't always the same thing. You can't pick up blonde girl babies in a couple of hours. I did the best I could—"

Katrine said—"Oh, yeah?" And waited. After a space measured by eternity and nothing less; Bill went on.

"The kid's swell," he said, "a regular soldier. Did you see him bite his lip to keep from crying when you were torturing him?"

"If he's such a soldier," Katrine said indifferently, "he can stand the gaff. How soon will you make the return trip?"

All at once Bill laughed. His laughter held no mirth at all.

"Peter isn't going back, Big Girl," said Bill. "Know why? Because you've adopted him in front of every newspaper man and woman on the West coast. You've cracked him over the head with a bottle of champagne, so to speak, and launched him. You may hate his guts—but you've got to go through with it."

Katrine walked over to the piano and stood beside Bill. He played another chord, lingeringly, before she dashed his hand aside.

"You're the one that got me in this box," she said, "and you can get me out of it. See?"

Bill told her—"I can't. You've hooked Peter, for better, for worse—"

Katrine began to play chords herself. The effect was strangely ecclesiastical. As Peter had said, she looked like an angel in a church.

"I could murder you," she said at last, "and bathe in your blood. But I see your point, Bill—the kid's got to stay. A while, at least."

"Bully for you!" applauded Bill. "I knew you'd see the light."

"The light be darned!" said Katrine. "You can make me keep him, but you can't make me like him . . . How'd you happen to pull such a boner, anyway?"

Bill said: "Sit down, and take a drink. Yes, this is the millennium—I'm asking you to take a drink!"

Katrine rang. When one of her servants came she let Bill order Brandy sodas without interference. When they each had a tall frosted cylinder, she said—

"Well, spit it out. I'm waiting."

Bill took a long drag from his glass. He needed it. He said:

"In the first place I couldn't get a blonde baby. There weren't any blonde babies nearer than the Cradle in Evanston—and that would have taken too much time."

Katrine asked, "Why didn't you go to Central Casting?"

Bill said, "You're just dumb enough to think of that. Most of your trick publicity has flopped lately—you couldn't afford a big exposé about a phony adoption. No—I wanted to make something stick. I went to this orphan home I'd heard about, and fiddled around tying red tape into a million knots—"

Katrine murmured, "You would." Bill continued. "As I've already told you, there weren't any blonde babies to be had," he said, "that sort don't stay in asylums. They're as much in demand as silver fox furs on West End Avenue."

Katrine took a sip and said—"Oh, yeah?" Bill said: "Not being able to get a blonde baby girl, I went after the next best thing. And that's where Peter comes in—"

Katrine murmured, "I see your point. A red headed kid with a black eye is undoubtedly the next best thing to a blonde baby . . ."

Bill said savagely, "Sarcasm won't get you anywhere. I'll admit I fell for Peter, personally. I like him. He's the kind of a kid I'd want, myself. And he had a bum break, too, before he was an orphan. He had a mother who drank and a father that wouldn't come through with a ring . . . Luckily they both died, and Peter was put in a home."

"Luckily for him," said Katrine, "but not for me!"

Bill went on, just as if she hadn't said a word.

"When the matron took me through the asylum—and it was as bare as a prison," he said, "I saw lots of kids. Some were pretty—not many—and a few were cute. But when I came to the bed where Peter slept, and saw him sitting on it in those faded blue overalls, he got under my skin . . ."

Katrine asked, "Was it the black eye that sold you?" And Bill answered briefly—"He didn't have a black eye—then . . ."

* * *

There was a moment of silence. Somewhere, far off, a clock chimed, but neither Bill nor Katrine bothered to count the chimes. The gardener had finished with the scattered flower bed. It looked neat and trim again, almost as if none of the radiant blossoms had been smashed. Bill sighed and said—

"Some things are so darn easy to straighten out. But take this child, Peter. Shot from one tragedy to another, and nuts about you, too."

Katrine said: "None of your soft soap, Bill. What gives you the idea that the boy is nuts about me? Oh, I know you rehearsed him—that angel in church stuff was too pat to be funny, but—"

Bill interrupted. "As God is my witness,"

he said, and there was nothing profane in the vehement expression, "I didn't rehearse him . . . Where'd I leave off, Katie? Oh, I'd got to the place where I saw the kid sitting on his bed. Well, guess what was pinned to the wall over that bed?"

Katrine laughed. Her laughter was suddenly careless.

"Probably a baseball mitt and a scalp from Sitting Bull's collection," she said. "What do you think I am, psychic?"

Bill said, "What I think you are isn't the point of this discussion. The kid had half a dozen pictures of you pinned to his wall—that's what. Among them was the one with the Borzoi that you gave away when you got tired of it . . ."

Katrine said, "Where'd he find the pictures?" and Bill answered—

"The Lord only knows. I guess he cut 'em out of fan magazines and newspapers, and they were pretty ratty. You could tell he'd handled 'em a lot . . . After I'd talked to the kid awhile he told me he called you mother, *inside*, and said his prayers to you at night. Go on, now laugh some more—"

"Anything to oblige," said Katrine, and laughed long and loud. She added, "I suppose the coincidence was too much for you. I know how the Irish are."

Bill said, "You ought to know—" and hesitated. "The black eye," he said at last, "maybe you ought to know the truth about that, too . . ."

"Maybe I should," agreed Katrine.

Bill cleared his throat. If he'd been talking to anybody else you might have thought he was embarrassed.

"When we were leaving the asylum," he said, "one of the bigger boys—a tough, nasty bozo—asked where he was going, and Peter blurted out that he'd been adopted by *you*. The older boy laughed and said something that I won't bother to repeat, and Peter took a quick poke at him."

Katrine said slowly, "He did, did he?"

Bill answered, "Yes, he did—but he didn't come up to the tough kid's shoulder. Before I could get between them Peter was down on the ground, and his eye was already beginning to close. But he didn't cry or anything."

Katrine yawned. "How interesting," she said. "How very interesting!"

Bill said gruffly—"You're darn right it's interesting. Peter took his first licking for you before he ever saw you—in person. It probably won't be the last licking he'll take, either . . ."

To Be Continued



Rewards for Jane Withers come in bundles of brightly wrapped gifts.

Kay and Pat are Like That

Continued from page 29

because he thinks she is one of the most talented and charming stars on the screen. And boy, after you've co-starred with a submarine, an airship, and an oil tank, a Francis with all her glamor and her Orry-Kelly clothes is a gift from heaven. A closed set or no, and a Francis slightly aloof or no, Pat was pleased.

"I never worked with Kay in a picture before," Pat told me, "though she and I were on the stage together in a none too successful play about eleven years ago. For four years my dressing-room has been next to hers on the Warner Brothers lot but we never seemed to be working at the same time so we never did get acquainted. After the 'Swing Your Lady' interlude I thought well, Pat my boy, they'll probably want you to support a pipe line now." (Interruption from me: That's already been done, Pat. Irene Dunne supported a pipe line in "High, Wide and Handsome," and I thought they'd never finish laying those pipes)—"and so you can just imagine how surprised and happy I was when they told me I would go into 'Women Are Like That' as the romantic lead opposite Kay Francis. In the first place, ever since I've been in Hollywood I've been eager to co-star with Kay because I think she is a beautiful and glamorous woman, and a mighty swell actress. Then, too, I was pleased because it gave me a chance to get out of a uniform for one picture at least—I've been in every uniform they've got in the wardrobe department, and it gets monotonous being a cop or a sailor all the time. In this little number I'll have you know I wear white tie and tails! Even my own mother won't know me on the screen." (Kids like to wear uniforms and actors like to wear tails—that's one of my little observations of life and things that don't matter.)

Well, that's all very true, Mr. O'Brien, I said to myself, but I betcha you'll be glad to climb back into your uniform after a session with a suing star. But I *have* been wrong. And I was again. This time. One bright afternoon when I was "doing sets" at Warner Brothers, I usually do sets when there is a swing band in action, I very graciously remarked that we could skip the "Women Are Like That" set because I didn't wear my mittens and sudden cold gives me chilblains. But no, said my escort, that's the gayest set on the lot. You can't miss Kay and Pat romping around like a couple of high school kids. Curiosity got the best of me so I walked right past the "Absolutely no admittance" sign on the door but very cautiously took a stance near the exit so I could run easily if necessary. Oh, that's all right, said my escort whom I considered either an extreme optimist or a fool; just don't mention her lawsuit and everything's okay.

Well, they were doing a scene, a most amusing scene, where Kay and Pat as husband and wife and rival advertising agents meet in the lawyer's office to arrange for a divorce. Kay thinks she wants to marry Ralph Forbes who, suffering from a severe cold (a picture cold), is stretched out on a couch fast asleep. The lawyer is delayed getting there. Kay looks at Pat and Pat looks at Kay. The office radio starts playing. "Shall we dance?" says Pat, and the next thing you know she is in his arms, and there is no need for a lawyer. Fade-out! And right here and now I wish to go on record as saying that if any of Kay's friends think that Pat isn't the romantic

type they're due for a change of mind. Fernand Gravet! Charles Boyer! Piffle. That romantic new screen love team of Francis and O'Brien is really something to write home about on pink scented stationery. Woo! Woo!

At the end of the take the First Lady did not hastily retire to her dressing-room; instead she sat down on a property box and yelled "Pat" at the top of her voice. Followed by a series of giggles and laughs, and if everything else is quiet about Kay Francis her laugh certainly isn't. "Pat," she shrieked, "come here, I want to show you my burglar alarm. You haven't got anything like that." "You'll need one in Gopher Gulch," said Pat pulling up another prop box—and there they were as cozy and chummy as two bugs in a rug. "It's been like this since the second day," said one of the wardrobe girls. "Miss Francis was rather aloof the first day, she was worried or something, and Mr. O'Brien seemed to have the attitude that if Miss Francis could be cold so could he. But on the second day of the picture somebody brought Mr. O'Brien the plans for the new house he is building overlooking the sea at Del Mar and in his enthusiasm he showed them to Miss Francis. She immediately sent for the plans of the house she is building in Hidden Valley, and ever since then they have been talking their heads off about ventilation, landscaping, etc."

"Don't let all those fine feathers Kay wears in most of her pictures fool you," Pat told me. "She really doesn't give a damn about being called Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. She'd much rather be called the Gal of Gopher Gulch. Wouldn't you know she'd choose to build her first home in California not in a ritzy sounding place like Beverly Crest or Riviera but in a canyon called Gopher Gulch! She asked me to autograph one of my pictures for her playroom and I wrote on it, 'My happiest engagement in pictures.' And I meant every word of it. Working with Kay has been a lot of fun; in fact, this picture has been more of a romp than any I have ever made. Kay is so considerate of her crew—she has had the same crew for every picture—and I guess they would just about lay down their lives for her. If anyone gets sick she is the first to visit them at the hospital. She spends her time on the set talking over bits of business for the picture, or else when she gets tired of us she retires to her dressing-room and reads a detective story. I've never seen a woman so crazy about mystery thrillers, and the bloodier the better. No wonder she's having burglar alarms installed all over Gopher Gulch!"

"But why," I persisted, after all I'm not

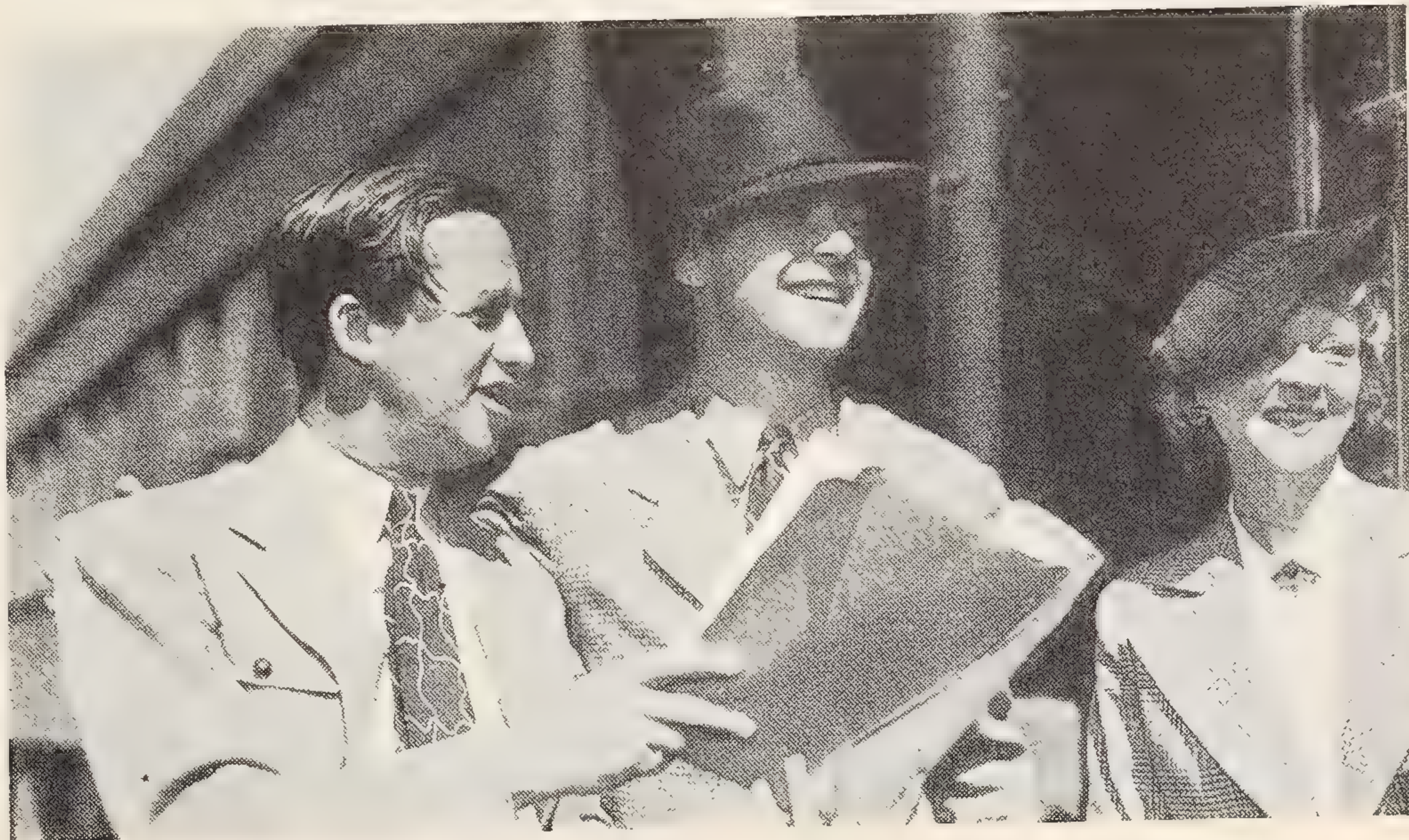
going to sit idly by and let the First Lady be turned into a saint, "but why does she dodge photographers and interviewers? Unless you're an old friend from way back she will not give an interview during a picture—and not very often between pictures." *That'll hold him*, I said to myself.

"Well," said Pat, "something I heard Kay tell a newspaper reporter the other day rather explains that, I think. It seems this newspaper guy was from out of town and had been stalled by the publicity office for several days. Finally Kay said she would see him on the set. The first thing he asked her was, 'Miss Francis, why are you so hard to see?' 'When I was an actress on the New York stage,' Kay told him, 'I went into one of the big newspaper offices one day and asked to speak to the managing editor. I waited for quite some time. Finally I took my nerve in my hand and walked right into his office. He told me very patiently that he would like nothing better than to have a nice long chat with me, but unfortunately he had a paper going to press and he was much too busy to see me. I,' said Kay, 'unfortunately, have a film in production.' Does that explain it?"

"That'll do," I muttered, "until something better comes along."

The fact that there was a little lawsuit dangling didn't dampen anybody's spirits at the end of the picture, for Kay cracked through with a party in her dressing-room for the cast and crew that reached a new high in Hollywood parties. If she wins her suit she may not make another picture there but she was going to be awfully sure that everybody had fun while she was there. I recall that when Kay left Paramount for Warner Brothers some five years ago she presented nearly everybody who had contacted her at the studio with a handsome farewell present. Most stars, in case you don't know, do not bother to give presents after the people can no longer be of any use to them. Pat wasn't going to let Kay outdo him when it came to a party so in the midst of festivities he invited everybody out to his Brentwood home the following Wednesday for a barbecue. The entire cast and crew of "Women Are Like That" arrived practically famished, and who was it that pitched right in and barbecued a mean steak for a prop boy, a hairdresser, a wardrobe woman, and a bit player—that's right, Miss Kay Francis.

"How I hate to see the end of this picture," said Pat with one hand wrapped around a steak and the other around Kay, "it's been fun." Yes, I think we can safely scribble on all the garage doors: Pat and Kay, Are That Way.



Producer Mervyn LeRoy greets Fernand Gravet with the script for his next picture, as the Continental star and his wife return to the coast.

Hollywood's Fantastic First Nights

Continued from page 13

engagement; but it does mean that they are willing to have their names linked in the next days' newspapers. Columnists, pencils in hand, and cameramen lie in wait at either end of that flower-strewn red carpet. Young actors, and young actresses too, are cautious about their appearances at these openings. Even the older ones, arranging dinner parties to precede the picture, think twice about their invitations.

While stars are treating themselves to facials and new hair-dos at the beauty parlors, the fans are slowly assembling in those grandstands. By noon there are always a few hundred already seated. Property men are spreading out the red carpet, banking it on either side with hundreds of baskets of flowers several feet high. Distracted box office men are explaining to furious celebrities that there are no more tickets for sale, that even the last seat in the top balcony is gone. No matter where placed, each ticket costs \$5.50. Publicity departments discreetly assign them, in the order of importance, trying discreetly to keep separate divorced couples, to remember Hollywood feuds, to see that rival producers do not sit too near the critics.

They have all seen the picture before of course, even the critics. They may have seen it in a studio projection room, or at the home of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, or Harold Lloyd, or Jack Warner, all of whom love to show pictures. Seeing pictures is a regulation way to wind up a Hollywood Sunday. Sometimes most of Sunday is spent that way. More hardy than any admirer of double-feature programs, the movie colony can sit through three full-length pictures and three cartoons without a quiver—just a few groans.

By the time they reach the theatre, that part of Hollywood looks like a circus. Searchlights with some 300,000 candle-power pierce the sky, guiding the long line of limousines to the playhouse. Police passes are enclosed with all first night

tickets, as streets surrounding the theatre are shut off to ordinary traffic.

The premiere may concentrate on one personality, as "100 Men and a Girl" did with Deanna Durbin. Deanna, not yet fifteen, wore her first evening dress that night, a blue marquisette trimmed with English daisies and velvet ribbons. Even with the eyes of all Hollywood upon her, little Miss Durbin never for a second lost her amazing poise. Her premiere was one of the year's most brilliant.

Sometimes the premieres go in for dignity. "The Life of Emile Zola" had the usual bleachers, the thirty-piece orchestra playing outside the theatre, the hundred extra policemen on duty, the broadcast presided over by George Jessel, the crowds of celebrities ranging from Charles Boyer to the John Barrymores. But the theatre scornfully refused to go in for circus stuff, even refraining from sailing a captive balloon, complete with loudspeakers, above the theatre.

It was at this premiere, however, that weary celebrities were greeted with short speeches, to be read by them before the microphones. The broadcast lacked the usual cozy series of "Hello, everybody—I'm awfully glad to be here."

These Hollywood openings have only been revived during the past year. They were common enough in the old hoopla days. Sid Grauman used to present prologues before the picture, stage shows so long that sometimes the feature didn't go on until twelve-thirty. After the opening of "Rain," you could see celebrities outside the theatre at five in the morning looking for their cars. The fans were still there too.

It was in those days, at Grauman's Chinese, that Wallace Beery did that fatal imitation of Greta Garbo, burlesquing her "I tank I go home" on the stage before all their fellow workers. It caused a sensation, with Garbo, who doesn't attend premieres, deeply hurt and Beery apologetic for weeks.

"City Lights" stopped all of that. Hollywood hadn't noticed the depression yet; it was still just a word in the newspapers. Charlie Chaplin put on the most spectacular premiere of all time. They had had big openings before, with boulevard traffic cut off, the militia on duty, and all the rest of it. But "City Lights" was shown in downtown Los Angeles, too near the slums. When the stars appeared in furs and jewels, the crowd of twenty thousand or so went mad. They hooted, jeered, rioted, broke into cars, tore finery off stars, and caused many arrests. Hollywood, frightened, stopped going to premieres.

Now the depression is over. The Warners, with their bleachers and their bands, began the new vogue for premieres a year ago. As each really important picture comes along, every few weeks, its producers try to put on a bigger show than ever.

Soon someone may come along to top that gag of Wilson Mizner's, the best ever pulled at a premiere. The writer went to a good deal of trouble with his joke, even measuring the amount of gasoline needed to reach the theatre entrance. Then he bought an aged flivver for ten dollars, a dilapidated, paintless, fenderless, topless car with flat tires. Attired in all the finery he could find, gardenia in buttonhole, top hat on his head, he drove alone to the premiere. The flivver gave one last gasp as he reached the red carpet. Even the announcer was silent as Mr. Mizner emerged. As he started the long, slow walk toward the microphones, a panicky doorman ran after him. The car, he asked, what of the car? Mr. Mizner turned majestically, beamed upon the silent crowd, and said;

"The car? Oh that, my man, is your tip."



Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle, and John Howard, in "Hold 'Em, Navy."

The Scream of the Jest

Continued from page 21

laugh at her work. It is delightfully droll. Her vague, helpless mannerisms make her outstanding in comedy. With this, Marie is content for the present.

If you saw "Wake Up And Live," you saw Joan Davis doing a burlesque Spanish dance that was something not soon overlooked. She is funny. I saw her first in a two-reeler. Once seen, never forgotten. La Davis won a fan. Now she is winning fans galore.

Joan has no secret sorrow over art. She always wanted to be funny. Her heart's delight will be to hear herself called the "Female Charlie Chaplin." Starting out in vaudeville, with Si Wills, they appeared as "Wills and Davis." If the bill gave Joan second spot, she got top billing in Si's heart. Funny or not, Joan got her man. She also got Beverly, now four years old.

At her home, somewhere amid the canyons of Beverly Hills, I thought myself suddenly transported to Egypt. The architecture resembled what is imagined to be Egyptian. It has a minaret, but no Muezzin to call the unfaithful to prayers.

Should you wish to enter the garden of fruit trees from the road, you must toll a cow-bell over the gate. Instead of a cow, Joan appears and lets you in—likely as not wearing a Florentine skull cap and beach gown, smoking a cigarette.

Art may be art for those that want it, but let Joan get her laughs. Give her her California canyon Egyptian-Byzantine-cinematic home, Si and Beverly. She's content. She should get dramatic for nothing.

Christmas a year ago I received a card from an unknown person—Martha Raye. I thought it awfully nice of her, since we were strangers. I swore a royal oath that, come what may, this movie maid should one day be the queen of a story.

Not the languid lady, Martha is buxom and bouncing, possessing a pair of lungs fit for the barker of a carnival side-show. But is she downhearted? No! Garbo and Bergner may keep their places. Martha had only to make an appearance at the Hollywood Trocadero to be clutched to Paramount's heart as its comic consolation.

Today, she is monarch of all she portrays. Not everyone can do her stuff. That is why little Martha can afford to yell and roar. People roar with her.

Patsy Kelly squeaks. Since her first Hal Roach comedies, with the late Thelma Todd, Pat has held her public. She doesn't want to be arty. She knows her stuff and



Attending a preview! Lana Turner, right, poses with her mother.

offers it in every picture employing her. Merry and bright, Pat thinks life is just swell. From a Brooklyn environment, she crashed Broadway's musicals, ending for the present in movies.

"I'm content doing my stuff," she squeaks at you. "It's a line all my own." No tears and moans for Kelly. She's out to enjoy herself in the fillums.

Helen Broderick exemplifies the comic comedienne in mind and movies. She never thinks of worry. She is a living representative of what she portrays—a tolerant, dry-humored lady, knowing better than the average person, but putting up with life's oddities.

A favorite star of Broadway, she first came to Hollywood for Warners. Suddenly it was deemed that musicals were anathema to the public. Helen returned to Broadway.

It was merely another Hollywood mistake. With Astaire and Rogers and Broderick, musicals are tops once again.

If I were to tell you that Miss Broderick admits being in her middle forties, you'd laugh, laugh, laugh, like ye old clown. Then laugh, clown, for she does and is. Her twenty-five year old son, Broderick Crawford was seen to advantage as the nutty butler in "Woman Chases Man."

Belonging to a theatrical family, Helen started out as a Ziegfeld Follies' girl. She had ideas of becoming dramatic. This might have been her sorrowful lot had she not met a very nice young man, yclept Lester Crawford.

Our Lester thought our Helen could cash in on her laughs while out front, not backstage among the chorus girls. With one eye on her, the other on her career, Lester gave wise suggestions. And Helen, with one eye on him, the other on her career, followed his advice. Marriage and Broderick Crawford were the happy results. Not forgetting a successful career as a comedienne for our Helen.

Glenda Farrell is our rebellious comedienne. A swell gal, Glenda thinks it just too daft of all concerned to see her only as a wisecrack artist, when she can get as dramatic as the best of them.

"I made a hit as a wisecracking, hard-boiled girl," she related. "From then on my picture path was carved out for me. I'd like a change. I gained just as good notice for my work in 'I Am A Fugitive' as in 'Life Begins.' Anyhow, I do the best I can in whatever comes along."

Glenda's North Hollywood home was described to me as very modernistic. Sure enough there were modernistic touches but they were all but lost in Louis XVI furniture and decorations.

I asked Glenda to supply me with copy for a story on gold-digging. Since her picture rôles are well portrayed by her in this character, I took it that Glenda would give me good points on the art. With ingenuous innocence, she told me she had never known any gold-diggers.

Even in my sheltered life, I've met many gold-diggers. Some are quite clever, that you've got to admire them.

I left Glenda with the conclusion that she was at her best as a comedienne.

Alice Brady is the greatest of all. An actress, a comedienne, she knows her art. Her life has not been without trouble. Her mother, a French dancer, left her and her father, William Brady. Alice's own marriage did not last long. Her young son was for several years an invalid. But Alice never grumbled to the world.

Among the many inscriptions sent to Marie Dressler's funeral on floral tributes, Alice Brady's seemed to contain the very essence of good common sense, sane philosophy, and affection. "I'll be seeing you," was Alice's last farewell.

With the rest of the comic gals, Alice saves many a picture. The picture might be a jest, but all of us must admit that Alice Brady is the scream!

Fields Without Hedges

Continued from page 33

guys with the dough will decide you're through. When they do, it's waste of time and pride to argue with 'em. So you laugh, clown, laugh, and put up a front, till one fine day some big shot says: 'Why isn't that fella workin'?' And there you are—sittin' high and pretty again, and lookin' down over your shoulder for the boot."

I laughed at the notion then. It may have happened before. I couldn't believe it would happen to him again. Well, it did. Not through any loss of popularity, but through a long illness. Still, the cause doesn't matter much when the fact is bleak.

I'm not going to shed any tears over Fields. He hates sob-stuff as he hates few things in this world. Running away from a comfortless home at the age of eleven, sleeping in alleys, living on what he could beg or steal from free-lunch counters, he insists: "I had a swell time. The other kids had to go home at night. I could stay out." Lying in a hospital, assailed by a variety of ills that ranged from arthritis to lobar pneumonia, he snorts: "Never enjoyed a year of my life more. First vacation I ever had time for. Suppose I had a little pain. What about it? What's a little pain compared to a lot of pretty nurses smoothin' your head and makin' you feel like a pasha, without his worries?"

During those long months on his back, he decided he was through. Not because he'd given up. But because, when Adolf Zukor and William Le Baron, his good friends at Paramount, came over to see him, the thing they never talked about was Bill's return to pictures. While they were thinking: "We've got to give this guy a chance to get well before bothering him with business," Fields was thinking: "If they don't want me, nobody will. This is the finish, the blowoff, the washup, so where do I go from here? I can't sit chewing the cud—there's an idea. I guess I'll start writing my reminiscences."

Zukor came over one day. "Bill, I won't feel my Silver Jubilee is right, unless you're in it somewhere. If we send a man here to hook you up, do you think you could go on the broadcast?"

"If I don't have to lift a piano, or kiss Baby Leroy—"

He was to do a dialogue with Jack Benny. He'd never been on the air before. He had read no lines in over a year. There he lay, his leg still hoisted aloft by pulleys to ease the pain. He couldn't hear Benny, nor Benny him. The mixer behind him was to signal his assistant, the assistant was to tap Fields on the shoulder as the cue for his line.

"I was slightly apprehensive," he says. "We hadn't had a chance to rehearse this double talk. The doctor and nurses were standing around, looking kind and solicitous. The general effect was that of a wake, with me as its main attraction. I felt a tap on my shoulder, and galloped off. Incontinent mirth. I gawped—gratified, naturally, but with a dark suspicion that it wasn't as funny as all that. I turned, and it was the nurse, her lilywhite hand on my *robe de nuit*, wanting to know do I feel all right. I said: 'Bless your heart, dearie, and your soothing feminine touch, but keep it off my shoulder till this hurlyburly's done, till this battle's lost or won, or I'm likely to get nervous and eat a finger.' So they all stood at the foot of the bed where I could see 'em, and the assistant stood behind me, where I couldn't see him, and that way I knew I'd keep my taps straight, business and social."

When it was over, he breathed a sigh of relief. He'd done his best by his friend,

and that was that. He paid little attention to the comments that were freely offered. "Some said it was good. Some said it was terrible, and don't do it again. I said: 'What the hell difference does it make? Marconi won't sue me.'"

Just the same, he began growing restive. This was of course a sign of returning health, but to a certain extent it had been induced by that radio program. The old firehorse had heard the clang, clang, clang of the bells, and all but literally leaped out of his bed.

A friend rented a house for him, he kissed the hospital goodbye and settled himself in. "If you're in jail, you have to be a convict," he reasoned. "If you're in a hospital, you have to be an invalid. In a house, you can be whatever the law and your own instincts permit. I'll find out what I am. If the public's finished with this sideshow freak and gone on to the next tent, I'll find that out too, and lay my plans accordingly."

He didn't have long to wait. Hardly had the news of his having left the hospital got out, when the procession began to form at the right. He was torn between incredulity and glee. He still didn't realize that it was regard for his health, and that alone, which had kept them away from his door. "I kept pinching myself, till my skin yelled: 'Quit it, Bill.' 'What's a pinch between friends?' I yelled back. 'Be glad I don't jump straight out of you, like one of those whatchamacallem birds, because that's how I feel.'"

"How would you feel? Along comes radio, and makes me a dazzling offer. Along come the movies, and make me a dazzling offer. Along come magazines and newspapers, and make me more dazzling offers. I thought they were crazy. I decided to find out, so I tried to raise the ante on them. They weren't that crazy, so I figured the deal was good and signed the contracts."

Fields comes back to the screen in "The Big Broadcast," and Paramount has pictures lined up for him as fast as he can do them, which is as fast as Fields himself can work out his always carefully planned comedy. Over at Paramount they laugh at the idea of Fields' being through. "Not till he's through with living," they'll tell you.



Dorothea Kent and Mischa Auer are paired in a new film romance.

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Are You Insane?

Continued from page 34

nose of our instinct, we are sane. If we deviate from this law, allow others to mock us out of it, we are insane.

"We behave, as you may have noticed, entirely differently when we are alone and when we are one of a mob. The mob psychology is well understood. We even react to pictures differently when we see them with an audience and when we see them alone, at home, or in a private projection room. I have gone to the theatre, watched some fine and poignant bit of acting, heard the crowd around me roar with insensitive laughter and have laughed myself—always to come out of the theatre sick with myself, a bad taste in my mouth, because I was not my own man, using my own reactions. I was a link in the chain, clanking as the chain clanked, an atom in the mad and maudlin mass of the mob."

He told me of himself, "I have little—ah—phobias. Once, in Europe, while touring with a theatrical troupe I spent one entire year and devoted it entirely to trying to make a sour-faced actor laugh. It became an obsession with me. I did everything from appearing on the stage in my underwear to laughing in the man's face in an effort to provoke an answering laugh from him. I never succeeded. It haunts me still, my failure. It was a year out of my life—and without result. Insane? Not for me.

"I drink lemonade all day long; sometimes all night long when I cannot sleep.

"I order meals with the utmost particularity. I am something of a gourmet; something, if I may say so, of an epicure when it comes to food. I order exquisite meals—and never so much as put a fork in them, leave them untasted. I derive my gustatory delights from anticipation.

"I dream every year of playing Napoleon. I do not think that I am Napoleon—not yet. But I am constantly dreaming of how I shall play Napoleon one of these days.

"I love crowds of strangers. I get a warm, rich physical relish out of being jammed and elbowed and shoved and suffocated by crowds of people I do not know. On the other hand, I have a phobia about being in crowds of people I do know. Crowds where there are those who may slap me on the back, roar greetings, extend moist, effusive hands. I am exhausted, physically, mentally and emotionally if I have to be party to such a crowd.

"The first and only autograph I ever asked for was that of Man Mountain Dean. I wanted it. I cannot say why.

"I adore Hungarian goulash. I abhor milk. I cannot look at milk.

"My favorite hobby is hearing my friends play the piano. They must be my friends. I do not play myself.

"I must have a cup of tea placed right under my nose as I am waking. Not after I awaken. For then it is too late. The salutary effect is gone.

"I play badminton and tennis. I take long walks on the beach. Now and then, at such times, I sing to myself. Sing, mind you, not talk. Sea chanteys, mostly. I do not go to many pictures. I do not want to know what other actors are doing. I do not want to run the slightest risk of becoming a copyist.

"I am, however," said Peter Lorre, his eyes suddenly, sensationably ablaze, "I am a fanatic. I admit it. And because I admit it, it's not insanity.

"Yes, I am a fanatic. I am a fanatic about my work. I would, I have sacrificed everything for it. I ran away from my comfortable home when I was seventeen. I



Charles Bickford and Evelyn Brent, old favorites in a new film.

ran away from my mother, father, three brothers, my sister. We were born in the village of Rosenberg, Hungary, in the dark Carpathian mountains. When I was six we removed to Vienna. We lived our childhoods closely linked, the one to the other. But I ran away from them and lived from hand to mouth because my father disapproved of the theatre and I—I had to go to the theatre.

"I ran away and joined a group of renegade youths who, like myself, found reality only in acting. We played in improvised theatres. We lived.

"In 1922, driven by hunger and want, I secured a clerk's post in a bank. I ate again. I slept snugly. It is insane, then, to say that while I ate well and slept snugly, I was cold and hungry. But so it was. In a few months I was discharged from the bank because I was always late for my work. My feet were laggard after something I did not want. I stayed up most of the nights with my theatrical troupe, breathing in the oxygen of greasepaint.

"Then, after a bit, I was given a year's contract to do small parts with a company in Breslau. After that year I went to Zurich where a part in Galsworthy's 'Society' brought me my first recognition. Then to Vienna where I played, for two years, rôles of both comedy and of drama. It was 1928 when my performance in 'Pioniere in Inoplstadt' was something of a sensation and I was hailed as a star."

Even then, Peter Lorre told me, there were those who told him he was insane to follow the stage. He would be limited, they said, to so few types. He was not, after all, of the proportions of a Conrad Veidt, a Robert Donat. What chance would he have in America, his friends asked, pitted against the Gables, the Coopers, even the late Lon Chaney whose heavy make-ups concealed a well-setup and personable man.

Not long after this Fritz Lang, noted Continental director, saw Peter rehearsing Wedekind's "Spring's Awakening." Then and there Lang asked Lorre to hold himself in readiness for the starring rôle in a screen production; as yet unselected. Lorre agreed and in 1931 threw Europe into clammy convulsions with his astonishing portrayal of the pathological murderer in "M." After "M" people on the streets of Berlin backed against the wall as Peter Lorre passed. When he entered a café china rattled, cutlery dropped, women grabbed their children and hustled them out and away. He went, one day, to call on old and intimate friends. The children of the family were in the salon. As Peter entered, bearing his customary gifts of sweets, the nurse herded the little ones out of the room where, before "M," kind

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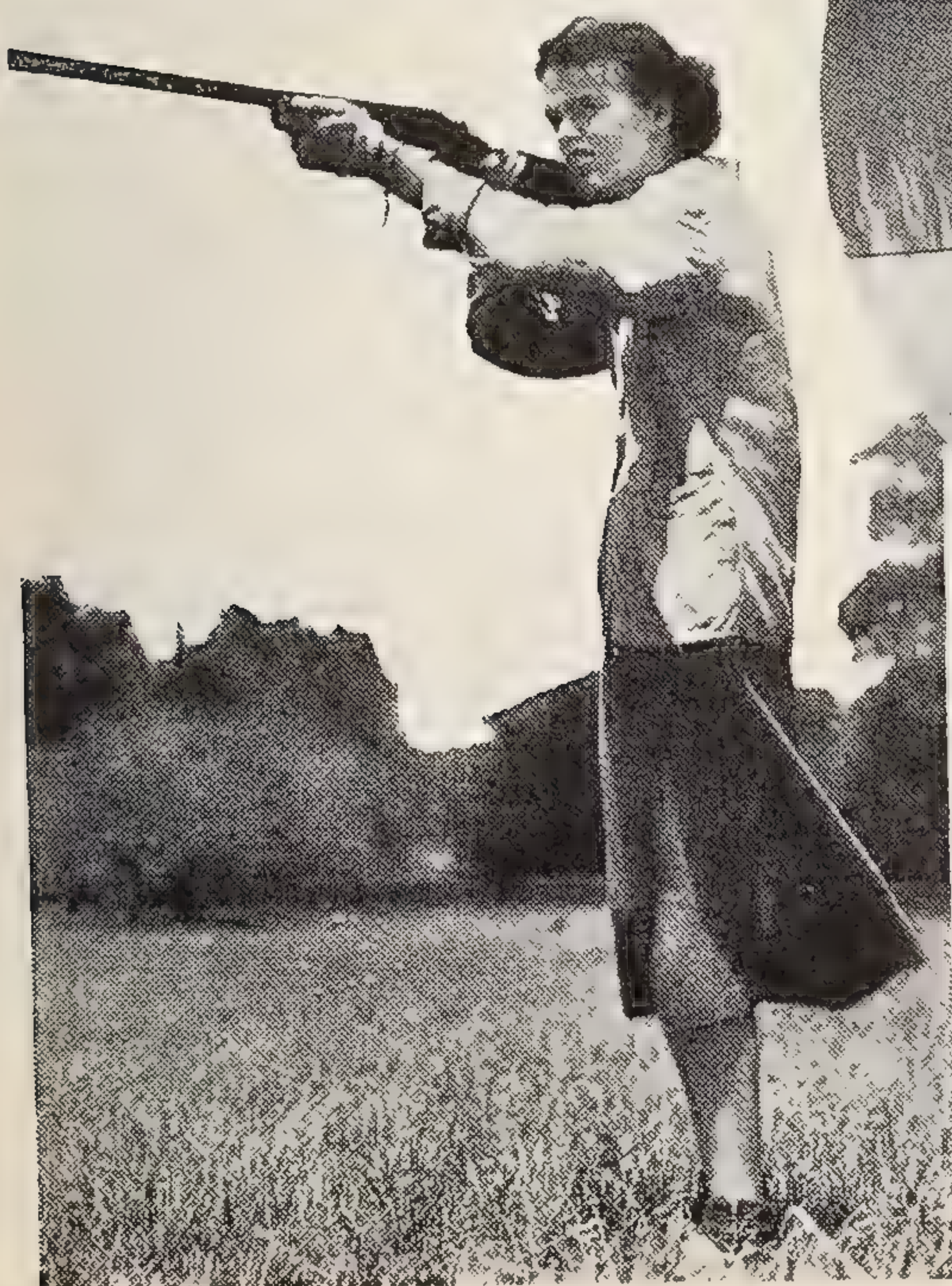
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(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.



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"Uncle Peter" had so often played with them.

He was hurt, in his heart, at this revulsion. They did not realize, then, that a great actor had played, to curdling perfection, a macabre rôle? He did not want to be typed. When offers came, from all over Europe, to play similar rôles, he refused them all. He did not want to put on the garb of the pathological horror man and never take it off. He wanted to wear the motley of all men. He left Berlin. He left stardom. He left vast sums of money because he would not permit them to cramp and restrict his work. And—"you are insane" his friends and agents said now, "you have a fortune ready to your hand. In a year or two you will be able to retire." "To me," said Peter Lorre, "they were insane. As if money or retirement were what I sought!"

So, after a few pictures in England and in Germany, Peter Lorre came to Hollywood. With him, forsaking her own considerable career on the stage, came his wife, Cecile Lvovsky.

"I came to Hollywood, to Columbia Pictures," Peter was saying, "and after awhile, after 'Crime and Punishment,' I realized that I was again playing only horror rôles. I knew that I must play horror for a certain length of time here in America; that if I did not I would be disappointing my new public who were conditioned to horror by seeing me in 'M.' But I would not go on indefinitely. And so, for months, I did not work. I refused to work. I turned down all offers brought me by my agents. They were numerous offers and, financially, flattering. I knew well that I might never work again. It was conceivable. I had become typed. I was losing vast sums of money. I was depriving myself and, more, my wife of future security. She stood by me every inch of that difficult way. She believed in me. I knew well what I was risking. I am not insane enough to discount the importance of future security. There are those who will label this stand of mine insanity and nothing else. Who is to judge? I think it must be the little monitor inside of us. Some call him Conscience. I only know that I would have embraced poverty, gone without future security, rather than do my work as I do not believe it should be done."

Companionship by Camera

Continued from page 25

"I took shots of the tennis matches for Roger," said Ann, pushing back her long fair hair that reaches well below her shoulders now. "I got some good action stuff—see this one where the man is hitting the ball and is off the ground. And I like this informal shot of Al Scott and George Murphy—they didn't know I was at my wicked work. Don't you think the distance in it is good?"

"The circus was in town last week, too, and I was there with my camera. Roger likes especially the shots of Clyde Beatty and his animals. I put the lens right up to the bars—that's what makes the white marks at the sides. In this one, Clyde has his chair and the animal is snarling and ready to make its leap. I got it just as he made it."

"Lots of serious picture-takers go in for filters, etching masks, shadow prints and so on, but I'm afraid I'm not in their class. I do it all for fun. I have some light red filters, but I usually forget to put them on. I've never used the dark red ones that they put on to turn day into night, especially for turning the sun into a moon, but that's because I never have any reason to do that."

It seemed too bad there wasn't a color camera around to shoot Ann in her red jacket with her fair hair bright against it and a dull blue glass silhouetting one side of her curls.

"But I don't feel any great urge toward a color camera," she objected. "Do you know what I'd like? And the very next thing I get is going to be a telescopic lens! That ought to be fun! You put the lens on your camera and then you can sit 'way over here on the set and shoot things by the door to the stage, hundreds of yards away. I could be in my chair here and you could be over there having a temperamental fit over something and not knowing I was within miles. Click!—and I'd have a close-up of you going into your dance!"



Ray Milland, guest-starring at Ann Sothorn's home studio, stops by for a 'tween-scenes visit, and Ann gets another picture for her album.

Getting Gay with Gable

Continued from page 15

three more minutes, stirring constantly, and then add the sliced breasts of the ducks and baste with the sauce until they are seasoned through. Then serve with wild rice.

It was a great success and Clark took bows none too modestly and ladled out second helpings from the chafing dish and we all practically ate ourselves into a coma.

After dinner there was a definite lull as everybody seemed to be in the mood for a bit of relaxing (the effect of the sauce, no doubt) but it soon wore off and by the time Walter had attached his recording machine, with Fieldsie at the "mixer," the guests had revived one by one. A recording machine, in case you don't know actors, is in the nature of a postman's holiday. All day movie stars sing or talk into a mike at the studio, so home they come at night and sing and talk into a mike again. Then it's called fun. If Fieldsie is operating the "mixer" correctly you can "play back" on the machine and hear a recording of what you said or sang. You heard Clark sing "The Horse with the Lonely Eyes" in "Saratoga" but you haven't heard anything until you hear him sing "Arizona Cowboy Joe," which he sings gustily to its lusty end, and then with a little encouragement will start all over again.

Carole then favored with a recording of "Swing High, Swing Low" with "Arizona Cowboy Joe" coming in as a refrain, and the blending, or rather the non-blending of those two songs as rendered by Lombard and Gable would drive a music lover to drink. And in my quiet way I am a music



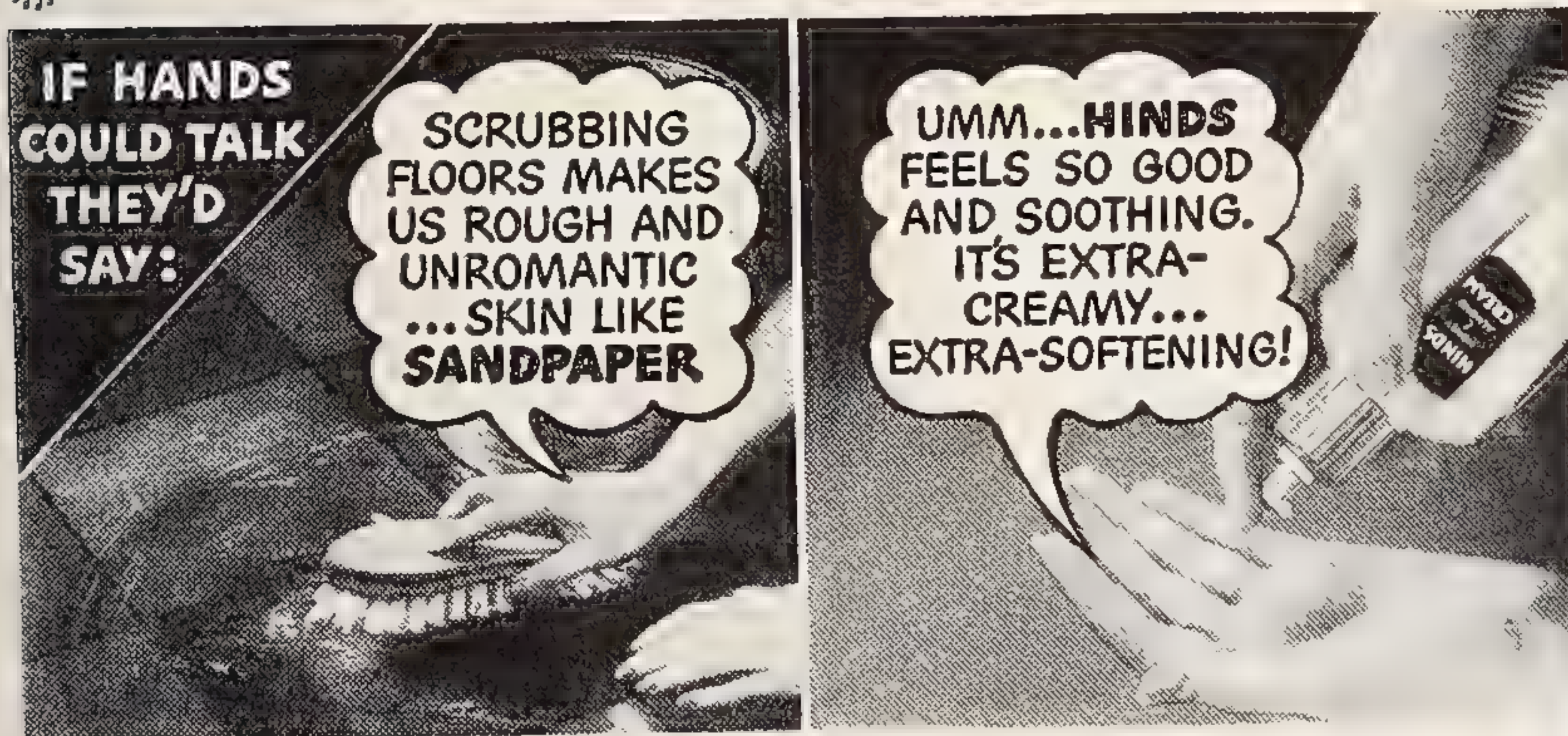
Moonlight is so perfectly simulated by studio electricians, that a romantic team like Betty Grable and Leif Erikson readily capture the required mood.

lover. As a request number our host, Walter Lang, contributed "All I Want Is To Be Called Baby Doll" which is the first song he ever sang in amateur theatricals when he was a kid in knee pants with a voice that was changing. Then of course everybody had to follow with a couple of verses of "On the Good Ship Lollypop," though it wasn't nearly so good as Joan Blondell's impersonation of Shirley Temple in "Stand-In." Under pressure Claudette came through with a recording of the little Russian number she sings in "Tovarich"

with Clark strumming away on a tennis racquet and I am sure that it would have been quite lovely and thrown us into a Russian mood and we'd have jumped off the cliff in the back of the house except that the record showed a none too faint trace of "Arizona Cowboy Joe."

With six years in Hollywood chalked up against me I have seen actors come and go. I have seen them come into the studios sweet, gentle, big-eyed creatures, so eager to do what's right and please everybody, including me. Perfect little gentlemen. Then

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one tiny bit of success, one good picture, and they suddenly become conceited, insolent, arrogant lords of creation. But no amount of success—and he has had the most of any male star—has ever affected Clark in the least. Hollywood swank means nothing to him. He has a big movie starish car but it sits in the garage until the battery goes dead because he prefers to drive about in the remodeled flivver that Carole gave him for a birthday present, or his station wagon—he loves his station wagon (with a big PRESS on the windshield) because he can dump all sizes of guns and things in it and hitch on his horse trailer. He and Carole drove down to the Pomona Fair one day recently in the station wagon, stopped on the side of the road and spread a basket lunch, and then took in the Fair, everything from the jelly booth to the livestock.

Rather than attend a smart cocktail party where he is sure to be lionized and oh-ed and ah-ed over by the most beautiful females in Hollywood, Clark had rather pile things into the station wagon, including Carole, and drive out to the Valley where they can go skeet shooting—and boy, when Gable pops a clay pigeon the pigeon is popped. Carole doesn't exactly knock them either—though the first time she started shooting at them the gun fairly knocked her chin off. Carole fusses over that gun now more than most women do over their hair.

Instead of a dinner at the Trocadero Clark much prefers a good juicy hamburger at a drive-in—or a hearty he-man meal at the Brown Derby. He has a great habit of ordering two eggs “one of them good” which always gets a surprised look and then a giggle from the waitress. When the eggs arrive he will ask, “Which is the good one?” and the waitress will be a little shocked and then break up completely in laughter. On nights when the movie colony is dressed to its teeth in ermine and white tie for a formal opening at the Carhay Circle, you can be sure that Carole and Clark, in old sweaters and slacks, will be catching up on their back movies at the Drive-In Theatre on Pico Boulevard. He usually avoids all social affairs but every now and then one catches up with him. At a recent dinner party in Beverly Hills he was suddenly missed by his hostess who found him sometime later in the backyard lassoing pots and pans from the kitchen with the clothesline. Carole was seated on the back fence keeping score for him on the side of the garage. If you want to make him deliriously happy give him a paint brush and let him paint your house—or let him sing “Arizona Cowboy Joe.”



Ann Dvorak and Leo Carrillo, together in “Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.”

Secrets for Smart Girls

Continued from page 51

looked devastatingly chic. She'd returned from two months' vacationing abroad and was ultra-feminine in a blue satin afternoon dress and a Parisian picture hat a shade lighter. At my compliment on her appearance she grinned. “You'll be dragging all my secrets from me. Naturally I wouldn't meet you here in slacks!”

“But you weren't ever in the average rut,” I declared frankly. She has such a flair for enchanting people, I thought, that her poise makes it easy for her to philosophize in a generalizing way. “And America may be the land of opportunity, but the average girl here never gets a crack at the breaks you've had!”

“Oh, but you're wrong,” she protested quickly. She isn't afraid to be definite, I observed. “I shan't be so overly-modest as to pretend I ever considered myself just a gaga nonentity. I never did. No woman with any spunk believes in her heart that she's a ninny and is fated to be ordinary. But let me tell you this: I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth—luxury publicity to the contrary is wrong! Very deliberately I prepared for my breaks.

“I had advantages; yes. A good home. Fond parents. But I had to leave it and them and I had little money when I determined to run away from the commonplace. I had no irresistible beauty to bank on—if you're going to bring that up! I was in England, you must recall, where they don't have beauty contests. I had this same face, but before I started to climb it was called attractive and folks let it go at that. A girl must literally capitalize on herself to make others appreciate her possibilities. I had to study styles in clothes, coiffures, and make-up, you see.

“Every girl, I fancy, is up against these fundamental problems: what to do about work, what to do about acquiring a charming manner, and what to do about the love situation.

“Some girls never have to work; I was never in that class until I married and, candidly, I still can't understand a person who'd delightedly fritter away her time. I suppose because I so emphatically rank with those who had to learn to be self-reliant.”

The daughter of an Irish professor who married a Frenchwoman—“Mother's an angel, for when you get a fine Frenchwoman you've got something wonderful!”—Madeleine was English-born and early slated to be a teacher. You'll remember reading how dutifully she attended the University of Birmingham. She received her B.A. degree and for three months pleased her father by teaching school. Then she exploded.

“So did father! I'd managed to save one hundred dollars and I'd been quietly taking elocution lessons at a neighboring girls' school. I'd decided to become an actress, and so I was off to London to begin! Mother sympathized with me, as mothers are apt to, but father was adamant. He forbade such an outrageous course. If I persisted I could expect no future help from him.

“Away I went, nevertheless, to conquer the world on a hundred dollars and with two tailored suits comprising my wardrobe. That's all I had, really, in addition to my ambition! Fortunately it was spring so I didn't freeze without a coat!

“A smart girl,” said Madeleine, accepting a cigarette, “will have this kind of confidence in herself even when she has to compete with many others for the big opportunities. I'll never forget how I won



Blondes prefer black velvet, at least Muriel Hutchison seems to.

my first screen role. It was a lead in the most expensive British picture to date, and they'd tested a hundred and fifty actresses. I'd never been inside a studio. I knew no camera technique. But I wanted that chance to show what I could do. Oh, I wasn't cocky. I really didn't see how I could make a better test than all the rest of them. But I trampled on this thought. Why shouldn't I be as good a bet? Why couldn't I be developed by the studio as others had been? When I'd waded into their make-up and walked before their cameras I simply acted for all I was worth—and was chosen!"

She paused for a moment. "Here is another secret of mine. It isn't bizarre, as you may have hoped. Girls can't take it like a pill. Yet if it's followed success will come inevitably. I have never deviated. I have had a one-track mind!"

I objected to that. By comparison to most Hollywood women she is mentally cosmopolitan.

"It may not be quite so one-track now," she amended. "But for a long while I had absolutely no other goal outside of acting success, believe me. I am not super-human by any stretch of the imagination. So I concentrated. Honestly, this has been so essential to me. I've many friends who are much more versatile. I know people who can paint, who can play the piano exquisitely, who are brilliant conversationalists. At the same time they can be past masters at entertaining. I envy them. But not too much, for I know that I myself could never have climbed as an actress if I had tried to excel in everything. I am impressed with them, but not disastrously. I've never tried to shine except in my special field.

"But what," I asked, "of your secrets for charm—and about love?"

She toyed with her demi-tasse.

"The quickest way to attract a man is to put on a pleasant expression. A man will automatically like you. When I went to London it was then the vogue among the débutantes to appear utterly blase, to wear a condescending, indifferent face. I had no such background as theirs as a magnet, so I fell back upon the three-word recipe my mother had given me: charm is graciousness.

"Incidentally, don't allow the lack of a college education to worry you. As a matter of fact, I hardly recall a thing I learned in college. What it did for me, however, was bless me with sufficient confidence for meeting people. I'm not embarrassed. For ten minutes, at least, I can hold my own on a fairly decent range of topics! But the girl who's going to be

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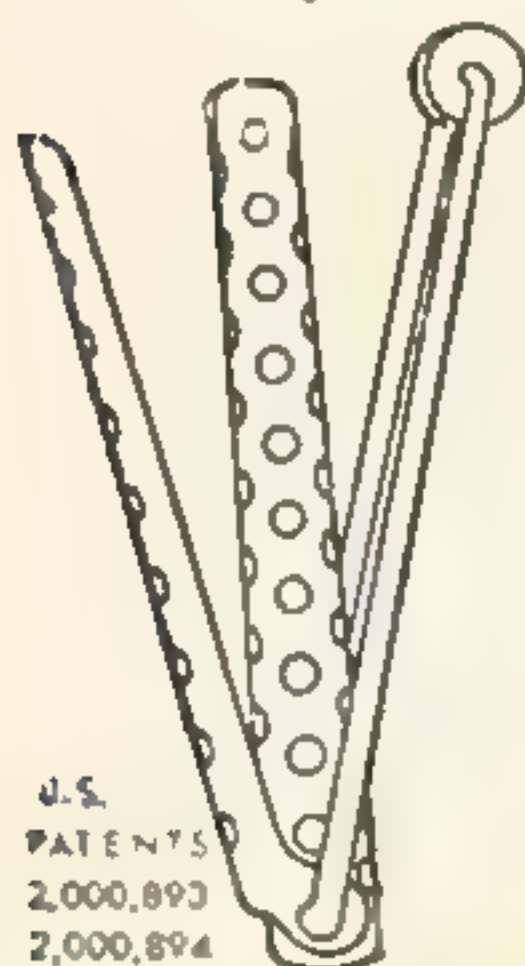


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Gloria Holden plays dramatic rôles in both films and radio.

smart can acquire such poise by reading and reasoning. After all, the books that universities use are available in public libraries and you must study people themselves to learn how to hold their interest.

"How to hold a man's attention? My secret? Why, just discuss what he wants to discuss. I don't chatter on like a parrot. I take my cue from the man. This doesn't require stupendous effort, obviously! But here's a minor trick, while we're on this angle. Women should talk to their husbands about their husband's business affairs! Don't be a kibitzer, nor a nag. But don't be a dummy. Men want divertisement and they want companionship, also. If you don't give them both they have reason for straying. On the continent the women seem closer to their men than American wives, for there they become genuine pals by talking about the conditions which affect him. Read the financial pages. I do. Of course," she chuckled, "there's a time for everything. When I'm dancing to a heavenly orchestra I don't murmur, 'I see that steel took a drop today!'"

"And so what," I probed then, "about a smart girl and love?"

"She won't worry about it. She won't go out looking for love. She won't pay any attention to it until it enters her life so strongly that there's no doubt but what he's the one man. She'll make the most of herself first, and then she'll have the experience in dealing with men and women that will enable her to make him happy. I'd no intention of being anything but a career woman until I was persuaded otherwise by my husband. I'm glad I was that way, that I wasn't sidetracked.

"Never be jealous of the one you love. Treasure him. So highly that you'll make the adjustments which are the basis of mutual content.

"Don't be overly-independent just because you can climb. or instance, I turn over all my picture salary to my husband. He invests it for me. I wouldn't think of being so absurd as to say, 'I must manage my own affairs.'

"I find life thrilling because I refused to have my life otherwise. This is why I don't agree with those old pessimists who tells girls afire with marvelous dreams that 'Such things are not for the likes of you!' I can't agree to that at all, for I found out they're the type who just lacked the push to go get what they yearned for. I felt there must be so much for me around the corner and—"she waved gayly at Captain Phillip Astley who'd arrived to fetch his famous wife—"well, it's great around on this side!"

How to Impress The Stars

Continued from page 19

Now, if you encounter Joe E. Brown or Martha Raye, I advise you not to bleat, "Do tell me how it feels to have such a funny face!" The reason I pair these two is that, while both of them are famous on the screen for their funny faces, either of them will tell you that their faces aren't really funny in private life, as it were. There is a difference between *having* a funny face and being able to *make* a funny face, to order for the camera. Which, by gosh, there is!

But you could ask Joe who is his tailor. Joe is certainly one of the best-turned-out men in Hollywood and he must be interested in the subject of masculine attire. You could ask him (and would he love it!), about his friendship with people who are famous in the world of sport. You could ask him about his children. You'll get along all right if you stick to those subjects.

As for Martha, I reckon it wouldn't do a bit of harm if you were to say that you read somewhere that she had the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. You'll probably get along even better if you know that a famous photographer said that her face is so beautifully mobile, so perfectly sculptured that it is an ideal subject for really distinctive portraits. That won't hurt you any with Martha!

Luise Rainer, like Katharine Hepburn, can't *stand* small talk (she calls it "little talk"), about weather and how've-you-been? She isn't embarrassed, as Miss Hepburn is. She is just cross about it. She likes discussions of Art—Real Art, with idealism, and self-sacrifice, and vision. She will discuss with impartial, earnest enthusiasm her career, the state of the theatre, symphonies, the growth of motion pictures, dogs, cooking and gardens. You will probably be stimulated by what she has to say about most of these things. You will be pretty surprised, I'll wager, at what she has to tell you about dogs, cooking, and gardens. She is—er—unconventional in her views on these matters.

Basil Rathbone bristles slightly—oh, in the most well-bred manner!—if you imply that he is at heart a domestic soul. Honesty compels me to maintain that Basil is domestic, in that he is interested in well-planned, well-run homes, in well-planned food. He enjoys entertaining. He lo-oves being the genial host and don't let him fool you about it. Incidentally, he gives some of the nicest parties in Hollywood. You may discuss these matters with him with safety and mutual pleasure—if you'll just remember not to ask him for any recipes or to burble, "Why, you're just a homebody, aren't you, Mr. Rathbone?" If you make either of these errors, you will see a bristle which is really a bristle!

Ask Joan Crawford about her singing lessons. Do that right away. If you can talk about "resonance," that will be fine. You might even produce a little "mi-mi-mi" of your own and ask her to criticize it. She would probably be very sweet about it and tell you gently that it takes a lot of hard work and concentration and conscientious practice to produce a really superior "mi-mi-mi." Which, by gosh, it does!

But don't—please don't—bring up the subject of dancing. Everyone knows that Joan dances beautifully and that much of her early success was due to her terpsichorean agility. But when Joan discovered within herself the ambition to follow in the footsteps of Bernhardt and Duse, she had trouble enough persuading the studio



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"IN FAST COMPANY"

That's the tempting title of a feature which will appear in the next, the February issue, and it also seems to us to apply to the February number as a whole! The story itself holds its own in the fast company of other fine features in this issue; and its idea, to show how the mercurial young performers of Hollywood hold their own in the race for film importance against the terrific competition of the already established stars, has a freshness and originality as appealing as these youngsters themselves—fast-rising players such as Dorothy Lamour, Olivia de Havilland, Kenny Baker.

and the public to forget how valuable those lovely feet and legs had been at the box-office. She won't want you to bring it up!

Ask her about her little, student theatre. Ask her about her dogs or the price of fresh vegetables. Ask her about Lynn Fontanne. But never, never mention a black lace teddy. Why, you never heard of such a thing—now did you?

Gene Raymond is sensitive about his blond hair and it seems to me, now that I think of it, that it doesn't look quite as blond as it did when I first met him. But he will glow with an engaging, boyish pride if you ask him about the songs he is always composing. Mention his excellent work in some picture and he will view you with suspicion. He doesn't quite believe that you mean it and it is just as well to let that sort of comment go, whether you do mean it or not. But he *does* like to talk about his songs. And—this is important—Gene is one of those rare actors who actually likes to be asked for autographs. Or, perhaps I should say that he is one of those still more rare actors who will admit that he likes it.

If you meet Barbara Stanwyck, ask her, by all means, about her little boy and her stables. But don't—please—mention that the child is adopted or ask her, on any account, whether she is afraid of horses. I'll tell you why.

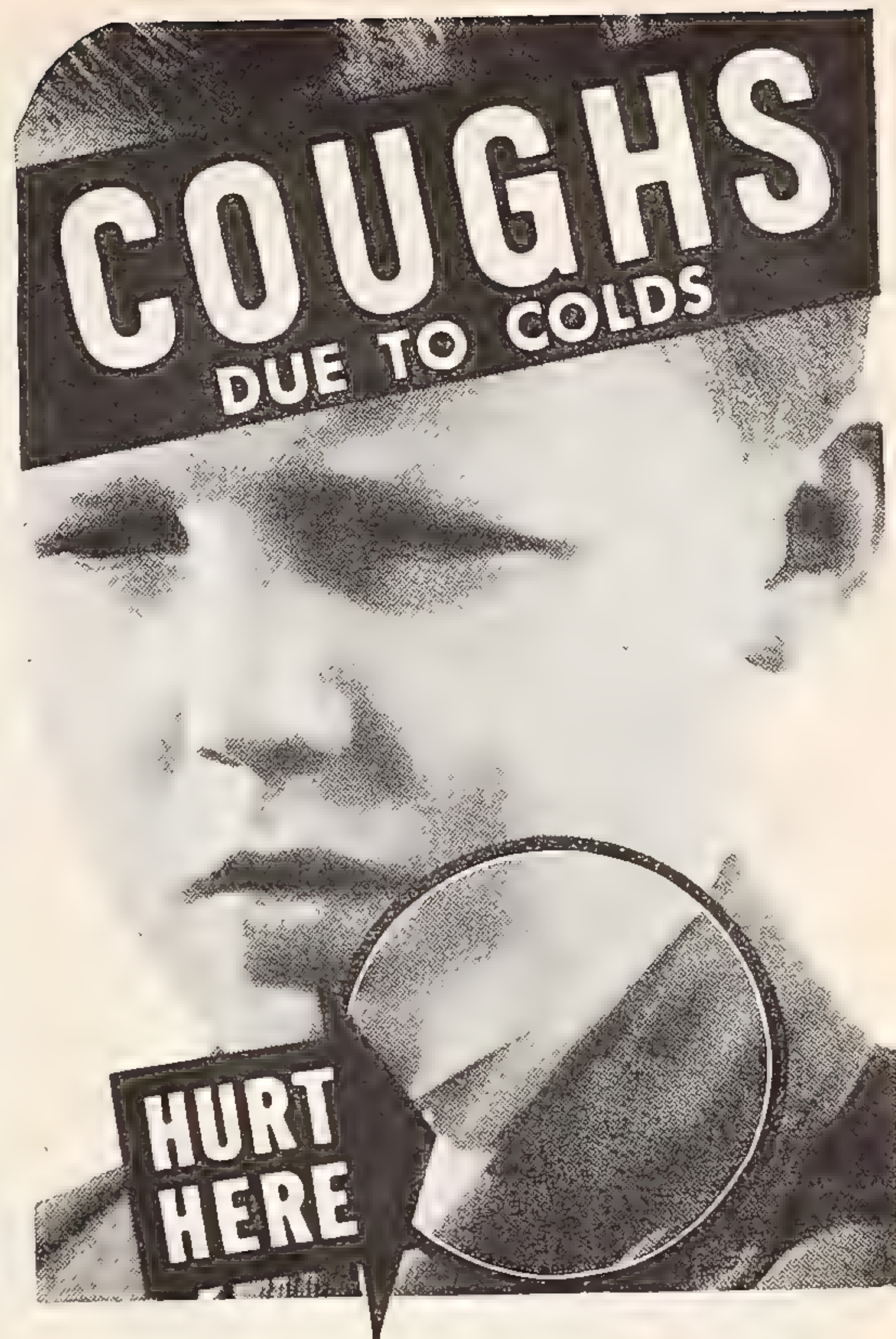
Several years ago Barbara, who had always been afraid of horses, was thrown from one and suffered an injury to her back which she feared would cripple her permanently. While she was convalescing she became interested in a home for crippled children and she would tell you, if she didn't hate to talk about it, that the courage of these tots was the thing which inspired her to get a real grip on herself, to be determined that she would not only recover but that she would never be afraid of anything again—not even horses.

She adopted a little boy. "It takes a child to teach you what bravery really is," she said. The first picture for which she signed after she was well again required her to ride a horse. "I had to take that part. I couldn't have gone home to my small son and told him that I was afraid!" She made, as you know, a magnificent comeback in pictures. She is successful. She is happy. She owns a stable now and she rides every day.

You see, the child is a symbol to her and so, in their way, are the horses. But you can understand why she'd rather not talk about the significance of them—any more.



Gloria Blondell, Joan's sister, is all set with a film contract.



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Pirate Gold

Continued from page 31

Fictionization of THE BUCCANEER

A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan based on an adaptation by Jeanie MacPherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon.

Produced and Directed by
Cecil B. DeMille

THE CAST

Jean Lafitte.....Fredric March
Gretchen.....Franciska Gaal
Dominique.....Akim Tamiroff
Annette.....Margot Grahame
Esra Peavey.....Walter Brennan
Beluche.....Anthony Quinn
Crawford.....Ian Keith
Governor Claiborne.....Douglas Dumbrille
Gramby.....Fred Kohler, Sr.
Captain Brozen.....Robert Barrat
Andrew Jackson.....Hugh Sothorn
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taken from a Spanish ship and sold now to this man who knew it was stolen. But it was of other things that they thought. Crawford of that dangerous alliance of his with the enemy and of the talk he had had with the British Admiral Cockburn when he had advised him to buy Lafitte's support. And Lafitte's brown eyes fixed on the other so carelessly and knowing that never could he trust this American Senator with his twitching dark face and his eyes that seemed unable to meet another's glance.

But later he forgot Crawford and the strange foreboding that had come to them as he talked. For Annette had slipped away from her aunt in the pirate's market, away to the little place near the bayou where she had met Lafitte so often before, under the old oak with the moss hanging from its gnarled branches as her own fears hung on her heart.

"Annette," even here in his arms she was frightened of the strange love she bore him. Even here with his voice making a caress of her name. "Your hair is softer than sunbeams dancing on silk and your eyes are deeper than the Devon springs."

"Jean, I was in terror that I wouldn't see you and in terror that I would," her voice broke somewhere between a tear and a laugh. "What are we going to do?"

"You marry me and I'll marry you," his words came so eagerly.

"And I suppose you'd print the wedding invitation on the back of Governor Claiborne's reward for you dead or alive?" she laughed.

"My sweet," his arms tightened about her. "You can have the Governor's ears for a wedding present."

"Won't you ever be serious?" She sighed. "We can't hide behind bushes and trees all our lives. I want you to be able to come to my house like other men who are more honored. Can't you understand? I want to be proud of my love. There's nothing in your life that I can share."

"I have wealth." His head lifted. "I have Barataria."

"Barateur is the word for cheap." And an edge of disdain crept into her voice.

"It's a kingdom with a thousand men and ships that sail the Caribbean and the Gulf." For the first time he felt the need for pride with her. "I can give you anything."

"But self-respect." Her words came quickly, tearing at the pride in his voice.

"You can give me that, my sweet," his arms reached out for her and held her. "Your love will bring me that."

"Even if it brings me shame?"

"Annette, I'd pluck the moon from Heaven for you . . . I'd . . ."

But he could not quite reach her.

"Francois Villon said that first, Jean." And she tried to laugh.

"Well, then he must have loved a woman as I love you," he protested.

"And I want to save that love." She pulled herself out of his arms, pulling peace and contentment with her. "That's why I won't see you again after this."

"Until I'm respectable?" His lightness closed over the old fear. "I know you're right, but it's too late for me to change. The law puts a price on my head. What can I do but fight?"

"You can give up this terrible life," she said slowly.

"Oh, no!" His laugh came edged with bitterness. "The law won't forgive me because I want to be good, or because I want to marry a lovely girl and live honestly. It makes a criminal pay for his crime and that's right and just, but it gives a pirate short shrift."

"You've done the impossible a thousand times," she whispered. "You can do it once again, for me."



Well-groomed "Buccaneer". Fredric March and a fellow pirate.

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Buck Jones is mighty happy to welcome Helen Twelvetrees back to the screen. We're with you there, Buck. Helen plays leading lady for Cowboy Jones in a new picture.

He thought of that as his ship turned her prow toward the Caribbean. And he thought of it again when they sighted the ship flying the Skull and Cross Bones that was pulling away from the burning boat flying the American Flag.

"Get on deck!" he thundered to his men.

The little Gretchen held to her courage as she cowered under the tarpaulin one of the pirates had thrown over her and her dog whimpered in her arms. She had seen men and women and children die that day and her tears came softly for the lovely Marie de Remy and her young husband who had clung to each other so desperately in that last moment of living.

But she was to see more before that day was over. In spite of all her resolve she could not help that sudden trembling when the grim-mouthed captain of the pirate's ship discovered her.

"You come this way, lass," he said gruffly.

"Where?" she asked and her lips trembled.

"Where?" Brown nodded toward the rail. "That plank will take you quick to Heaven, lass. I've never had any complaints about it."

She tried to walk steadily and proudly but in the end her knees bent under her and she swayed a little as she fell and so she crawled to the end of the plank and only that one cry came at the end. Then there was a stir in the water beside her as her dog jumped in after her, barking as he swam toward her and it was the bark that Jean Lafitte heard and that guided his boat toward her.

Lafitte took command then, seated at the long table in the cabin. Nothing from the burned Corinthian was to be sold, though even now his trusted man Dominique was pulling at the spoils in Marie de Remy's trunk and Gretchen was to be kept a prisoner. They could not let her go, she who was the only living witness to the Corinthian's doom.

She looked so like a child that day she came with them to Baratavia with a pirate's cape slung over her prim little Dutch dress and her dog barking at her heels that Lafitte's heart lifted at the sight of her.

"And how are you to-day?" he called to her.

"I am very well, Mister Captain." She swept him a half-curtsey. "But these men, they say I give them hemp fever."

"Did you hear that?" Lafitte laughed

over his shoulder to Dominique walking behind him and the man joined in the laughter.

"A gentleman does not laugh at a lady," Gretchen said primly.

"Dominique, she says you're not a gentleman!" Lafitte roared.

"No. I say it to you!" Gretchen's eyes flashed. "Your rings tell me. *One* ring, it is a gentleman. *Two* rings, it is a vain and foolish man."

But after that there was only one ring on his finger and later that day, seated at his table with his pet cockatoo shrieking from his shoulder, he sent for her.

Her eyes passed over the room scornfully, over the spoils from many countries, over the plunder from many ships.

"A gentleman's home?" Her eyes lifted. "No wonder the fine people of New Orleans, they laugh at you."

"They laugh at—" he stopped appalled and his quick frown came. "How do you know? Were you ever inside their homes?"

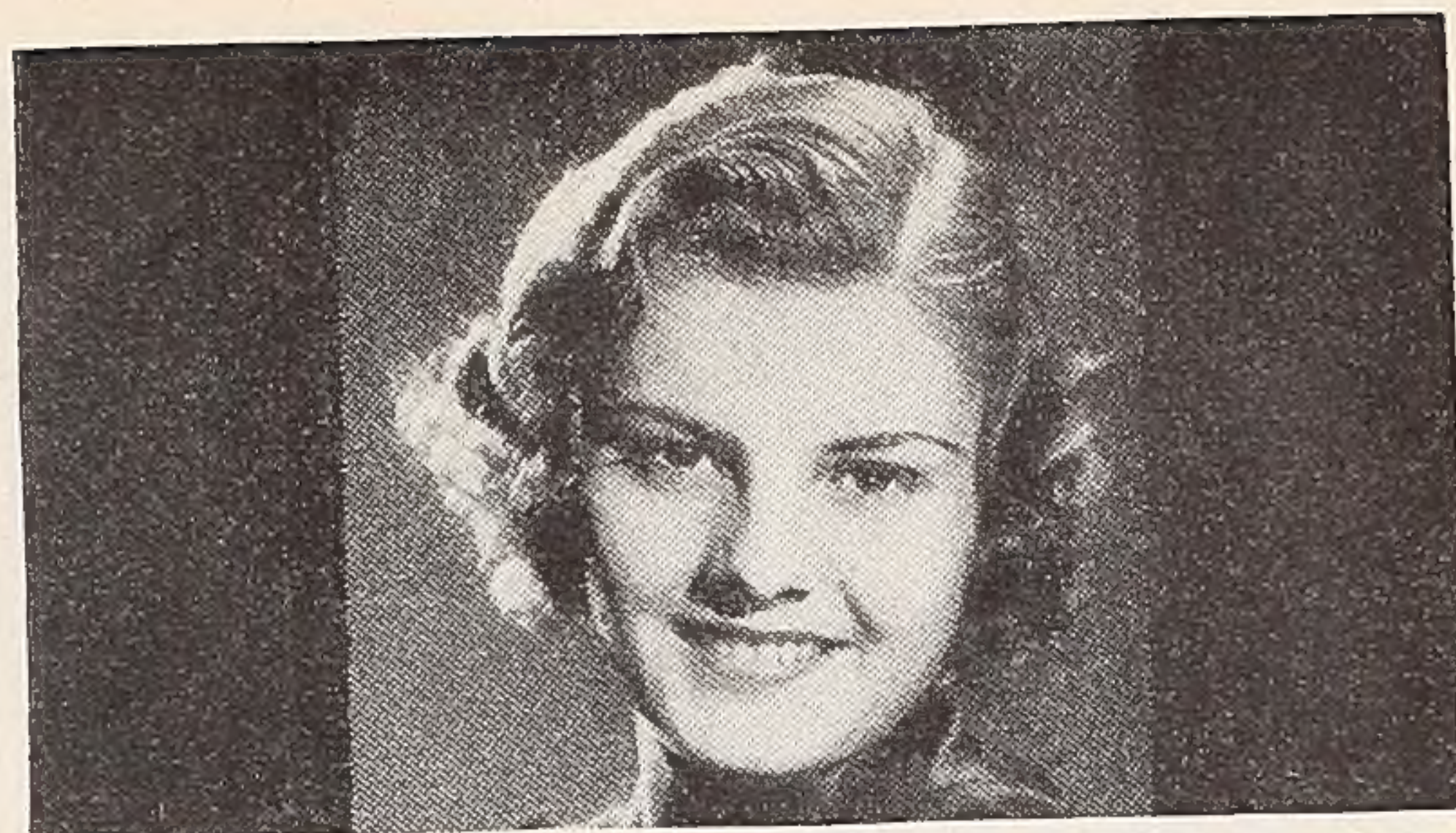
"Yes." The word came defiantly. "I worked there."

"And they laughed at me!" He looked at her long and hard. "It's laughter that puts nails in coffins. You've scrubbed their floors but you've got nerve enough to stand there and tell me. All right, since you're such a monument of judgment, you can stay here and make yourself useful."

It was silly to be so angry at this girl scarcely more than a child, but it gave Lafitte a strange unreasoning joy to see her scrubbing his floors as Negro servants had done before. Then came the day when the British Admiral came to Baratavia and made him a fabulous offer for his men and ships to fight on England's side. But this time he understood the exultation that came as he refused it.

He went to New Orleans then and offered his services to Governor Claiborne and when they were accepted he went to Annette. Went to her as he had never gone before, to the house she lived in and with pride in his heart.

"I'm respectable." His words came almost in a shout. "They've accepted my offer to save New Orleans. Lafitte, Claiborne, Andrew Jackson, those names will live in history. I'm on the way to the tailor's now. If I give them two hundred men it'll be a captain's uniform. Five hundred, I'm a Colonel. One thousand, it's a General's epaulettes. The Governor thanked me for my loyalty. Kiss me!"



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A Christmas Carol—sung by Shirley Temple, who, even without the sound track, here makes a picture to warm your heart and spread good cheer.

"Oh Jean, you're just an adorable idiot," she whispered.

"Respectability!" Lafitte's eyes shone. "It's really not a bad feeling."

There were wings on his feet as he walked away holding the miniature Annette gave him so happily. Wings in his heart too and that new feeling of honor so strong in him that he could laugh even at Gretchen as she held his new flag so proudly.

"I make it for you. A present," she exulted. "Fifteen stars and fourteen stripes and every star and stripe is a state."

"Thank you, funny one." His eyes softened as he took it from her. "It's splendid. It will make us think of you when we get you home to—what's the terrible name of that place?"

"Dooruspiky ann Zuider Zee," her face fell. "But that is not my home any more. I will stay here."

"But we're going into battle," he protested. "Women don't know anything about fighting."

"Ha, you don't know anything about women," she said defiantly. "Why do you want that I go back to Holland?"

"You can't be seen here and you can't be found in New Orleans," he said shortly.

For the first time Gretchen saw the miniature on the table before him and her eyes clouded. "Who is that?" she asked.

"A lovely lady who lives in New Orleans." Strange how even Annette's pictured smile could bring that ecstasy.

"Oh." He saw the little pulse beat in her throat, the shadow close over her smile. "That is why you want me to go home?"

"You're a little fool, aren't you?" He laughed indulgently. "You'll meet the Dutch ship at the mouth of the river. I'll give you plenty of money and—"

"Her hair is very pretty too." Somehow it didn't sound like Gretchen's voice with all the eagerness gone out of it. "I will go."

But even as they stood there looking at each other, even as he saw for the first time she was not the child he had always thought her they heard the sound of cannons and after that there was no more talk about Gretchen or Holland or even Annette. For the ships that were firing on them were American and Lafitte's heart was heavy within him as he gave the orders that no man should return the fire. He had offered everything he had to America and this was America's answer.

For he could not know it was the treacherous Senator Crawford who was behind it all and who wanting Lafitte's support for the British had convinced the Governor that the pirate chief was not acting in good faith.

Afterward, after he had counted the dead among them and his heart had twisted to find Gretchen's little dog one of those dead and he had seen the living among them marched as prisoners on to the ships and Barataria in flames about him, he saw he was not quite alone after all. Gretchen was there talking quietly beside him as he stumbled toward the swamps and her eyes were as bewildered as his own.

"Maybe you sleep a little now," she said at last. "The stars are out."

"Not for those men lying in the sand back there," his voice was hard. "Not for the ones they've taken prisoners. They'll hang every man they caught to-day. A one day's trial in New Orleans and four feet of rope."

"What those ships did to your men is only what you have done to other people." There, she had had the courage to say it to him at last. "I saw it on the Corinthian. When the people fought they were cut down by swords. They were thrown into the water. They—"

"Those were never my orders," he said slowly. "But I am to blame for every man dead at Barataria, and somebody's going to pay for that."

He knew then what he must do if ever there was to be peace for him again in all the world. And he did it, going straight to Andrew Jackson himself and knowing when he looked at that stern face that here was a man he could trust at last.

And Jackson too, knowing this man with a price on his head was telling the truth, told his servant to put away the gun he was holding to the pirate's back as he talked to him.

So the thing Lafitte wanted came true at last and his men came back to him from their prison and like him they were wearing the uniform of the American Army and like him they fought at the Battle of New Orleans.

Gretchen too, in the uniform so much too big for her and trying to keep out of Lafitte's way for he did not know she had followed him even in battle. But he saw her and his arm grasped hers furiously.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm—I'm powder monkey," and she whimpered as a shell burst near them. "If this is what you like more than you do me you're a fool!" she sputtered.

After the battle there was no more talk of hanging pirates in New Orleans but instead a great ball was given in honor of Lafitte whose men had played such a big part in saving the city. And though no one had thought to invite Gretchen, she went just the same in the clothes and jewels that Dominique gave her, the clothes that he had taken from the trunk of the lady who had once been Marie de Remy.

For Dominique loved Gretchen and so he could understand when she said so tearfully, "I must go to the Victory Ball."

But for all the fine clothes of her, for all the jewels that sparkled at her throat and wrists, she saw that Lafitte had eyes for no one but Annette looking up at him with that new, proud happiness in her eyes.

It was more than Gretchen could endure, seeing them together like this. And with her smile twisting she went up to them and it was then Annette saw that the girl was wearing a gown that had been her sister's and that her mother's miniature sparkled at her throat.

Gretchen stood white-faced as the dancers swarmed around questioning her.

What happened to the Corinthian? After all these months of silence, of not hearing any word from one among those who had sailed, was this the answer at last, this dress, this miniature worn by a girl allied to the pirates?

And Lafitte standing there so still as he said at last, "Gentlemen, the Corinthian was sunk and every soul on board, but one, was lost."

They would have hung him then if it had not been for Andrew Jackson.

"He fought for us." The words came grimly. "He shall have an hour's start."

An hour's start. Lafitte looked up then. In an hour he could get away from all of them, away to a place that he knew where a ship was waiting. But first he went to Annette and his face tightened as she looked away from him. And even then with the pain new in his heart he knew somehow that it had never been real, the love she had given him. It had been bright and lovely like a star but like a star it had never been really within his grasp. And knowing somehow made it easier as he gave her that small half bow and left.

The nightwind pulled at the sails as he felt the deck of his ship underfoot again and he heard the creak of ropes as men pulled at the riggings. Dominique came to him then.

"What flag we break out, Boss?" he asked.

"We have no flag." Lafitte gazed out to sea. "Steer the course, Dominique, straight to—straight out to sea."

He turned as a hand tugged at his sleeve and something hard and defiant broke in him as he saw Gretchen standing there, in the little Dutch dress that made her look so almost a child.

"You shouldn't have come here," he said softly. But she shook her head and smiled.

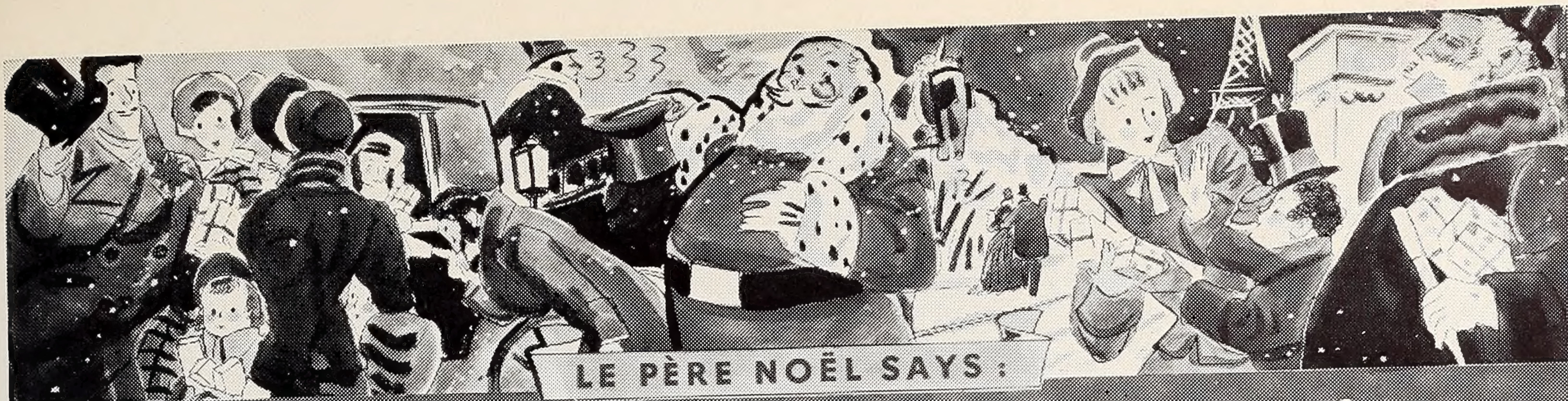
"I go where my boss goes. You will need a powder monkey."

"This deck under our feet is our only country," he said then. "And our home port, sooner or later will be the bottom of the sea."

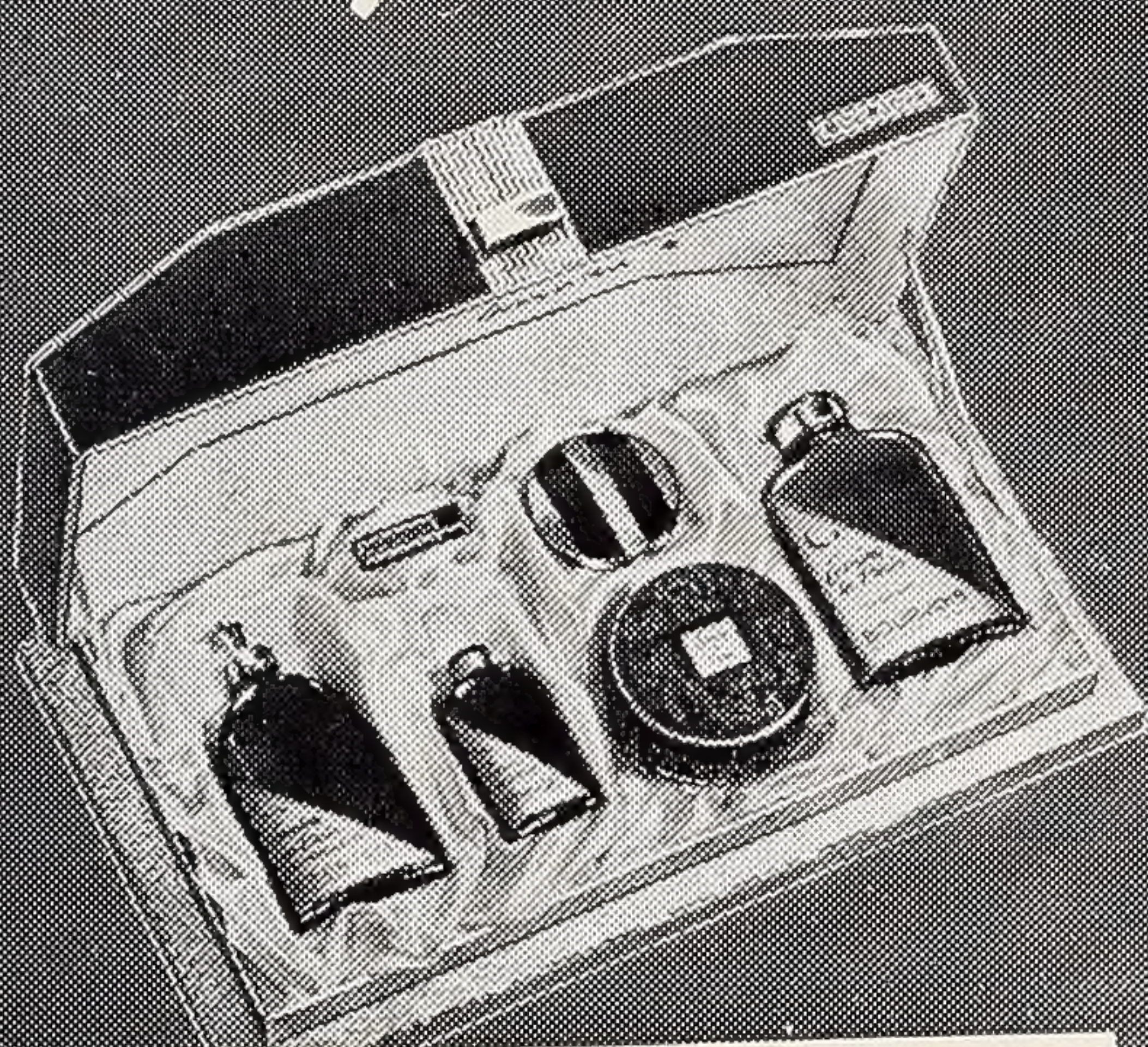
She touched his hand then, and nodded.

"I'll be there too," she whispered. "With you, Boss."

She smiled then and suddenly the hurt was gone and with it the bitterness went too. This girl was real, this dream had substance. And he forgot how distant stars could be, how lost and how fragile, as his smile came to answer her own.



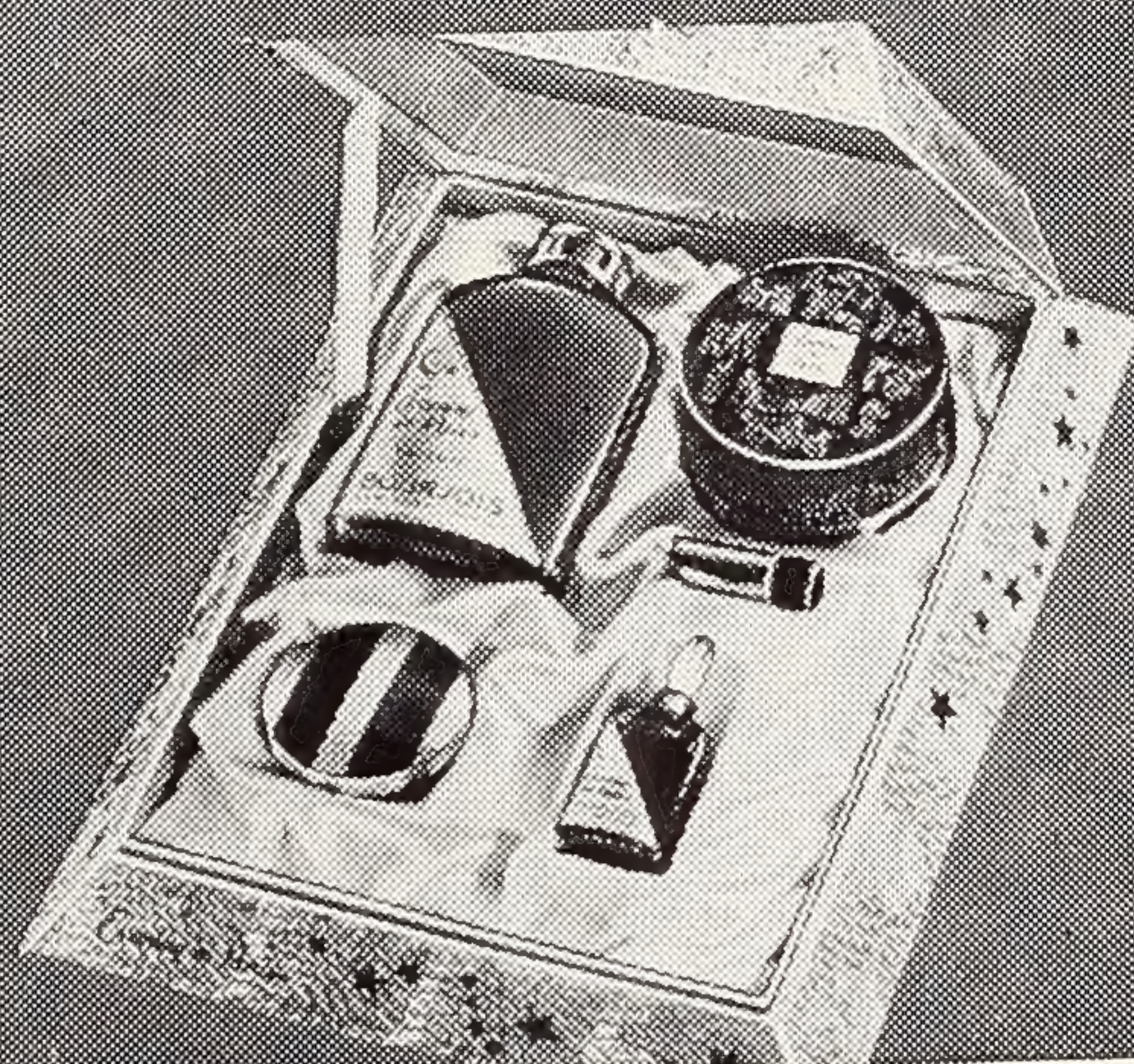
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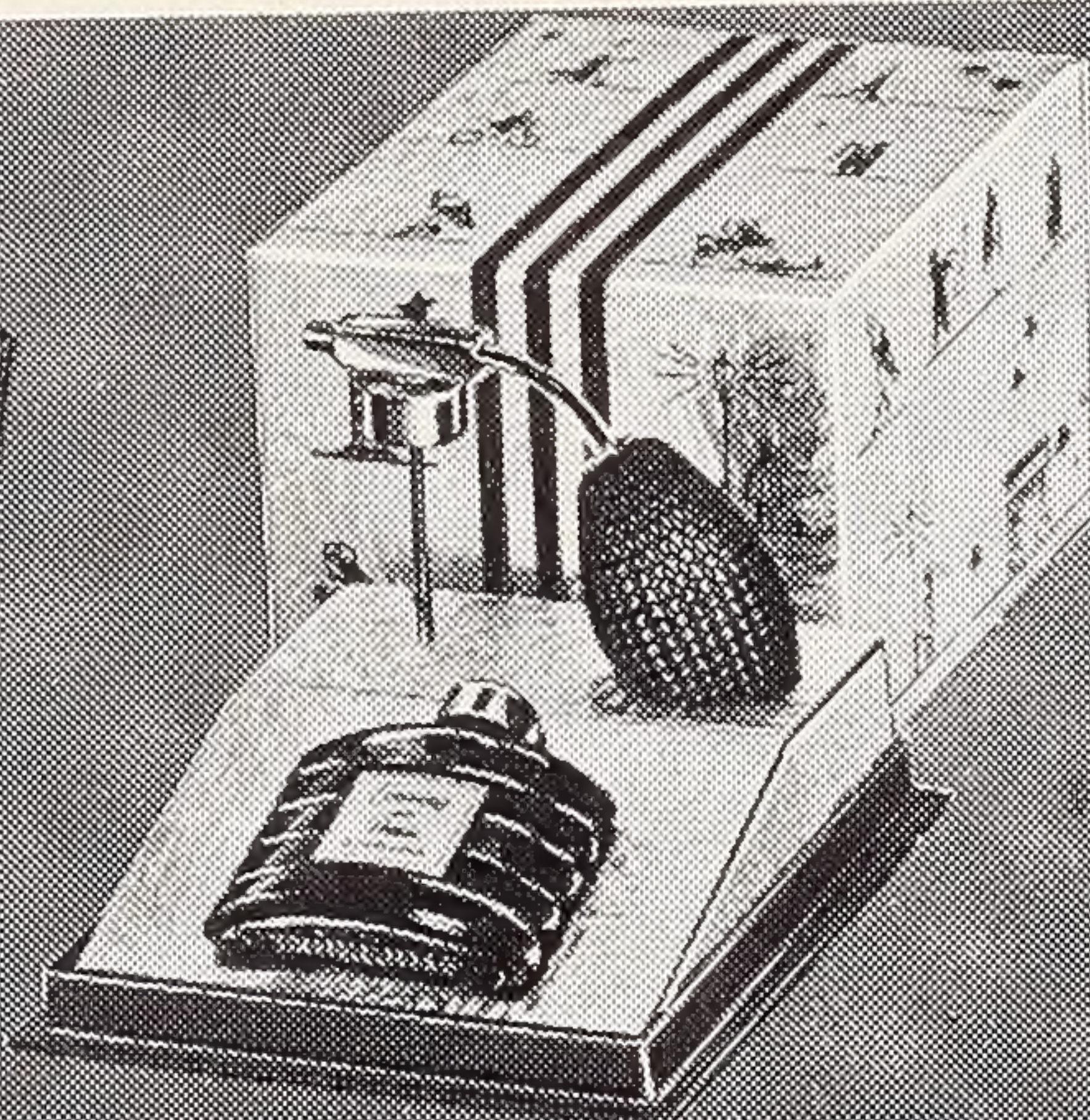
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